THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il ted Weekly Magazine
Fou 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 16, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Beginning

THE FIRING LINE—By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Carbo Magnetic

NO SPECULATION

In buying a CARBO-MAGNETIC RAZOR but an investment that declares a daily dividend of perfect satisfaction. This satisfaction is guaranteed you unqualifiedly
You can't lose

NO NEW BLADES – NO ANNUAL TAX
ONE RAZOR LASTS A LIFETIME

Write for booklet, "Hints on Shaving," stating your dealer's name, and whether or not he handles the Carbo-Magnetic Razor :—We will then arrange so that you can test one for 30 days without obligation on your part to purchase.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 443-444 Broadway, New York

Hollow Ground as illustrated	Set of two in leather case	Double concave for heavy beards	Carbo-Magnetic Strop
$2.50	$5.50	$3.00	$1.00

NO HONING THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR **NO GRINDING**

Brighton
FLAT CLASP GARTERS

For Knee or Full Length Drawers embody every latter day improvement in garter design and some important *patented* features peculiar to the "**Brighton**" alone.

EASY TO ADJUST—Simplest in construction of all garters. On in a twinkling—off in a trice! **"COMFY" TO WEAR**—Doesn't slide up and down the leg, but "stays put." **KEEPS YOUR SOCKS TRIM**—The *patented flap swivel clasp* and support prevent wrinkling of the sock with low shoes. **HOLDS FAST**—The grip is only detachable with your fingers.

"BRIGHTON" FLAT CLASP GARTERS

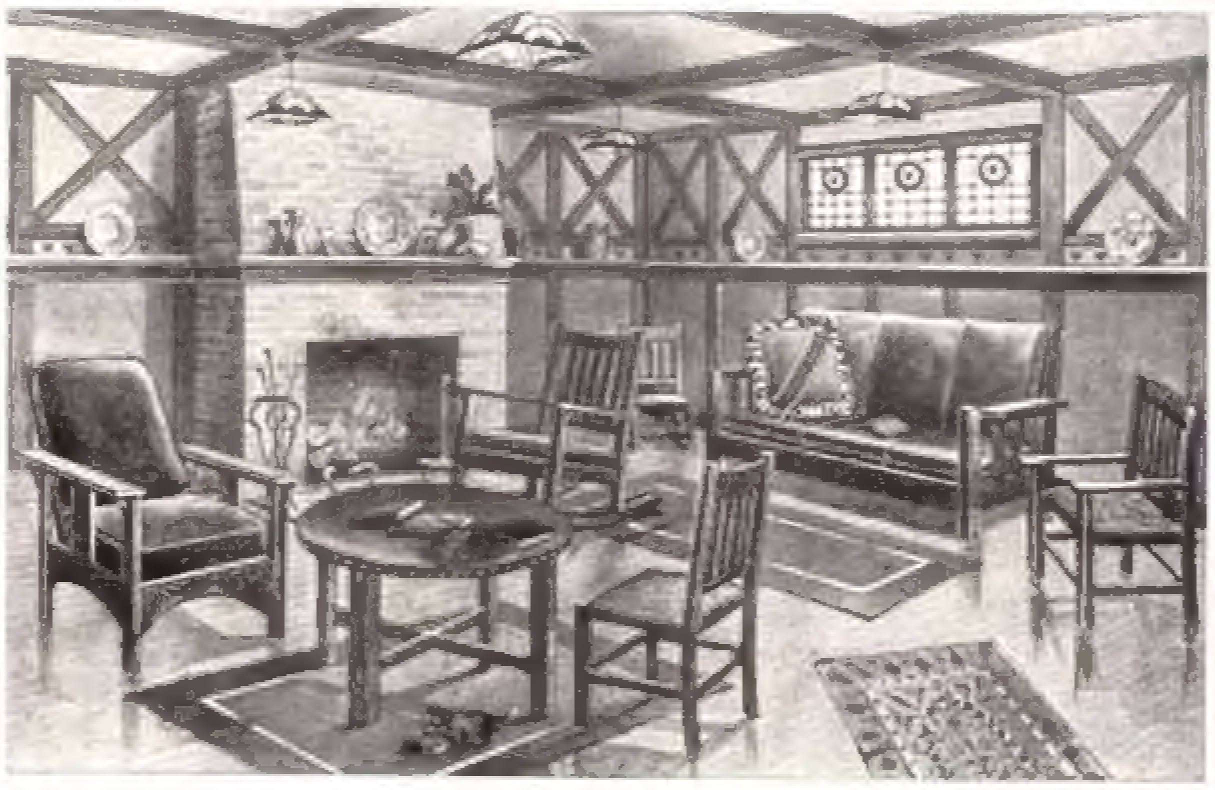
are made of pure silk web in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects. Price 25 Cents a Pair at your dealer's, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market Street, Dept. "N," PHILADELPHIA
Makers of "Brighton" Elastic and Leather Garters and "Pioneer" Suspenders

---

Patents of Value Secured by Patent Experts
Skilful and conscientious services. Pamphlet free.
E. T. & J. F. BRANDENBURG, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.



Karpen's June Bride Sales

Leading dealers everywhere will hold special sales of Karpen Furniture during the month of June—an exceptional opportunity to secure a suitable gift or for furnishing the new home. The Karpen Mission style shown is a timely suggestion. Karpen reproductions are authentic. The impressive simplicity and austerity of spirit which the early Mission Fathers wrought into the originals are faithfully expressed in Karpen Mission Designs.

Karpen Mission — Real Mission — costs no more than the freakish pieces often sold for Mission style. Every detail of design, material, construction and finish in Karpen Mission pieces carries the unmistakable stamp of quality and worth which the Karpen trade-mark guarantees.

Send for the Karpen Free Style Book "P M"

The Karpen Style Book contains 64 pages—over 500 photographic reproductions of upholstered furniture suitable for every room in the house—Karpen, authentic reproductions of Mission, French, English, Flemish, Colonial and Modern Furniture of beauty and worth. It is sent *free* on request. It will help you to a nice selection and save you money. Remember, that on Karpen Furniture alone will you find a trade-mark with a guarantee back of it. Karpen Sterling Leather is the tough *outside* of the hide—genuine and guaranteed. Karpen fabrics are harmonious in color and honest in material—Karpen Springs are U. S. Government Standard. Write for the handsome, beautifully illustrated Karpen Furniture Style Book "P M" today. It's *FREE*. When we reply we will authorize your dealer to make you a special introductory price.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture Chicago New York
TRADE-MARK

S. KARPEN & BROS. Karpen Bldg., Chicago
Karpen Bldg., New York

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The **Gem Junior** with the **New Bar** does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Just lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.

$1.00
Complete with 7 selected blades, frame, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate set of 7 Gem Junior blades 50c

Each **Gem Junior** blade is absolutely guaranteed to shave better than any other regardless of name or price. **Each bears the name.** *Beware of imitations.*

A storiette "The Gentle Art of Self Shaving" including a full course in shaving, sent Free.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street **New York**
London E. C.: 35 Aldermanbury
Paris: 24 Rue de Constantinople. Hamburg: Pickenhuben 4
We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a 1908 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **rider agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make for 1908. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from **$3** to **$8** or **$10**. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds *at half the usual retail prices.* **DO NOT WAIT**, but write today and we will send you **free** by return mail our **large catalogue**, beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information; also a *wonderful proposition* on the first sample bicycle going to your town. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY **Dept. D-55** **CHICAGO, ILL.**

PIANO
Do You Want Greatest Value?

The largest retail piano business in the world has been built up by us in the past 45 years. Let us send you free information and prices of 20 leading makes. Also new plan of easy payments. Pianos shipped everywhere. We give absolute guarantee of highest musical qualities. All prices wonderfully reasonable. *Special Bargains:* 12 second-hand Steinway Uprights, 3 Webers, 2 Lyon & Healys, 6 Washburns, rebuilt in our factory equal to new, at very low prices. Teachers and students would appreciate these instruments. *Write to-day.*

FROM

LYON & HEALY
32 Adams Street, CHICAGO

PALLISER'S UP-TO-DATE HOUSE PLANS

We have just published a new book, containing 150 up-to-date plans of houses costing from $500 to $18,000, which anyone thinking of building a house should have if they wish to save money and also get the latest and best ideas of a practical architect. It also gives prices of working plans at about half the regular prices, and many hints and helps to all who desire to build. 160 large octavo pages. Price, paper cover, $1.00; bound in cloth, $1.50. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address
J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 G Rose Street, New York.

AGENTS There's big money in selling our wonderful **Seven Piece Kitchen Set**
Send for sworn statement $12 daily profit. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. **Thomas Mfg. Co., 7818 L St., Dayton, O.**

Dennison's Glue Paste and Mucilage
Dennison's
GLUE
IN TUBES

Adhesives
That Can't Spoil

You'll never be willing to use a glue pot, mucilage bottle or paste-jar after you once discover how much more convenient and economical Dennison's Patent Pin Tubes of Glue, Paste and Mucilage really are.

Just pull out the pin—squeeze out as much as you want—spread with the metal spreader—put back the pin and the tube is hermetically sealed—and contents will be just as fresh and sweet in 1920.

Dennison's
GLUE, PASTE AND MUCILAGE

If not to be had from your dealer, we will mail you a tube of Glue, Paste or Mucilage on receipt of 10 cents.
Address Dept. "17" at our nearest store.

Dennison Manufacturing Co.

BOSTON	NEW YORK
26 Franklin Street	15 John Street
PHILADELPHIA,	1007 Chestnut Street
CHICAGO	ST. LOUIS
128 Franklin St.	413 North 4th St.

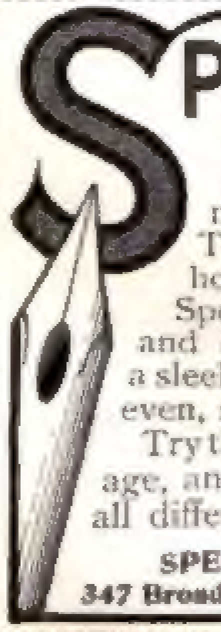
Allen's Foot=Ease

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain help for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps.

FREE Trial Package sent by mail.
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LeRoy, N.Y.

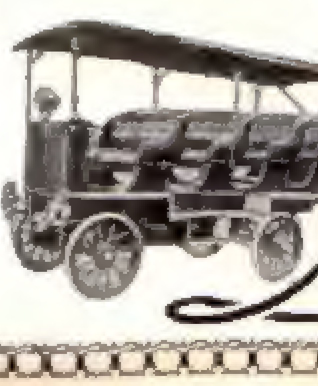


SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

never make any "breaks." They won't spit, sputter or dig holes in your paper. Every Spencerian Pen is accurately and carefully made. Every one a sleek, easy writer. Points always even, smooth, accurately ground. Try them. Send six cents for postage, and a sample card of 12 pens, all different styles, will be sent you.

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
347 Broadway, **New York.**

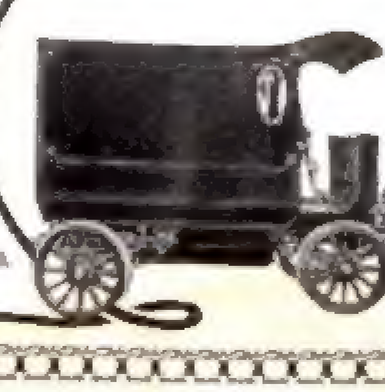
Rapid Commercial Cars
Pay For Themselves In One Season



Hundreds of people have bought Rapid Passenger Cars as an investment, and all have found them wonderfully profitable. In most cases the car paid for itself the first season. A Rapid Passenger Car can always find profitable business at summer resorts, hotels, country clubs, in sight-seeing service and cross-country transportation.

We make trucks, busses, fire hose wagons, hospital ambulances, and anything special desired.

R. A. HENRY, Sales Mgr., Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.,
103 Rapid Street, Pontiac, Mich.
We have some excellent open territory for Agents who own a Garage.



SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No "positions" — no "ruled lines" — no "shading" — no "word-signs" — no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

73 Million Dollars in 37 Weeks!

Ordinary Life Insurance Issued.

The New Low=Cost Policy

OF

The Prudential

is the Greatest Triumph in Life Insurance!

This is the Policy the People Want!

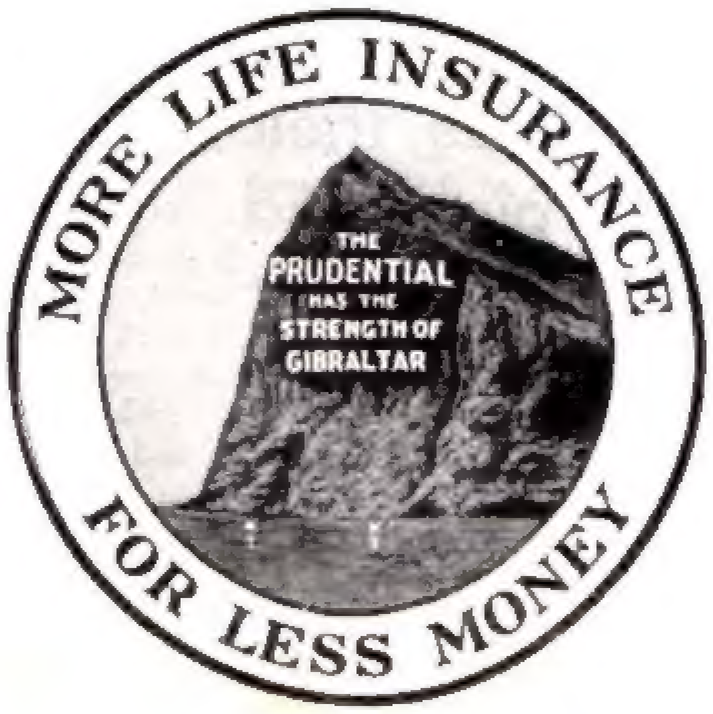
After eight months of unparalleled success, read what our Enthusiastic Field Managers say.
These are selected from hundreds of letters.

"The man with Prudential Rate Book gets the business."	*—C. B. Knight, Philadelphia, Pa.*
"The Prudential agent is today invincible, and is envied by representatives of all Companies."	*—R. J. Mix, New York City.*
"Agents of other Companies are up against the Rock. Our 15 Payment Life for less than others' 20 Payment Life tells the story."	*—H. H. Roth, Philadelphia, Pa.*
"It is our firm conviction after twenty years' experience, that the public demand is for a guaranteed contract such as issued by The Prudential."	*—W. F. Bache & Co., Boston, Mass.*
"New Policy is what the people want."	*—Pipes & Foehl, Pittsburg, Pa.*
"New Policy appeals to smart merchant. He buys it as he would merchandise, knowing net cost from the start."	*—Louis Wirth, Cincinnati, O.*
"The Policy sells—and it satisfies."	*—James Perry, New York City.*
"Prudential's great size, tremendous business, absolute safety and New Policy make competition a thing of the past."	*—H. B. Nelles, Los Angeles, Cal.*
"My business for first quarter of 1908 was 50% better than same period 1907."	*—J. M. Skinner, Atlanta, Ga.*
"Best Policy on the market."	*—Frank Chester Mann, Boston, Mass.*
"Public clearly understands the liberal guaranteed contract. Most insurance for the least money."	*—H. R. Gould, Omaha, Neb.*
"We have never written as much business in the same period. Competition fades before us."	*—L. B. Hall, Grand Rapids, Mich.*
"New Contract is practically half sold as soon as presented."	*—S. D. Parker, Scranton, Pa.*
"We are on the ground with the proper goods and the proper prices."	*—Joseph Herzberg, Milwaukee, Wis.*
"New Policy is easily understood, appreciated, and growing in favor as the insuring public learns more of the contract."	*—J. W. Smither, Nashville, Tenn.*
"I have never lost an application in honest competition."	*—W. P. Corbett, Jacksonville, Fla.*
"The man who knows will accept nothing but Prudential."	*—C. D. Kipp, Springfield, Ill.*
"Business written first three months this year nearly equal to business of 1907 to Sept. 1st."	*—C. W. Biese, Chattanooga, Tenn.*
"Our business for the first three months of 1908 is more than triple."	*—O. B. Herrick, Syracuse, N. Y.*
"New Low Cost Policy speaks for itself. A stipulated sum for a stipulated commodity. No 'promise to pay' but a 'guarantee to pay.' No estimates or guesses, but FACTS."	*—A. C. Crowder, Jackson, Miss.*

Annual Cost
Whole Life Policy
Per $1,000

Age 20	$14.96
Age 25	16.77
Age 30	19.08
Age 35	22.10
Age 40	26.09
Age 45	31.47
Age 50	38.83
Age 55	48.98

THIS IS THE VERY BEST POLICY FOR
the Man Without Life Insurance, and for the Man Who Needs More.
SEND FOR SPECIMEN POLICY TODAY
State age, nearest birthday, and occupation. Write Dept. M.


MORE LIFE INSURANCE
FOR LESS MONEY
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

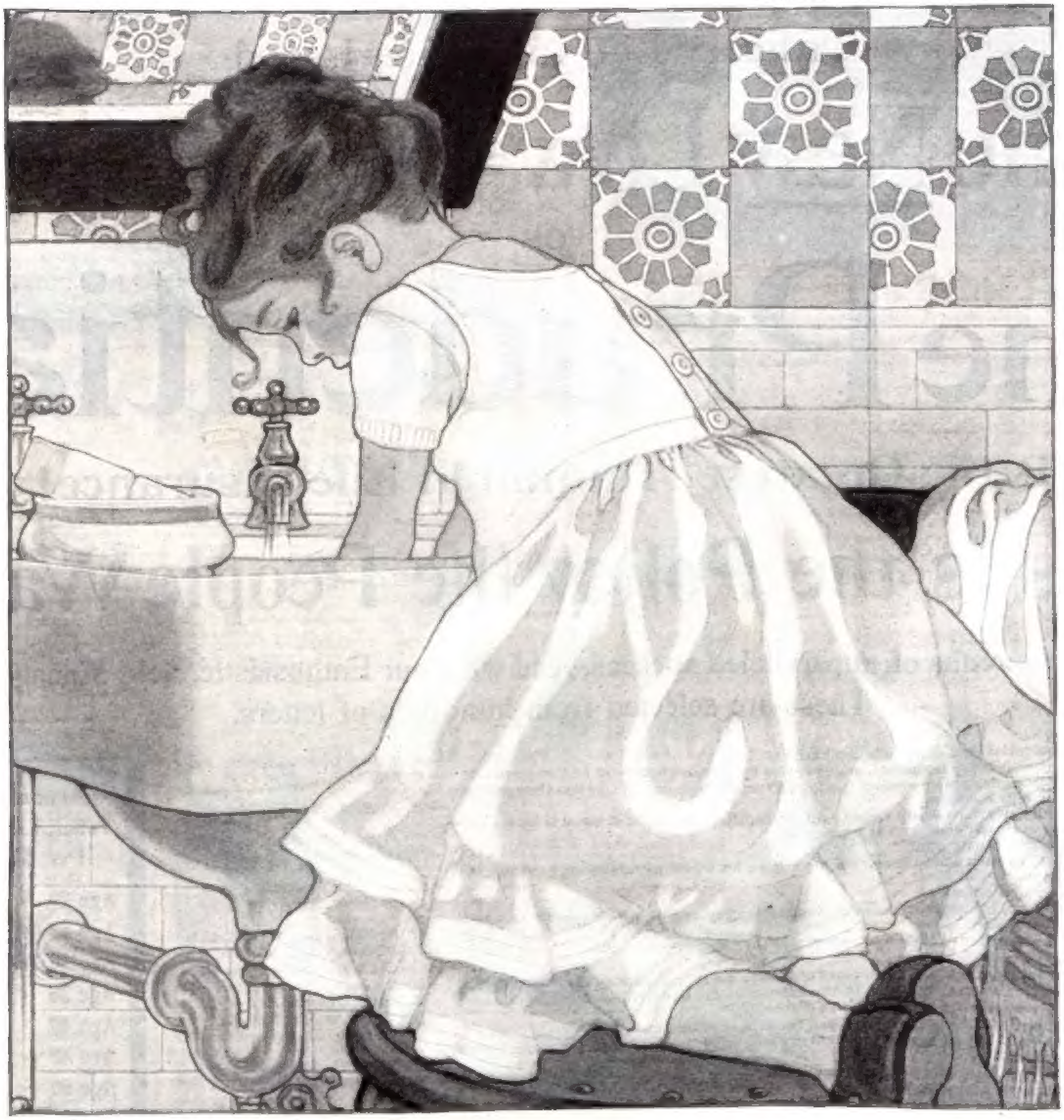
The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President Home Office, Newark, N. J.

COPYRIGHT [illegible] BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



Children like Ivory Soap. They take to it as ducks do to water.

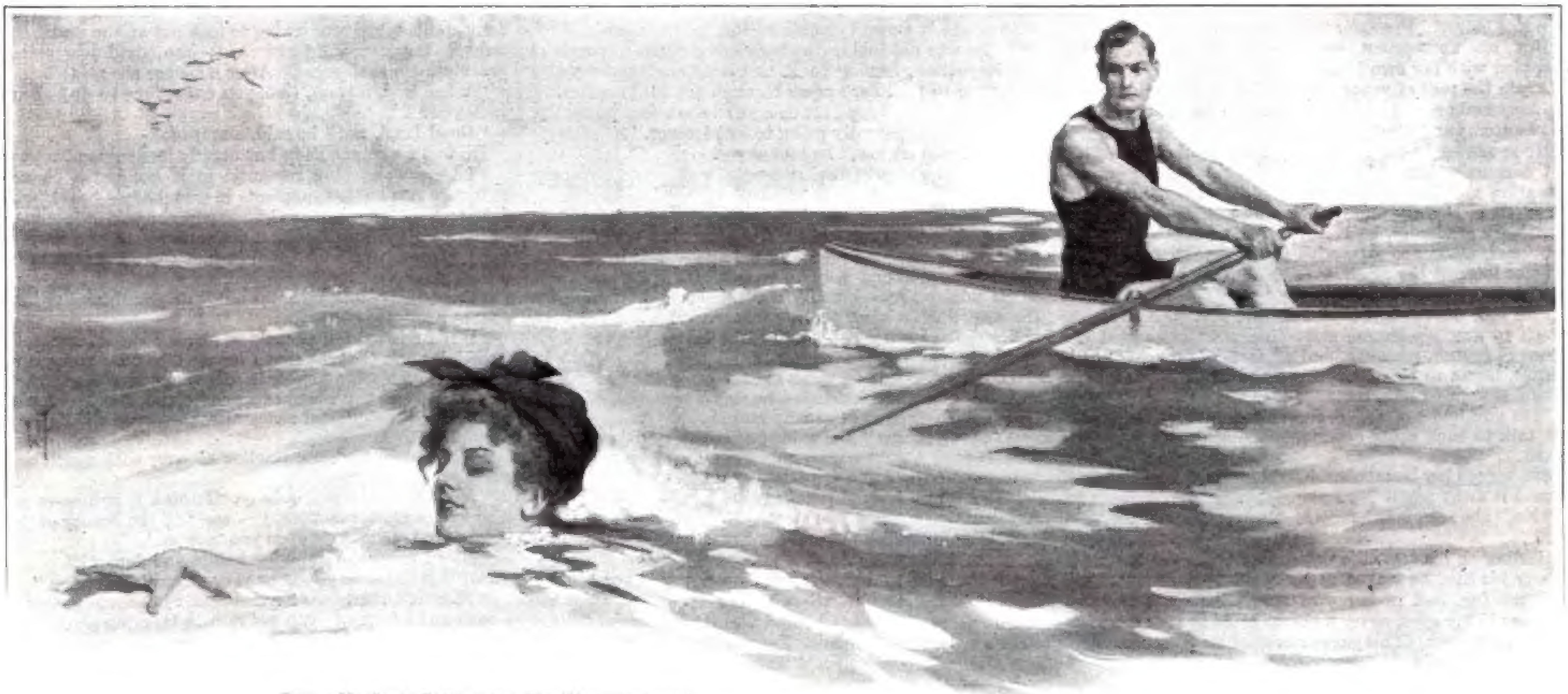
It floats—that is one reason why they like it. They cannot quite get it into their little heads *why* it floats; but they know it does. And that suffices.

It does not irritate their tender skins; and it yields a soft, smooth, creamy lather that takes the dirt away and makes their hands and faces so pink and white that even father notices it and says, "My! My! How clean you are this morning."

Ivory Soap . . . . . . 99$^{44}/_{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1908 Number 46
Copyright, 1908, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.

THE FIRING LINE



Before He Could Speak Again She Went Overboard

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

Copyright, 1908, by Robert W. Chambers

CHAPTER I

AS THE wind veered and grew cooler a ribbon of haze appeared above the Gulf Stream. Young Hamil, resting on his oars, gazed absently into the creeping mist. Under it the ocean sparkled with subdued brilliancy; through it, shoreward, green palms and palmettos turned silvery; and, as the fog spread, the sea-pier, the vast white hotel, bathing-house, cottage, pavilion, faded to phantoms tinted with rose and pearl. Leaning there on his oars, he could still make out the distant sands flecked with the colors of sunshades and bathing-skirts; the breeze dried his hair and limbs, but his swimming-shirt and trunks still dripped salt water.

Inshore a dory of the beach guard drifted along the outer line of breakers beyond which the more adventurous bathers were diving from an anchored raft. Still farther out moving dots indicated the progress of hardier swimmers—one in particular, a girl, capped with a brilliant red kerchief, seemed to be already nearer to Hamil than to the shore.

It was all very new and interesting to him—the shore with its spectral palms and giant caravansary, the misty, opalescent sea where a white steam yacht lay anchored north of him—the Ariani—from which he had come, and on board of which the others were still doubtless asleep—Portlaw, Malcourt and Wayward. And at thought of the others he yawned and moistened his lips, still feverish from last night's unwisdom, and, leaning forward on his oars, sat brooding, cradled by the flowing motion of the sea.

The wind was still drawing into the north; he felt it, never strong, but always a little cooler, in his hair and on his wet swimming-shirt. The flat cloud along the Gulf Stream spread thickly coastward, and after a little while the ghosts of things terrestrial disappeared.

All around him, now, blankness—save for the gray silhouette of the Ariani. A colorless canopy surrounded him, centred by a tiny pool of ocean. Overhead, through the vanishing blue, hundreds of wild ducks were stringing out to sea: under his tent of fog the tarnished silver of the water formed a floor smoothly unquiet.

Sounds from the land, hitherto unheard, now came strangely distinct: the cries of bathers, laughter, the muffled shock of the surf, doubled and redoubled along the sands; the barking of a dog at the water's edge. Clear and near sounded the ship's bell on the Ariani; a moment's rattle of block and tackle, a dull call, answered; and silence, through which, without a sound, swept a great bird with scarce a beat of its spread wings; and behind it, another, and, at exact intervals, another and another in impressive processional, sailing majestically through the fog—white pelicans winging inland to the lagoons.

A few minutes later the wind, which had become fitful, suddenly grew warm. All around him now the mist was dissolving into a thin, golden rain; the land-breeze freshened, blowing through distant jasmine thickets and orange groves, and a soft fragrance stole out over the sea.

As the sun broke through in misty splendor, the young man, brooding on his oars, closed his eyes; and at the same instant his boat careened violently, almost capsizing, as a slender, wet shape clambered aboard and dropped into the bows. When the boat heeled under the shock Hamil had instinctively flung his whole weight against the starboard gunwale. Now he recovered his oars and his balance at the same time, and, as he swung half around, his unceremonious visitor struggled to sit upright, still fighting for breath.

"I beg your pardon," she managed to say; "may I rest here? I am ——" She stopped short; a flash of sudden recognition came into her eyes—flickered, and faded. It was evident to him that, for a moment, she thought she had met him before.

"Of course you may stay here," he said, inclined to laugh.

She settled down, stretching slightly backward as though to give her lungs fuller play. In a little while her breathing grew more regular; her eyes closed for a moment, then opened thoughtfully, skyward.

Hamil's curious and half-amused gaze rested on her as he resumed the oars. But when he turned his back and headed the boat shoreward a quick protest checked him, and, oars at rest, he turned again, looking inquiringly at her over his shoulder.

"I am only rowing you back to the beach," he said.

"Don't row me in; I am perfectly able to swim back."

"No doubt," he returned dryly; "but haven't you played tag with Death sufficiently for one day?"

"Death?" She dismissed the grotesque suggestion with a shrug, then straightened up, breathing freely and deeply. "It is an easy swim," she remarked, occupied with her wet hair under the knotted scarlet; "the fog confused me; that was all."

"And how long could you have kept afloat if the fog had not lifted?" he inquired with gentle sarcasm. To which, adroitly adjusting hair and kerchief, she made no answer. So he added: "There is supposed to be a difference between mature courage and the foolhardiness of the unfledged ——"

"What?"

The quick, close-clipped question cutting his own words silenced him. And, as he made no reply, she continued to twist the red kerchief around her hair, and to knot it securely, her doubtful glance returning once or twice to his amused face.

When all had been made fast and secure she rested one arm on the gunwale and dropped the other across her knees, relaxing in every muscle a moment before departure. And, somehow, to Hamil, the unconscious grace of the attitude suggested the "Resting Hermes"—that sculptured concentration of suspended motion.

"You had better not go just yet," he said, pointing seaward.

She also had been watching the same thing that he was now looking at: a thin haze which again became apparent over the Gulf Stream.

"Do you think it will thicken?" she asked.

"I don't know; you had a close call last time ——"

"There was no danger."

"I think there was danger enough; you were apparently headed straight out to sea ——"

"I heard a ship's bell and swam toward it, and when the fog lifted I found you."

"Why didn't you swim toward the shore? You could hear the surf—and a dog barking."

"I"—she turned pink with annoyance—"I suppose I was a trifle tired—if you insist. I realized that I had lost my bearings; that was all. Then I heard a ship's bell. . . . Then the mist lifted and I saw you—but I have explained all that before. *Look* at that exasperating fog!"

Vexation silenced her; she sat restless for a few seconds, then: "What do you think I had better do?"

"I think you had better try to endure me for a few minutes longer. I'm safer than the fog."

But his amusement left her unresponsive, plainly occupied with her own ideas.

Again the tent of vapor stretched its magic folds above the boat and around it; again the shoreward shapes faded to phantoms and disappeared.

He spoke again once or twice, but her brief replies did not encourage him. At first he concluded that her inattention and indifference must be due to self-consciousness; then, slightly annoyed, he decided they were not. And, very gradually, he began to realize that the unconventional, always so attractive to the casual young man, did not interest her at all, even enough to be aware of it or of him.

This cool unconsciousness of self, of him, of a situation which to any wholesome masculine mind contained the germs of humor, romance, and all sorts of amusing possibilities, began to be a little irksome to him. And still her aloofness amused him, too.

"Do you know of any decorous reason why we should not talk to each other occasionally during this fog?" he asked.

She turned her head, considered him inattentively, then turned it away again.

"No," she said indifferently; "what did you desire to say?"

Resting on his oars, the unrequited smile still forlornly edging his lips, he looked at his visitor, who was staring into the fog, lost in her own reflections; and never a glimmer in her eyes, never a quiver of lid or lash betrayed any consciousness of his gaze or even of his presence. And he continued to inspect her with increasing annoyance.

The smooth skin, the vivid lips slightly upcurled, the straight, delicate nose, the cheeks so smoothly rounded where the dark, thick lashes swept their bloom as she looked downward at the water—all this was abstractly beautiful; very lovely, too, the full column of the neck, and the rounded arms guiltless of sunburn or tan.

So unusually white were both neck and arms that Hamil ventured to speak of it, politely, asking her if this was not her first swim that season.

Voice and question roused her from abstraction; she turned toward him, then glanced down at her unstained skin.

"My first swim?" she repeated; "oh, you mean my arms? No, I never burn; they change very little." Straightening up she sat looking across the boat at him without visible interest at first, then doubtfully, as though in an effort to say something polite. "I am really very grateful to you for letting me sit here. Please don't feel obliged to amuse me during this annoying fog."

"Thank you; you *are* rather difficult to talk to. But I don't mind trying at judicious intervals," he said, laughing.

She considered him askance. "If you wish to row in, do so. I did not mean to keep you here at sea ——"

"Oh, I belong out here; I'm from the Ariani yonder; you heard her bell in the fog. We came from Nassau last night. . . . Have you ever been to Nassau?"

The girl nodded listlessly and glanced at the white yacht, now becoming visible through the thinning mist. Somewhere above in the viewless void an aura grew and spread into a blinding glory; and all around, once more, the fog turned into floating golden vapor shot with rain.

The girl placed both hands on the gunwales as though preparing to rise.

"Not yet!" said Hamil sharply.

"I beg your pardon?"—looking up surprised, still poised lightly on both palms as though checked at the instant of rising into swift aërial flight—so light, so buoyant she appeared.

"Don't go overboard," he repeated.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to row you in."

"I wish to swim; I prefer it."

"I am only going to take you to the float ——"

"But I don't care to have you. I am perfectly able to swim in ——"

"I know you are," he said, swinging clear around in his seat to face her; "but I put it in the form of a request: Will you be kind enough to let me row you part-way to the float? This fog is not ended."

She opened her lips to protest; indeed, for a moment it looked as if she were going overboard without further argument; then perhaps some belated idea of civility due him for the hospitality of his boat restrained her.

"You understand, of course, that I am quite able to swim in," she said.

"Yes; may I now row you part-way? The fog is closing in again."

She yielded with a pretty indifference, none the less charming because there was no flattery in it for him. He now sat facing her, pushing his oars through the water; and she stole a curious glance at his features—slightly sullen for the moment—noticing his well-set, well-shaped head and good shoulders.

That fugitive glance confirmed the impression of recognition in her mind. He was what she had expected in breeding and physique—the type usually to be met with where the world can afford to take its leisure.

As he was not looking at her she ventured to continue her inspection, leaning back, and dropping her bare arm alongside to trail her fingers through the sunlit water.

"Have we not rowed far enough?" she asked presently. "This fog is apparently going to last forever."

"Like your silence," he said gayly.

Raising her eyes in displeasure she met his own frankly amused.

"Shall I tell you," he asked, "exactly why I insisted on rowing you in? I'm afraid"—he glanced at her with the quick smile breaking again on his lips—"I'm afraid you don't care whether I tell you or not. Do you?"

"If you ask me—I really don't," she said. "And, by the way, do you know that if you turned around properly and faced the stern you could make better progress with your oars?"

"By 'better' do you mean *quicker* progress?" he asked, so naïvely that she concluded he was a trifle stupid. The best-looking ones were usually stupid.

"Yes, of course," she said, impatient. "It's all very well to push a punt across a mill-pond that way, but it's not treating the Atlantic with very much respect."

"*You* were not particularly respectful toward the Atlantic Ocean when you started to swim across it."

But again the echo of amusement in his voice found no response in her unsmiling silence.

He thought to himself: "Is she a prude, or merely stupid! The pity of it!—with her eyes of a thinking goddess!—and no ideas behind them! What she understands is the commonplace. Let us offer her the obvious." And, aloud, fatuously: "This is a rarely beautiful scene ——"

"What?" crisply.

And feeling mildly wicked he continued:

—"Soft skies, a sea of Ionian azure; one might almost expect to see a trireme heading up yonder out of the south, festooned with the Golden Fleece. This is just the sort of a scene for a trireme; don't you think so?"

Her reply was the slightest possible nod.

He looked at her meanly amused:

"It's really very classical," he said; "like the voyage of Ulysses; I, Ulysses; you the water nymph Calypso, drifting in that golden ship of Romance ——"

"Calypso was a *land* nymph," she observed absently, "if accuracy interests you as much as your monologue."

Checked and surprised, he began to laugh at his own discomfiture; and she, elbow on the gunwale, small hand cupping her chin, watched him with an expressionless directness that very soon extinguished his amusement and left him awkward in the silence.

"I've tried my very best to be civil and agreeable," he said after a moment. "Is it really such an effort for you to talk to a man?"

"Not if I am interested," she said quietly.

He felt that his ears were growing red; she noticed it, too, and added: "I do not mean to be *too* rude; and I am quite sure you do not, either."

"Of course not," he said; "only I couldn't help seeing the humor of romance in our ocean encounter. I think anybody would—except you ——"

"What?"

The crisp, quick question which, with her, usually seemed like an exclamation, always startled him into temporary silence; then he began more carefully:

"There was one chance in a million of your finding my boat in the fog. If you hadn't found it ——" He shook his head. "And so I wish you might recognize in our encounter something amusing, humorous"—he looked cautiously at her—"even mildly romantic—ah—enough to—to ——"

"To what?"

She was now paying him the compliment of her full attention; he felt the dubious flattery, although it slightly scared him.

"Why is it," she asked, "that a man is eternally occupied in thinking about the effect he produces on woman?—whether or not he knows her—that seems to make no difference at all! Why is it?"

He turned redder; she sat curled up, nursing both ankles, and contemplating him with impersonal and searching curiosity.

"Tell me," she said, "is there any earthly reason why you and I should be interested in each other—enough, I mean, to make any effort toward civility beyond the bounds of ordinary convention?"

He did not answer.

"Because," she added, "if there is not, any such effort on your part borders rather closely on the offensive. And I am quite sure you do not intend that."

"Why—to say—to do something characteristically—ah ——"

"What?"

—"Human!" he ventured—quite prepared to see her rise wrathfully and go overboard.

Instead she remained motionless, those clear, disconcerting eyes fixed steadily on him. Once or twice he thought that her upper lip quivered; that some delicate demon of laughter was trying to look out at him under the lashes; but not a lid twitched; the vivid lips rested gravely upon each other. After a silence she said:

"What is it, *human*, that you expect me to do? Flirt with you?"

"Good Lord, no!" he said, stampeded.

He was indignant now, but utterly incapable of retort.

"Is there anything romantic in it because a chance swimmer rests a few moments in somebody's boat?" she asked. "Is that chance swimmer superhuman or inhuman or ultra-human because she is not consciously, and simperingly, preoccupied with the fact that there happens to be a man in her vicinity?"

"Good Heavens!" he broke out, "do you think I'm that sort of noodle ——"

"But I *don't* think about you at all," she interrupted; "there is not a thought that I have which concerns you as an individual. My homily is delivered in the abstract. *Can't* you—in the abstract—understand *that?*—even if you are a bit doubtful concerning the seven deadly conventions?"

He rested on his oars, tingling all over with wrath and surprise.

"And now," she said quietly, "I think it is time to go. The sun is almost shining, you see, and the beauty of the scene is too obvious for even you to miss."

"May I express an opinion before you depart?"

"If it is not a very long or very dissenting opinion."

"Then it's this: two normal and wholesome people—a man and a woman—can *not* meet, either conventionally or unconventionally, without expressing some atom of interest in one another as individuals. I say two—perfectly—normal—people ——"

"But it has just happened!" she insisted, preparing to rise.

"No, it has not happened."

"Really. You speak for yourself, of course ——"

"Yes, I do. I *am* interested; I'd be stupid if I were not. Besides, I understand conventions as well as you."

"You don't observe them ——"

"I don't worship them!"

"Women should be ritualists. It is safer."

"It is not necessary in this case. I haven't the slightest hope of making this incident a foundation for another; I haven't the least idea that I shall ever see you again. But for me to pretend an imbecile indifference to you or to the situation would be a more absurd example of self-consciousness than even you have charged me with."

Wrath and surprise in her turn widened her eyes; he held up his hand: "One moment; I have not finished. May I go on?"

And, as she said nothing, he resumed: "During the few minutes we have been accidentally thrown together I have not seen a quiver of human humor in you. *There* is the self-consciousness—the absorbed preoccupation with appearances."

"What is there humorous in the situation?" she demanded, very pink.

"What is there humorous in any situation if you don't make it so?"

"I am not a humorist," she said.

She sat in the bows, one closed hand propping her chin; and sometimes her clear eyes, harboring lightning, wandered toward him, sometimes toward the shore.

"Suppose you continue to row," she said at last. "I'm doing you the honor of thinking about what you've said."

He resumed the oars, still sitting facing her, and pushed the boat slowly forward; and, as they continued their progress in silence, her brooding glance wavered, at intervals, between him and the coast.

"Haven't you *any* normal human curiosity concerning me?" he asked so boyishly that, for a second, again from her eyes two gay little demons seemed to peer out and laugh at him.

But her lips were expressionless, and she only said: "I have no curiosity. Is that criminally abnormal?"

"Yes; if it is true. Is it?"

"I suppose it is too unflattering a truth for you to believe." She checked herself, looked up at him, hesitated. "It is *not* absolutely true. It was at first. I am normally interested now. If you knew more about me you would very easily understand my lack of interest in people I pass; the habit of not permitting myself to be interested—the necessity of it. The art of indifference is far more easily acquired than the art of forgetting."

"But surely," he said, "it can cost you no effort to forget me."

"No, of course not." She looked at him, unsmiling. "It was the acquired habit of indifference in me which you mistook for—I *think* you mistook it for stupidity. Many do. *Did* you?"

But the guilty amusement on his face answered her; she watched him silently for a while.

"You are quite right in one way," she said; "an unconventional encounter like this has no significance—not enough to dignify it with any effort toward indifference. But, until I began to reprove man in the abstract, I really did not have very much interest in you as an individual."

And, as he said nothing: "I might better have been in the beginning what you call 'human'—found the situation mildly amusing—and it is—though you don't know it! But"—she hesitated—"the acquired instinct operated automatically. I wish I had been more—human; I can be." She raised her eyes; and in them glimmered her first smile, faint, yet so charming a revelation that the surprise of it held him motionless at his oars.

"Have I paid the tribute you claim?" she asked. "If I have, may I not go overboard at my convenience?"

He did not answer.

She laid both arms along the gunwales once more, balancing herself to rise.

"We are near enough now," she said, "and the fog is quite gone. May I thank you and depart without further arousing you to psychological philosophy?"

"If you must," he said; "but I'd rather row you in."

"If I must? Do you expect to paddle me around Cape Horn?" And she rose and stepped lightly on to the bows, maintaining her balance without effort while the boat pitched, fearless, confident, swaying there between sky and sea.

"Good-by," she said, gravely nodding at him.

"Good-by, Calypso!"

She joined her finger-tips above her head, preliminary to a plunge. Then she looked down at him over her shoulder.

"I *told* you that Calypso was a *land* nymph."

"I can't help it; fabled Calypso you must remain for me."

"Oh; *am* I to remain—anything—to you—for the next five minutes?"

"Do you think I could forget you?"

"I don't think so—for five minutes. Your satisfied vanity will retain me for so long—until it becomes hungry again. And—and read the history of Ulysses—carefully. However, it *was* nice of you—not to name yourself and expect a response from me. I'm afraid—I'm afraid it is going to take me almost five minutes to forget you—I mean your boat, of course. Good-by!"

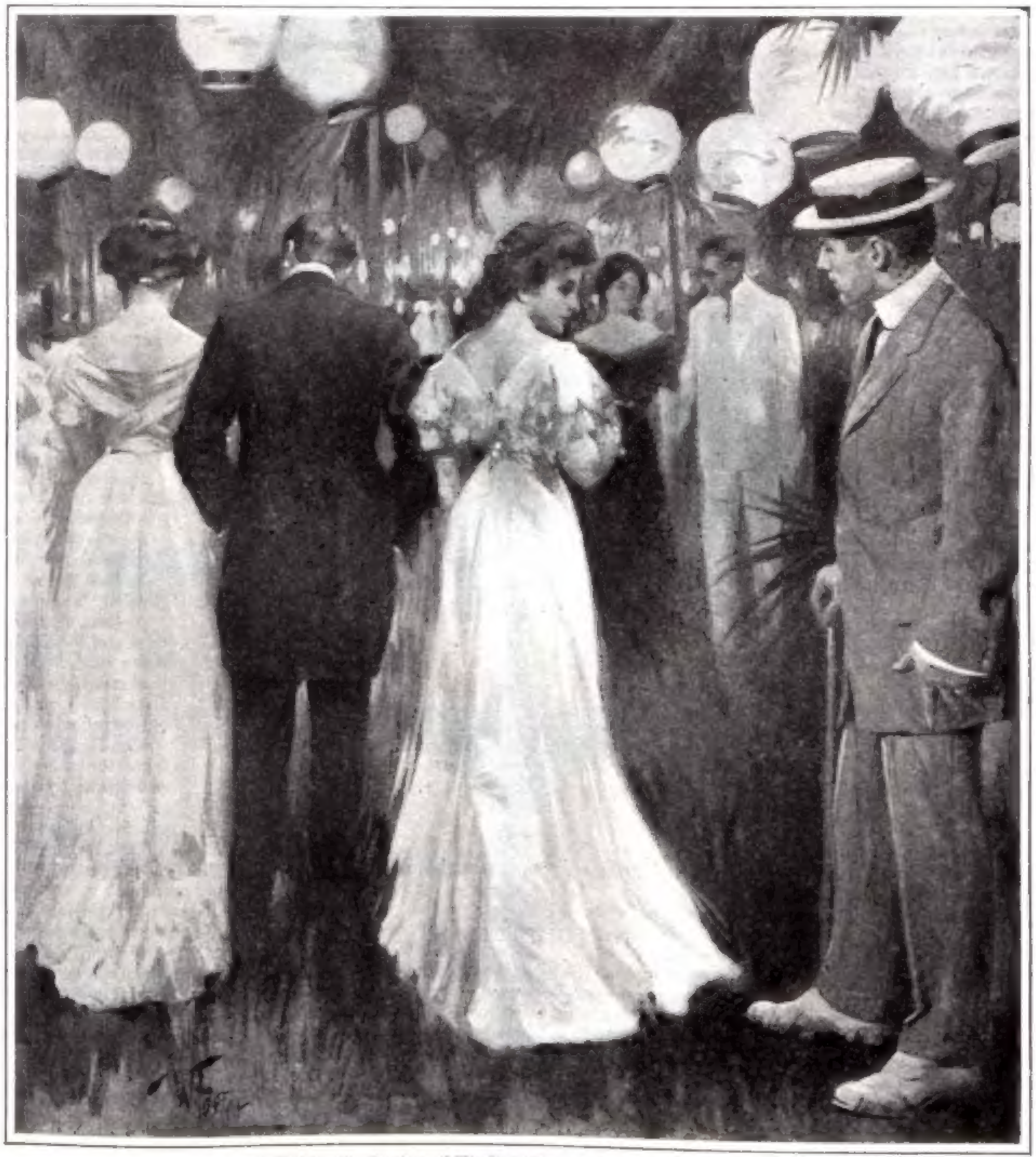
Before he could speak again she went overboard—rose swimming with effortless grace. After a dozen strokes or so she turned on one side, glancing back at him. Later, almost among the breakers, she raised one arm in airy signal, but whether to him or to somebody on the raft he did not know.

For five minutes—the allotted five—he lay on his oars watching the sands. At moments he fancied he could still distinguish her, but the distance was great, and there were many scarlet head-dresses among the bathers ashore and afloat.

And after a while he settled back on his oars, cast a last glance astern, and pulled for the Ariani, aboard of which Portlaw was already bellowing at him through an enormous megaphone.

Malcourt, who looked much younger than he really was, appeared on the after deck, strolling about with a telescope tucked up under one arm, both hands in his trousers' pockets; and, as Hamil pulled under the stern, he leaned over the rail:

"Hello, Hamil! Any trade with the natives in prospect? How far will a pint of beads go with the lady aborigines?"



A Sudden Realization of His Bad Manners Left His Ears Tingling

"Better ask at the Beach Club," replied Hamil, laughing. "I say, Malcourt, I've had a corking swim out yonder ——"

"Go in deep?" inquired Malcourt guilelessly.

"Deep? It's forty fathoms off the reef."

"I didn't mean the water," murmured Malcourt.

CHAPTER II

THE Ariani was to sail that evening, her destination being Miami and the West Coast, where Portlaw desired to do some tarpon fishing and Wayward had railroad interests. Malcourt, always in a receptive attitude, was quite ready to go anywhere when invited. Otherwise he preferred a remunerative attention to business.

Hamil, however, though with the gay company aboard, was not of them; his luggage had already been sent ashore, and now, prepared to follow, he stood a little apart from the others on the moonlit deck, making his adieux to the master of the Ariani.

"It's been perfectly stunning—this cruise," he said. "It was kind of you, Wayward; I don't know how to tell you how kind—but your boat's a corker and you are another ——"

"Do you *like* this sort of thing?" asked Wayward grimly.

"Like it? It's only a part of your ordinary lives—yours and Portlaw's; so you are not quite fitted to understand. But, Wayward, I've been in heavy harness. You have been doing this sort of thing—how many years?"

"Too many. Tell me; you've really made good this last year, haven't you, Garry?"

Hamil nodded. "I had to."

He laid his hand on the older man's arm. "Why, do you know," he said, "when they gave me that first commission for the little park at Hampton Hills—thanks to *you*—I hadn't five dollars in all the world, Wayward."

Wayward stood looking at him through his spectacles, absently pulling at his mustache, already gray.

"Garry," he said in his deep, pleasant voice that was, however, never very clear, "Portlaw tells me that you are to do his place. Then there are the new parks in Richmond Borough, and this enormous commission down here among the snakes and jungles. Well—God bless you! You're twenty-five and busy. I'm forty-five and"—he looked drearily into the younger man's eyes—"burnt out," he said, with his mirthless laugh—"and still drenching the embers with the same stuff that set 'em ablaze. . . . Good-by, Garry. Your boat's alongside. My compliments to your aunt."

At the gangway the younger man bade adieu to Malcourt and Portlaw, laughing as the latter indignantly requested to know why Hamil wasted his time attending to business.

Malcourt drew him aside:

"So you're going to rig up a big park and snake preserve for Neville Cardross?"

"I'm going to try, Louis. You know the family, I believe, don't you?"

Malcourt gazed placidly at him. "Very well indeed," he replied deliberately. "They're a good, domestic, mother-pin-a-rose-on-me sort of family. . . . I'm a sort of distant cousin—run of the house and privilege of kissing the girls—not now, but once. I'm going to stay there when we get back from Miami."

"You didn't tell me that!" observed Hamil, surprised.

"No," said Malcourt carelessly, "I didn't know it myself. Just made up my mind to do it. Saves hotel expenses. Well—your cockle-shell is waiting. Give my regards to the family—particularly to Shiela." He looked curiously at Hamil—"particularly to Shiela," he repeated; but Hamil missed the expression of his eyes in the dusk.

"Are you really going to throw us over like this?" demanded Portlaw, as the young men turned back together across the deck.

"Got to do it," said Hamil cheerfully.

"Don't plead necessity," insisted Portlaw. "You've just landed old man Cardross, and you've got the Richmond parks, and you're going to sting me for more than I'm worth. Why on earth do you cut and run this way?"

"No man in his proper senses really knows why he does anything. Seriously, Portlaw, my party is ended ——"

"Destiny gave Ulysses a proud party that lasted ten years; wasn't it ten, Malcourt?" demanded Portlaw. "Stay with us, son; you've nine years and eleven months of being a naughty boy coming to you—including a few Circes and grand slams ——"

(Continued on Page 28)

THE BOSS' LAST STAND

The Story of the Prime Minister of Protection

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

STANDING before the weather map in the Marble Room of the United States Senate, with his eagle eye fixed on Medicine Hat, the coldest place at that time on the continent, Nelson W. Aldrich asked himself the question that occurs to everybody sooner or later: "What's the use?"

He could think of no answer.

Whereupon, Mr. Aldrich announced he had fought his last fight, that he is through, that he will retire at the end of his present term, leaving the leadership to others, or another, casting aside the title of Boss of the Senate, and allowing the majority to shift for itself.

So marvelous an act of renunciation deserves more than passing notice, and herewith is set down, with that strict regard for the eternal verities that must always distinguish the real historian, some account of the incidents leading up to the harrowing moment when he put away the crown, together with a hasty review of other incidents that occurred in the pleasanter days when there was plenty of use, to say nothing of plenty to use and a lot of good, handy, workman-like users on the job.

CHAPTER I

"FATHER," said Nelson W. Aldrich—then a mere child—"I intend to be boss of the United States Senate when I grow up."

"Tut, tut, my son," replied the father, smiling indulgently at the fair-haired, earnest lad at his knee; "the United States Senate has no boss."

"It will have when I get there," announced the boy.

Children and others—a very few others—tell the truth.

Hastily passing through the wholesale grocery business, the common council of Providence, the Rhode Island General Assembly and the Lower House of Congress, our hero entered the United States Senate in 1881, hung his hat on the most conspicuous nail and prepared to realize on his boyish dream.

Tall, dark, with the eye of an eagle, the beak of a hawk and such other ornithological features as generally go with that make-up, he looked, indeed, a leader of men.

Had the Senate known his ambition the Senate would have scoffed, and there were some pretty fair scoffers sitting around that chamber back there in 1881.

The Senate did not know. The Senate fatuously refused to inquire.

The Senate was a chump.

Nelson W. Aldrich put out no advance notices.

Marking financial legislation for his very own—he always had a fine eye for finance—he landed on a tariff commission in 1883. Two short years sufficed for him to get his first toe-hold.

Five years later the Mills bill was shoved at him, palpitating with low schedules and with a free list as long as the Washington Monument.

What did he do to the Mills bill?

What, indeed?

Even in those prehistoric days, before the infant industries were in the incubator, the sacred principles of Protection were fixed in the Aldrich mind.

The Senate was Republican. Claiming the Mills bill for his very own, Nelson W. Aldrich took it apart to see what made it tick.

Reconstructing it with a master hand, he deftly raised each schedule to a point that made Roger Q. Mills scream with agony and cut the free list until it was a mere shadow of its former self.

"There," said Nelson W. Aldrich; "the mills of the gods may grind slowly, but this Mills will have no grist at all."

Too true! Nelson W. Aldrich was a pretty good miller himself, when it came to grists.

There was nothing doing.

The Democratic House would not take the Aldrich bill and the Republican Senate would not take the Mills bill. The poor harassed tariff slunk back to the high grass.

Was Nelson W. Aldrich idle?

He was not. He was watching for a chance to get that tariff bill into action.

The chance came two years later. In full view of the audience, with no whiskers to deceive, Nelson W. Aldrich took his tariff bill and handed it to William McKinley.

"There it is, William," he said. "It may be too low in spots, but you can remedy that. If anything needs hoisting, hoist it, but lower nothing, as you value your reputation. I can see the infant industries crying for Protection."

He had good eyes.

The infant industries did more than cry—they bawled for Protection.

They got it, too. Every infant industry that made the proper sort of an appeal—the proper sort, mind you—was protected, put in a tariff shell that made it as impervious to competition as it was to criticism.

By the same token, youthful industries and industries that had attained their manhood were protected also.

Nelson W. Aldrich had a catholic mind. He was for Protection for everybody, and everybody got Protection.

With that modesty that always marked him for its very own, Mr. Aldrich did not claim the bill. It was called the McKinley bill.

And once again, after we had decided on four, four, four years more of Grover, Nelson W. Aldrich leaped again into the arena.

A certain party in the House named Wilson had tariff ideas. He put them in a bill.

It seemed a shame to take away the money from the cozily-protected infant industries, but Mr. Wilson, apparently, was immune to shame.

He passed his bill.

It came to the Senate. Much to the regret of Mr. Aldrich, the Senate was also Democratic at that time.

Of course, it made no particular difference to him, but he had to work harder.

Putting the Wilson bill under his powerful microscope he discovered its many structural weaknesses. It did not have enough sugar in it, and the steel was all wrong, and there were numerous other defects that must be remedied.

He remedied them.

When Mr. Wilson's bill had passed through the hands of Mr. Aldrich and a few trusty—good word, trusty—Democrats, who had tariff ideas that coincided, not to say conglobulated, with those of Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Wilson failed to recognize it when it was handed to him on a platter with the terse command to take that or nothing.

"Perfidy and dishonor!" shrilled Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States.

Mr. Cleveland was excited. He had some Democrats in mind who had fallen under the Aldrich charm.

"Be calm," said Nelson W. Aldrich. "Remember you are talking about members of your own party, a most unclubby thing to do."

"Perfidy and dishonor!" shrilled Grover.

"Oh, very well," exclaimed Nelson W. Aldrich, "have it that way if you will, but please observe that the bill as finally adjudicated by myself, with such aid as these gentlemen you are calling out of their names may give, will pass."

It did; nor was there any noticeable absence of the sainted policy of Protection therein.

Mr. Wilson threw a fit.

Nelson W. Aldrich threw no such futile thing. He merely threw a lariat over a few more infant industries and gathered them into the fold.

And what did those helping Democrats get?

Ah, that was a long time ago; it is outlawed now.

Meantime, the Senate had bumped against the fact that Nelson W. Aldrich was boss.

He had made good his boyish threat.

"Why," exclaimed some of the ancient Solons, "that cannot be. We have no bosses here."

"Correct," replied Nelson W. Aldrich; "I grant that. You have no bosses. But you have a boss."

The ancient Solons gulped and held a caucus.

Holding a caucus was of no consequence. They did not then know it, but what they were really holding was the sack.

It was comparatively easy when the Dingley Tariff bill came along, three years later.

In fact, it was mere child's play, and Nelson W. Aldrich was no child.

He became so expert in protecting infant industries and in revising schedules up instead of down, when those schedules redounded to the honor and increment—especially the increment—of the Republican party, that he could do it with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind his back.

The Dingley Tariff emerged a work of art; for, from the mere mechanic at tariff-making, Mr. Aldrich had passed on to the stage of master. It showed in every paragraph—result of the deft touches imparted by our hero.

Deft touches? Ha!

That tariff stands to-day a monument to Dingley and an emolument to various other persons.

Nelson W. Aldrich has no monument.

Protection is the handmaiden of Prosperity, but it is the butler, the valet, the tiger, the coachman, the housekeeper and then some to those who know how to keep a lot of servants actively engaged.

Meantime, Nelson W. Aldrich had a pretty extensive establishment himself and he was boss of the Senate.

Do not let that escape you!

CHAPTER II

BOSS though he is, Nelson W. Aldrich is an easy boss. The velvet in the mitt that conceals the iron hand is soft and thick. "Mercy!" cried numerous statesmen when the Dingley bill was in its last stages, "we must have some reciprocity provisions."

Always ready to oblige, after he had been obliged, Aldrich replied: "Sure. Go as far as you like."

Thereupon they loaded up the bill with reciprocity, put so much reciprocity into it that it resembled, in certain spots, a hands-across-the-sea proclamation.

These numerous statesmen were happy. "Now," they said, "if any of our provisions prove onerous we can recipros with other nations, thus maintaining the high protective tariff at the *status quo*."

That didn't mean much, but it sounded well.

Nelson W. Aldrich said nothing more, made no comment. He was content to let these children play with their reciprocity plaything.

You see, while it is easy to get reciprocity into a bill, it is sometimes difficult to get anything out of reciprocity.

They set to work. John A. Kasson, noted as a tariff expert, but more in the way of writing about it than in doing it, as per our hero, became the busiest little reciprocity cup of tea in all the country round.

He negotiated reciprocity treaties until he was black in the face. He brought them in in droves, in schools, in coveys and in flocks. If any nation even so much as peeped about reciprocity Mr. Kasson was on the spot immediately, negotiating a treaty.

It was a triumph for the principle.

Reciprocity soon was to come into her own, to snag the whole outfit, to have the star part in our economic relations, with the spot-light on her and all the fat lines.

Thirteen or fifteen or some such number of reciprocity treaties came to the Senate for ratification.

Oh, it was a grand day for reciprocity.

The advocates of that pleasing theory stood around waiting to give the signal for lighting the red fire and shooting off the rockets when the treaties should have been ratified by the Senate.

The brotherhood of man, you know, and the tie that binds, and the close and intimate commercial relations with our several and segregated brethren across the salty seas.

"It is now my pleasure and my duty," said some one in the Senate when the question of the reciprocity treaties got a hearing, "to call up for ratification the French treaty, than which there is no more deserving convention within the purview of our sight."

They lighted the punk sticks to be ready for the rockets.

"Ah, yes," said Nelson W. Aldrich, "but why this unseemly haste? Let us consider the matter."

They could not say him nay. Senatorial courtesy forbade that. Also, Nelson W. Aldrich forbade it, which was equally to the sharp and glittering point.

They considered the matter.

They considered it again.

And then some.

"Now, gentlemen," said Nelson W. Aldrich, "I am heartily in favor of the principle of reciprocity, as you all know. It is one of the tenets of my life. It is my guiding star, but ——"

A shiver agitated the statesmen who were for the treaty.

There was something—an indefinable something—about that "but" that made it seem momentous.

"But ——"

Again that chill of apprehension.

"In casting my eye over the provisions of the treaty I hold in my hand, I observe that it offers reciprocity on knit goods, for example, with jewelry, for another example; and with several other products of our looms, factories, work-benches—of our honest hearts and willing hands."

He paused.

"Well," squeaked a reciprocity advocate, "we can't have reciprocity unless we recipros on something, can we?"

Nelson W. Aldrich smiled a slow, calm, deliberative smile. "That," he said, "is true. Still, I desire to call your attention to the fact that the Grand Old State of Rhode Island, which I have the honor, in part, to represent in this august assemblage, produces many of the articles here enumerated as suitable for reciprocity."

He paused again.

"It is hardly necessary for me to remark," he continued, "that my love for the protected industries of the Grand Old State of Rhode Island is only equaled by the love of the protected industries of that G. O. S. for me. I am not averse to reciprocity when it affects articles produced outside of my own State and articles that are outside the schedules which I have labored so many years to perfect."

A shudder ran around the chamber. They could see what was coming.

"Further, I am willing to yield to no man in my devotion to this principle, but I must insist that if we have reciprocity on anything we must have reciprocity on something we do not produce. That is the ultimate theory of Protection."

The argument seemed unanswerable.

It was unanswerable, for nobody had the nerve to answer it, although John Hay and other mere minions of the Executive branch of the Government kept sending in hurry calls for action, claiming the French and others were getting peevish to the point of being extremely peeved.

There were other discussions. Each time Nelson W. Aldrich announced his great love for reciprocity as a principle, but his failure to see it as a practice.

"Hurry! Hurry!" shouted John Hay.

"All right," exclaimed Nelson W. Aldrich one bright May day, "I'll hurry."

Whereupon he took the thirteen or fifteen reciprocity treaties into those strong, sinewy, steel-like fingers (taking off the velvet gloves, of course), and strangled them one by one, amid loud screams from John A. Kasson and a deluge of tears from others who might be named.

"What," inquired Nelson W. Aldrich, "is the use of blighting a good thing?"

Which showed he was a boss of the Senate as was a boss.

CHAPTER III

YEARS passed on—not many, but some.

Came a strenuous President. "Yi-Yi-Yip-p-p-p!" he cried. "Regulate the railroad rates. Regulate the railroad rates. Regulate the railroad rates. Siss—boom!"

"What is that?" coldly inquired Nelson W. Aldrich—"The college yell of a correspondence school of economics?"

You see, there was nothing to it by this time. He was the acknowledged boss.

"Regulate the railroad rates!" came in clarion tones from the White House. The demand was insistent. It was more than that. It was imperative.

"Oh, very well," said Nelson W. Aldrich, in his capacity as boss of the Senate, "we'll regulate in a regular way."

Those were parlous times.

It was hard to hand it to the dear old chaps who ran the railroads and who, in times gone by, had been on the spot when it was necessary to be spotted rather than spotless.

Many eminent hydropathists, who knew more about watering stocks than the rate regulators had dreamed, came clamoring to the front, yelling for succor.

There seemed to be no sucker.

All was set against the railroads. The rates were to be regulated. That was a cinch. Furthermore, there was to be a limited court review.

Everybody insisted on that.

A limited court review meant that the railroad would have to do what it was told to do within a few years of the time the orders were issued.

The railroads deprecated that. It seemed harsh.

Everybody was excited.

"Limited court review," became the slogan.

It seemed impossible to escape it.

Then, one day, when the turmoil was greatest, Nelson W. Aldrich beckoned to William B. Allison and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Certainly," said Allison, and he was soon afterward seen entering the White House grounds.

Next day it was announced from the White House that the President would accept the Allison compromise.

"What is it?" raucously inquired Jonathan P. Dolliver and Chester I. Long.

"Oh, a simple little thing," answered Nelson W. Aldrich. "A mere trifle. Merely the substitution of a broad court review for a limited one."

The limited-review people were stunned as well as stung. But they voted for it.

"You did this," screamed Jonathan P. Dolliver.

"My dear Senator," replied Nelson W. Aldrich, "all legislation is based on compromise."

"Compromise," shrieked Dolliver, "this isn't compromise. It is capitulation."

"Far be it from me," returned Nelson W. Aldrich, "to quibble about terms."

Whereupon the railroads gave three cheers.

CHAPTER IV

"HEP!" said Nelson W. Aldrich. "Hep! Hep! Hep!" And the Republican members of the Senate went hepping along.

After his victory on the railroad-rate bill Nelson W. Aldrich did little until it came time to reform the currency.

Secure as the boss, he rested comfortably, contemplating with much satisfaction the record of his past achievements.

Suddenly the currency, long willful and mischievous, became incorrigible.

It must be reformed.

"What we desire," said the leading bankers of New York, "is more elasticity."

"That," replied Mr. Aldrich, "is a snap."

Therefore, Mr. Aldrich prepared his bill, the Aldrich currency bill, for he had outgrown that modesty that allowed his efforts to go to the public under the names of other statesmen.

He wanted this bill for himself.

It was a neat and workmanlike bill. Under its provisions bonds of a few railroads would be available for security from banks that desired to issue currency on them.

A few railroads.

Very few!

Knowing the necessity for making the list of railroads as choice and select as possible, Mr. Aldrich had carefully picked his roads.

"Hep!" he said. "Hep! Hep! Hep!"

The Republicans were marching along in soldierly fashion when, with a loud cry, William Alden Smith dropped out and began to do the goose step.

"Quit that!" shouted Aldrich. "Get back in line!"

Much to his astonishment, Julius Cæsar Burrows fell out and goose-stepped beside William Alden.

Quickly following, sixteen other Senators fell out.

"I am the boss here," exclaimed Aldrich; "I command you to fall in behind my bill."

None but a mocking response came back.

Encouraged by their success, the insurgent Senators turned on the bill. They tore it limb from limb. Then they put it together again, inside out.

Dazed, Nelson W. Aldrich fought stubbornly on.

Finally, he rose at his desk and said: "I withdraw the railroad-bond provision."

They passed the bill, barely recognizable, but still retaining its title intact.

That was about all of Aldrich there was about it.

CHAPTER V

STANDING before the weather map in the Marble Room of the United States Senate, with his eagle eye fixed on Medicine Hat, the coldest place on the continent at that time, Nelson W. Aldrich soon afterward asked himself the question: "What's the use?"

From 1881 to 1908 is a long time and the hours have been profitably employed, but, Great Scott! if a leader cannot pass a little currency bill, what, forsooth, is the use?

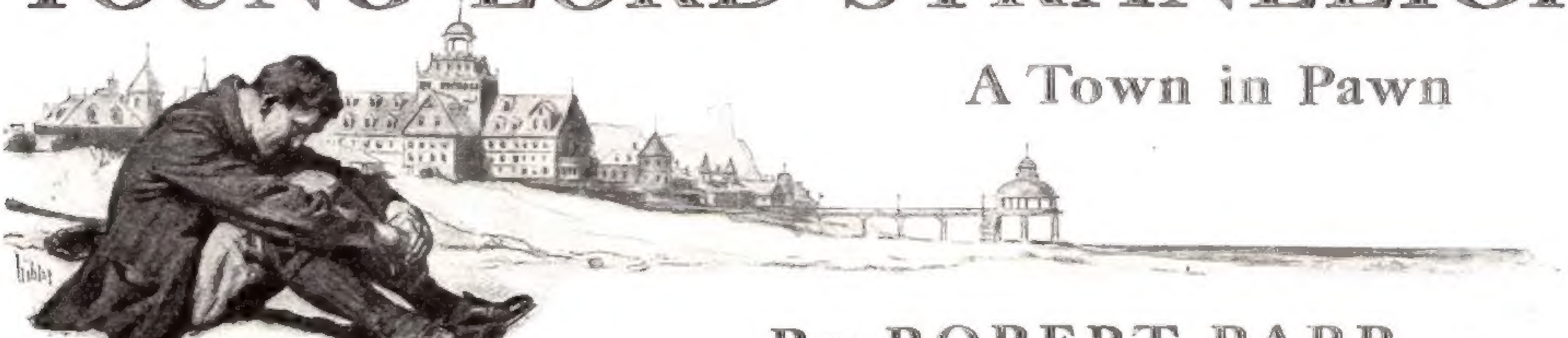
Every fighter must fight his last fight sometime.

Nelson W. Aldrich has fought his.

L'ENVOI

He has.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH



A Town in Pawn

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

JUST as Lord Stranleigh was putting up his cue after a most satisfactory game—he was very fond of billiards—an attendant of the Corinthian Club brought him a card on a silver salver. Lord Stranleigh took it rather languidly, but when he saw the name "Peter Mackeller" he brightened, and went down the stairs rather more eagerly than was his wont, to greet the mining engineer in the lobby of the club. He had not seen Peter since July and it was now November. For over a year now the mining engineer had not consulted Lord Stranleigh regarding any of his own affairs. A paragraph appeared in the newspapers to the effect that Mackeller had purchased an old manor house on the south coast surrounded by a considerable acreage of property, and then there had been a rumor that Mackeller was building a town by the shore of the English Channel, which seemed an unnecessary thing to do, because from the South Foreland to Land's End there are more towns now than people to inhabit them. Mackeller had never been an effusive person regarding his own concerns, but for the last twelve months he had become dumb as an oyster, and the young nobleman felt that somehow a chill had fallen upon their friendship, the cause of which he could only surmise, but he believed it was not through any fault of his own.

A natural shyness forbade Stranleigh making any reference to this on the rare occasions when he met Mackeller, but nevertheless he experienced a gentle sorrow when he thought of the intangible estrangement that had come between the two who had shared perils together. As he came down the broad, thickly-carpeted stairway of the club he recognized Mackeller sitting on the leather-covered bench that ran along the side of the entrance hall. Peter's head was bowed, and his shoulders bent as if a heavy burden rested upon them. Indeed, the young man sat motionless, as if he were a statue of dejection.

"Hallo, Peter!" cried Stranleigh, placing his hand on the seated man's shoulder.

The other raised a face that was seamed with anxiety and haggard in expression.

"I want a few words with you," he said, so curtly that a listener might have thought he came to collect a bill.

"Naturally," laughed Stranleigh; "otherwise you wouldn't be here. You've dined, of course? It's after nine o'clock."

"I think so."

"Not sure whether you've dined or not? My dear fellow, you are allowing the important things of life to slip by you. Come with me to a committee-room, where we shall be alone, and I'll feed you with some sandwiches, or anything else you wish."

He led Mackeller up a stairway and along a corridor, and turned to the left into a medium-sized room where a fire was burning. He snapped on the electric light, pushed a button for the waiter, then indicated a luxurious and enveloping leathern armchair, into which Peter sank. A waiter entered.

"Bring a couple of plates of chicken-and-ham sandwiches, two Scotch whiskies, and a siphon of soda. By the way, just place the card 'Engaged' on the outside of that door."

Stranleigh sat down.

"Rather a panicky time they're having over in the States, and our bank rate up to seven per cent., which, they tell me, is very unusual, and hasn't happened since 1873."

"It's a very serious outlook," groaned Mackeller.

"Is it? I'm sorry to hear that. You're not entangled in any way, I hope, with this crisis?"

"Oh, everybody that needs money is entangled, more or less."

"But surely you hold a good supply?"

"I *had* a good supply," said Mackeller briefly and significantly.

"And isn't Mrs. Mackeller rather well provided for?"

"Her money was in the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which closed its doors the other day. The directors say they will resume payment, but then they always say that."

Conversation ceased until the waiter, who had placed the refreshments on a table between the two, had withdrawn, closing the door behind him. Lord Stranleigh resumed:

"Well, if you need some cash, Peter, you've only to say the word. I'll be your banker till the clouds roll by."

"I need more than cash, Lord Stranleigh. I need an adviser with a head on his shoulders, and that's what brought me here to-night."

Lord Stranleigh smiled as he answered:

"I'm sure, if my advice can be of any use to you, Peter, you are welcome to it, also the cash."

"Thank you. It's rather a long story, and not a very creditable one, so far as my brains are concerned." Then Mackeller, with his usual directness, plunged into his narrative.

"When I married," he said, "I bought Gorham Manor, on the south coast, with about two hundred acres of land attached. Our next neighbor to the west is Sir Philip Sanderson—Squire Sanderson, as they call him locally—the largest property owner in our district, a hale, active, elderly gentleman, who conceived the idea of plotting out a seaside town that might become a second Brighton. The chief obstacle which he saw before him, however, was the fact that the nearest railway station, Oaklands, was fifteen miles distant from the site of his prospective town. He spent a good deal of time and money trying to induce the Great Southern Railway to run a branch from Oaklands station to the sea, offering the directors various inducements, such as free right-of-way through his own estate, and so forth, but they refused to entertain the idea. The indefatigable old gentleman then proceeded to form a local railway company, and endeavored, with some success, to enlist the coöperation of various magnates in the southern counties. The capital stock was two hundred thousand pounds, and more than half of this he himself subscribed, the rest of the shares being bought by various people all the way from Ramsgate to Portsmouth. The line has now been in operation for years; but it ends nowhere, except alongside a shingly beach, where one or two summer cottages were put up, and there was no running arrangement with the Great Southern Railway. His little line did not join theirs, although it ran alongside a platform connected with Oaklands station. But Oaklands is a station where none but the slowest trains stop, and only two of them during the day. So, though what old Sanderson needed was a town at the end of his line, so that he could guarantee the Great Southern the necessary trade, the public would not lease and build without the increased railway service."

"Hadn't he money enough to build the town?"

"No. You see, Sir Philip Sanderson is a very optimistic man. He applied to the Stock Exchange for a quotation for the stock of his little railway, and the shares have been more or less salable since the construction of the line, sometimes quoted as high as forty-nine."

"How could shares reach such a figure if there was no traffic and no dividends?"

"There were dividends paid because of the old man's chivalrous pride in his hobby. The whole management was in his hands, and each half-year he declared a dividend and paid it out of his own pocket. But this course of action seriously crippled his own resources. About two years ago the Great Southern Railway made him an offer for the line, but coupled their offer with the condition that they should either buy outright, or lease for ninety-nine years, a strip of the shore three miles long and about a thousand feet wide. I believe it would kill the old gentleman to part with his line, and as for his land, he will not sell it under any condition. Besides, the amount the Great Southern Railway offered was comparatively trivial, so it was refused."

"I see. And now the Great Southern Railway has got Sir Philip in a corner, and is going to have his line whether or no, and probably most of his land as well?"

"Yes; that is partly the case, but not quite. The affair becomes much more involved than that, and I may have some trouble in making it clear."

"It's clear enough now, Peter. You tried to help Sir Philip, and have suddenly found yourself at the end of your tether. Is that true?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Couldn't so shrewd a man as you see that Sir Philip had got himself into an impossible situation?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to say that now, but we thought we saw a way out."

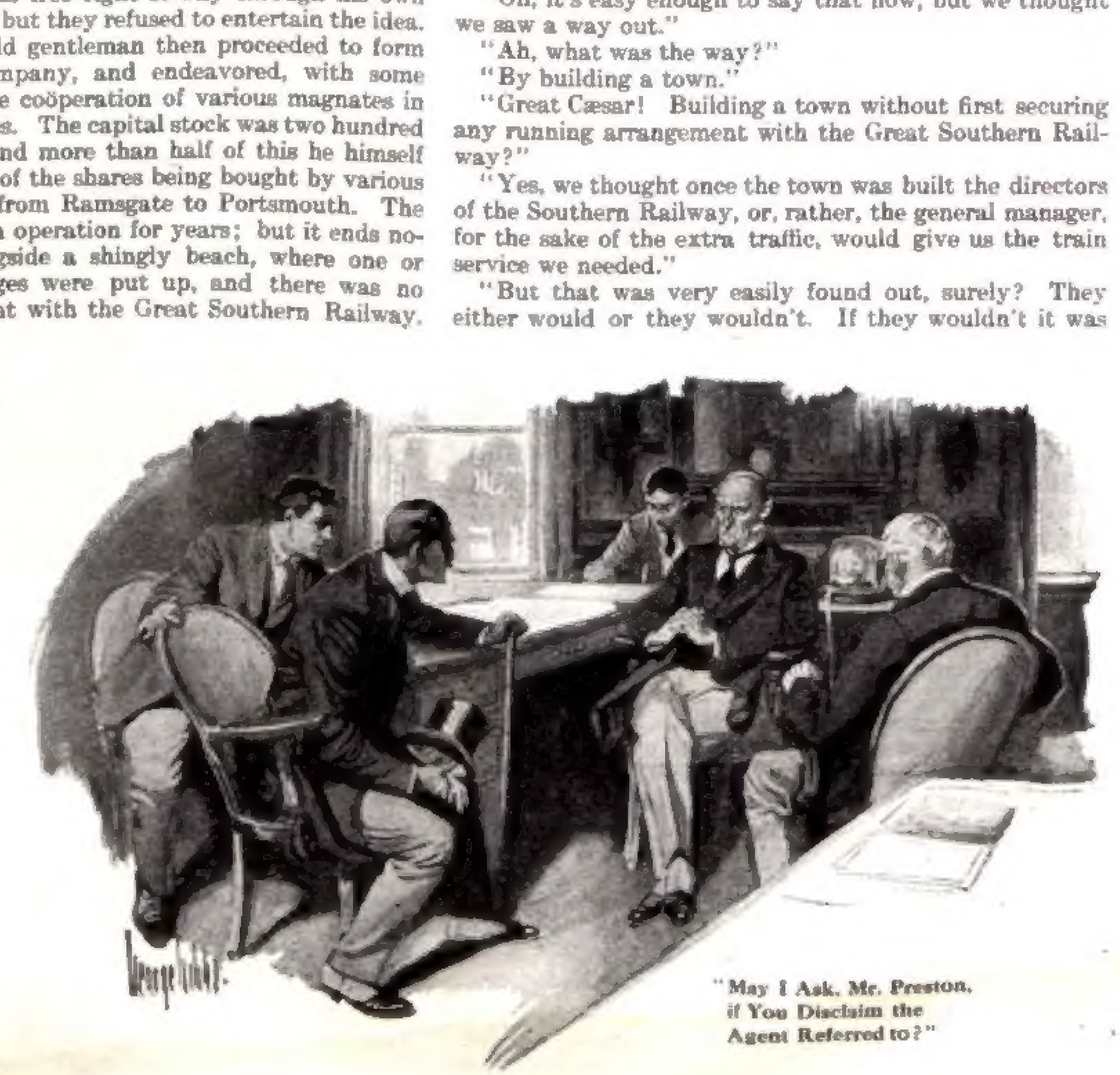
"Ah, what was the way?"

"By building a town."

"Great Cæsar! Building a town without first securing any running arrangement with the Great Southern Railway?"

"Yes, we thought once the town was built the directors of the Southern Railway, or, rather, the general manager, for the sake of the extra traffic, would give us the train service we needed."

"But that was very easily found out, surely? They either would or they wouldn't. If they wouldn't it was



"May I Ask, Mr. Preston, if You Disclaim the Agent Referred to?"

folly to build the town, and if they would there could be no objection to their stating so in writing."

Mackeller drew his handkerchief across his brow.

"Yes," he said disconsolately, "everything you state is so sensible and so accurate that I almost regret resolving to tell you about it. It's easy to show where we were wrong after the event."

"Oh, come now, Peter, that's hardly fair. I'm not one of the I-told-you-so league. I should have said the same at the time if I had been asked. From what you have already told me, I gather that Sir Philip Sanderson is simply a sentimental muddler of affairs. The crippling of himself by paying dividends that weren't earned strikes me as not only dishonest, but idiotic."

"Yes, but you won't wait until you hear what's happened. We see it all clear enough now, but we thought we had the assurance of the railway company at that time."

"There shouldn't be any thinking in a matter of that kind. You should have had it down in black and white."

Again Peter mopped his brow. He was evidently finding this explanation harder than he expected it to be. For a minute or two there was silence, then Lord Stranleigh said:

"Go on, Peter. Never mind me. I am acting the brute. Remember, I have promised to help you out of the hole, and therefore bear patiently with me, because I'm just beginning to learn how deep and almost bottomless the hole is. How did you come in on this deal?"

"As I told you, Sir Philip Sanderson's land and mine adjoin, and he proposed to place part of the village, when it was built, on my property, to give me the chance of benefiting by his enterprise. I said to him that I would have nothing to do with the railway, and I kept to that resolution until very lately. At the end of last year an exceedingly alert business man, armed with the best of credentials, saw Sir Philip Sanderson. He came down from London, and among his credentials was one acknowledging him a secret agent for the Great Southern."

"Did you take any pains to find out whether these credentials were bogus or not?"

"Oh, yes. He was perfectly open and aboveboard. Everything was just as he said."

"Well, what had he to say?"

"He talked very plausibly. He assured us that the railway company would provide for traffic wherever they found it; railway competition was so intense, he affirmed, that no road could overlook any appreciable increase of income.

"'Now,' he said, 'what you need here is a town. Once you've got the town you can lease and sell to the people. All the old seaside resorts are overcrowded, and prices run high. Rents are enormous in places like Brighton.'

"'But,' we objected, 'we haven't the money to build a town.'

"'How much money can you raise?' he asked.

"Sir Philip said he couldn't raise a penny, and I stated that I had fifty thousand pounds to invest.

"'With fifty thousand pounds,' he said, 'I can build you a town valued at a hundred and fifty thousand, and which, the moment expresses begin to run, will be worth two, three, four, five, six hundred thousand.'

"'How will you do that?' I asked him.

"'The first thing you want is a hotel, costing anywhere from five to ten thousand pounds. Then along the front some fine villas. You spend fifty thousand pounds in erecting the hotel and the villas. The moment they are finished you can mortgage them for forty thousand.'

"'No, you can't,' said Sir Philip.

"'Yes, you can,' he replied; 'when it is known that the Great Southern Railway takes an interest in this place you will find no difficulty at all. You are ignoring the price of the land. We will take it for granted that you have built economically and well. Very good. There is the land underneath your houses, right in the centre of your town, which, before many years, will be of enormous value. Besides, we don't need to discuss that question, because I'll undertake to give you the address of a loan company that will be only too glad to lend its money on such security.'"

"So you built the hotel and the houses, Peter, and then he was unable to find you such a company?"

"I wish to goodness he had been. He found us the forty thousand pounds at once, then, when that was expended, he found us thirty thousand, and, when those houses were built, twenty thousand, and ten thousand. Thus we had, as he had stated, a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound town with an expenditure of only fifty thousand."

"And the man kept his word to you throughout?"

"Yes."

"Well, I confess I don't see where the swindle comes in, and this method of making fifty thousand pounds build a hundred and fifty thousand worth is new to me. Perhaps the loan company charged exorbitant interest?"

"No, all we pay is five per cent."

"Then, while you can raise five thousand pounds for the annual interest, they can't close you out?"

"No."

"Go on, Peter, this is getting beyond me. It seems to me that loan company has the heavy end of the stick."

"You will understand that the town of Gorham-on-Sea was built mostly on my land, because I had furnished the capital, and the buildings erected by that capital produced the extra money. Now, Sir Philip Sanderson wished to do his share, so this obliging young man from London persuaded the loan company to make him an advance on his hundred thousand shares of railway stock. These shares, by the way, had steadily risen from nineteen and a half to twenty-six. The agent for the Southern Railway had predicted that they would, and his words came true. Sir Philip Sanderson was once more jubilant. At last he was going to see his little railway on a paying basis, and through the kindness of the Southern agent the loan company let Sir Philip have the full value of his stock, namely, twenty-six thousand pounds, with the proviso, however, that, if it dropped lower, he must either repay the loan and take back his stock, or pay the difference between the selling price of the stock and the amount he had borrowed."

"Ah, I'm beginning to see where you are, Peter. This is beautiful. So your friend, Sir Philip Sanderson, took the twenty-six thousand pounds and put that amount into houses on his own side of the estate?"

"Yes, and not only that, but borrowed sixteen thousand pounds on the completed houses, and threw that also into bricks and mortar."

"I see. That brings the situation to this. Both you and Sanderson are tied up, as one might say, with empty houses. You have to furnish annually five thousand pounds in interest, and Sanderson two thousand one hundred pounds, or thereabouts, and the stock of your railway is hypothecated on such terms that, if it drops a point or two, Sir Philip Sanderson, who now has no ready money, will be called upon by the loan company to cover his margin. If he can't do it the stock is sold, and whoever buys that stock obtains control of his railway. Well, Peter, I had always looked on you as a young fellow of common-sense. How do you square it with your business conscience that you allowed yourself to be wound up in a ball of twine like that?"

"Why, you see, Stranleigh, there was always my wife's money. She was the one who took an interest in Sir Philip. She likes him. He is a fine, courtly gentleman of the old school, you know, and, quite with her permission, there was her money in the States to draw upon. No one could have foreseen the panic that occurred in New York at the end of October. My wife drew a bill for fifty thousand pounds on the Knickerbocker Trust Company, but by the worst of ill-luck that draft arrived in New York the day after the Knickerbocker closed its doors, and whether we'll get anything or not ultimately, we've not been able to obtain a penny now, at the time we need it."

"Yes; I admit that you could not have foreseen the American panic. That was hard lines. Well, now you have got things to such a point that whenever this clever Southern Railway agent cares to depress your stock you lose control of your road. The new owners may tear it up if they like, or abandon it, and then you have a town like Mohammed's coffin, hung in midair. Your visible assets are a couple of estates—oh, by the way, have you and Sanderson mortgaged your land?"

"I believe Sanderson has. Mine is clear, but one can neither sell nor mortgage with the bank rate at seven per cent."

"Then your only assets are these unsalable acres and a town in pawn, because Gorham-on-Sea doesn't belong to you—not a brick of it. If it were put on the market to-morrow I venture to say it wouldn't pay back the money that has been lent on it. Now, I suppose, you and Sanderson are holding your breath, wondering what action the Great Southern Railway will take to depress your stock?"

"No; we're not anxious on that score."

"You still have faith that the railway company will not strike?"

"The railway company has struck."

"How?"

"One week ago to-day it sent down from London a couple of trains carrying materials and three hundred men. Within six hours Oaklands Junction station was razed to the ground, and everything piled up on the trains. The switches were taken up, signals taken down, even the platform was removed, and before night, when the trains steamed away, there was left nothing to show that a station had ever existed there."

Stranleigh sprang to his feet, and paced excitedly up and down the room; a most unusual action on his part, who was usually so self-contained.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" he cried. "Well, if that isn't the best thing I've ever heard! Lovely! Of course, there's no law compelling them to keep up a station for which they have no need. So now your little railway line ends up in the air, miles away from any junction?"

"Yes."

"What's happened to the stock?"

"It fell from twenty-six to five, with no takers."

"That is to say, that when the loan company sells the stock the Great Southern Railway may acquire it, even on the open market, for five thousand pounds; a parcel of shares for which your friend Sanderson paid a hundred thousand pounds. Of course, the obliteration of Oaklands Junction makes your railway merely two parallel streaks of useless iron, beginning in an empty and pawned town, and ending in the open fields, where even the goods trains on the main line go by without stopping. Well, that's the most admirable piece of business I've known done in a year!"

"It seems to please you, Lord Stranleigh."

"Please me! How could it do otherwise? The man at the head of the Great Southern knows his business, and isn't overscrupulous. He had to deal with a stubborn, incompetent old duffer, who wouldn't sell, and so he eliminated him. You are a sufferer merely because, like the good dog Tray, you got into bad company. I suppose you think you've seen the end of this stratagem?"

"They can't hurt us any further."

"My dear boy, don't you comprehend that they've determined to seize your new town of Gorham-on-Sea? Otherwise they never would have countenanced the payment of twenty-six thousand pounds for stock which at any moment they could render worthless, as they have done. This loan company, after due notice—I suppose you've had notice?"

"Yes, I have."

"How long do they give you to settle?"

"Until to-morrow."

"Well, you have waited till the last moment, Peter."

"I believe we may demand three days of grace after that, but next week they can close down on us."

"Very well, they will sell your stock, and the railway company will buy it for five thousand pounds, or two thousand, or one thousand. There will be nobody to bid against them: the only possible bidder will be that old fool, Sanderson. I won't for the moment mention any younger incompetent. But the Great Southern Company will acquire your railway, in spite of all you can do, for a song. Then the loan company will come upon Sanderson for the difference. He has had from them, in all, forty-two thousand pounds. Say the Great Southern pays five thousand which it won't do, by the way, or anything like it, then the loan company comes on Sanderson to make up twenty-one thousand. He can't do it, so they put his property on the market, his pawned town—why, the Great Southern Railway has got everything. They'll possess within a week all you and Sanderson own—new brick town, railway line, estate and everything. The panic in New York and the stringency of the money market in London leave you helpless."

"My dear Lord Stranleigh, we are not helpless if we can find any one to loan us twenty-six thousand pounds to rescue that railway stock."

"But the railway stock is valueless so long as you have no connection with the Great Southern."

"I know it is; but, on the other hand, the new town of Gorham-on-Sea is useless to the Great Southern Company so long as we hold the little railway line. The Great Southern Company will then be compelled to come to terms with us."

"I don't see that, Peter. I don't see that at all. The Great Southern Company need do absolutely nothing except run their trains past the end of your line, even if I were to give you the twenty-six thousand pounds to-morrow. You can't hold on. You've got to pay that interest, and you've got to keep your houses in repair. Your town will speedily go to rack and ruin if nobody is living there."

Peter Mackeller rose slowly to his feet.

"Then you don't care to lend the money, Lord Stranleigh? You believe I'll never be able to repay you?"

"Not while you muddle along as you are doing."

"Very well, Lord Stranleigh, I am sorry to have troubled you about this matter. Now I shall bid you good-night."

"Peter, sit down for a few moments longer. You may remember that, when we began this conversation, I told you I would stand by until daylight, if necessary."

"You have made me regret I came. I won't stop longer."

"Very well; answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"How many men do you know in London to-night who will give you twenty-six thousand pounds to-morrow?"

"None."

"Very well, then, Peter, you should treat me gently. Give me time to recover from my admiration for the tactics of the Great Southern Railway, and please remember that I am a large shareholder in that road. I own twenty thousand shares of stock, so, in spite of your Scottish rigidity, do have a little compassion for the man who expects his twenty thousand shares to increase in value because of the manipulation you have just recited. Sit down, Peter."

Mackeller slowly, reluctantly, sat down.

"Now, you will not need this money for about four days, you think. Kindly find out for me the exact moment at which the twenty-six thousand pounds may be paid to release that worthless stock."

"I'll do that."

"Very well. Now, who is the general manager of the Great Southern road?"

"John W. Preston."

"Have you met him?"

"Yes."

"What sort of an individual is he?"

"A perfectly cast-iron, hard man, who will not budge an inch, no matter what arguments you present to him."

"Have you tried to soften him?"

"Yes."

"Has Sir Philip met Mr. Preston?"

"I dare say. Now, Preston refuses to see him."

"Does Preston refuse to see you?"

"No, I don't think so; still, I can't be sure."

"Well, I shall make an appointment with him on my own behalf. As I told you, I own twenty thousand shares of the Great Southern Railway, and therefore Mr. Preston, general manager, cannot very well ignore me. In a situation like this I always advise, as you perhaps know, a compromise. Save something out of the wreck. I shall ask Mr. Preston to make an appointment for the day after to-morrow, at any hour that best suits him, and will request him to receive Sir Philip Sanderson, yourself and myself."

"Oh, he won't receive Sir Philip."

"It will do no harm to ask him, and I shall ask. As soon as I learn the hour I'll telegraph to you, and you will arrange with Sir Philip to come up to town at the time appointed. I will meet you at Mr. Preston's offices in the Great Southern Railway building. I shall bring with me a check for twenty-six thousand pounds, which I will hand over to you if the conference comes to nothing."

"I don't care to accept money, Lord Stranleigh, that you are certain will never be returned to you."

"Oh, I know very well, Peter, it will be returned. The American surety you offer is more than ample. The main thing is to see Mr. Preston, and come to an arrangement, if possible. If he won't listen then you can still recover your stock and go on with the fight. I will attend the conference as a friend of both parties. You must do the talking, and I will add a few words, if necessary, counseling moderation."

The little clock on the mantelpiece above the fireplace softly chimed eleven. Mackeller glanced up at it, and rose to his feet gloomily.

"I am deeply obliged to you, Stranleigh," he said; "and, in spite of the fact that I came to borrow money, I feel great hesitation in accepting it. You are counting on our saying something to General Manager Preston that will make an impression on him. You don't know the man we are compelled to confront. He has a face of flint: he is adamant."

"Nonsense, Peter. He can't be both flint and adamant. They told me at college that those are two different substances. Looking at it more calmly, I think he has paid rather a big price for that little bit of coast railway. Aside from this, the Great Southern itself, under his management, has shown a steadily falling share list. So you see the great Mr. Preston is scarcely in a position to enact the high and mighty magnate over even so wretchedly unbusinesslike a creature as myself."

"You don't know the man," repeated Mackeller, shaking his head.

"Here is all I need to know, Peter. Mr. Preston thinks he has got you in his grasp; thinks that within three or four days you are sold out and done for. So long as that idea remains in his mind I quite admit that nothing you can say will make any impression upon him, but the moment he sees my check for twenty-six thousand pounds pass into your hands he will realize that you have, for the time at least, got out of his clutches. He will know in a flash that victory has removed to a distance which he is not able at that moment to estimate. It is when he is in this frame of mind that I expect you to be able to negotiate with him. He will prefer to take the half loaf rather than go without bread altogether."

"I'd feel safer, Stranleigh, if you promised to join us after you learn that Preston has refused to deal with us at all."

"Very good," cried his lordship, springing to his feet as joyously as if some one had challenged him to a game of billiards. "I'll stand by you."

"Nevertheless," commented Mackeller, "I don't want to lure you into a fight which you consider hopeless."

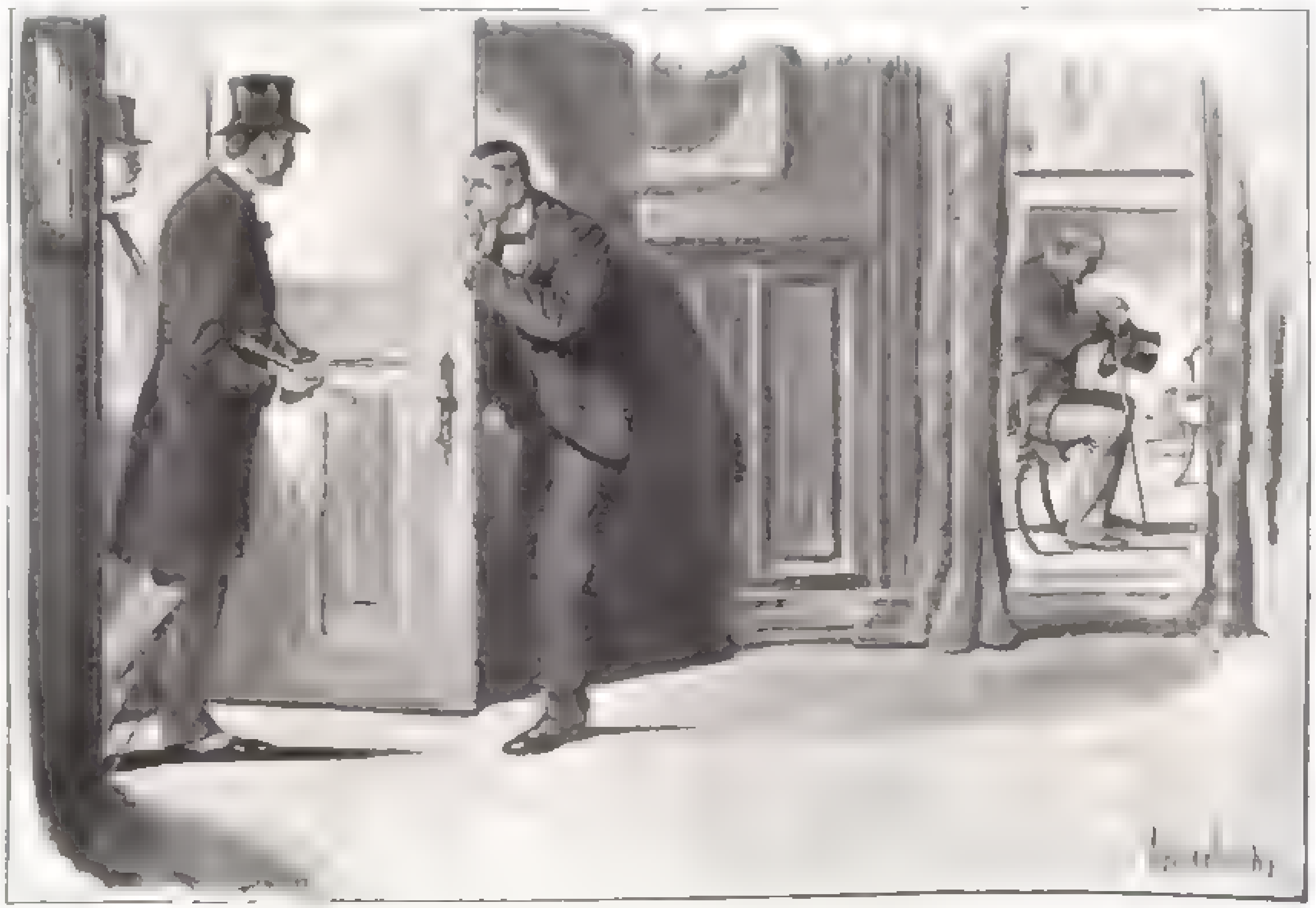
"My dear fellow, nothing is hopeless until your mind says it is so. Besides, I don't intend to fight Preston."

"Oh!" cried Mackeller, in a tone of deep disappointment. "I thought you promised to come in with us."

"Certainly; but, you see, my limited scope of mind is such that I can attend only to the thing directly in front of me. The thing directly in front of me now is not a fight, but a gentle, persuasive conversation with Mr. Preston. Your defect is that you arouse antagonism. Preston's bristles will rise the moment he looks at your determined countenance, but my effect upon him will be entirely different. He will pity and despise me from the outset. He will see that I am an easy-going, billiard-playing young fellow, who nevertheless owns twenty thousand shares in his railway. It will be impossible for me to conceal from him that the people I like can mould me this way or that according to their fancy, so he will probably say to himself: 'I'll make a friend of this chap. He may prove a useful ally in the future.' I shall say nothing to Preston that will either arouse his resentment or wound his vanity."

"You can't move him by flattery or soft talk, Stranleigh."

"I know that's your theory, but it's not mine. Never drive a man when you can persuade him. I sha'n't drive until I have exhausted my powers of persuasion."



"The General Manager of the Great Southern Has Been Waiting Here for Half an Hour, My Lord"

Mackeller said no more, and Lord Stranleigh accompanied him to the portico of the club and said good-night.

Stranleigh strolled thoughtfully through the hall, and said to one of the club servants:

"Would you kindly ring up on the telephone Mr. Ernest Montague—his residence, not his office, of course."

A few moments later the servant accosted him in the smoking-room. "Very sorry, my lord, but the exchange can get no answer from Mr. Montague."

"Don't let that discourage you," said Stranleigh with a smile. "Say a few complimentary words to the girl at the exchange, and ask her, as a kindness to Lord Stranleigh, to ring up Montague until she gets him. Tell her to make it impossible to sleep in his house through the ringing of the telephone bell. Make the drowsy Montague's life a burden to him until he rises to the 'phone. There can't be much telephoning going on just now, so the girl can put her whole mind to it."

After a long interval the servant returned.

"I have got Mr. Montague, my lord, who doesn't seem to be in a very amiable frame of mind."

"I dare say," drawled Stranleigh; "things are going rather crosswise in the city, and Montague's a mere stockbroker."

He rose without hurry and went to the telephone booth. Montague evidently thought he was talking to the exchange, and his language was painful and free.

"What the devil do you mean," he cried, "by making this house a pandemonium? When the telephone bell isn't answered, then ring off, and say you can't get me. I don't keep a telephone in my house for the convenience of every cursed fool that likes to ring me up, and I want you to understand that when ——"

"That you, Montague?"

"Oh, you're there, are you? Who the deuce are you, and what do you want?"

"I want to know how things are going on in the city. They tell me there's rather a crisis on the Stock Exchange."

The reception of this mild request was so lurid that it cannot be set down here, and among the expletives Stranleigh gathered that the man at the other end of the wire, clad only in pajamas, at midnight, in a cold hall, toward the middle of an English November, did not care to answer a fool question from any blank-blank idiot that liked to call him up, and the tirade ended with the fierce inquiry:

"Who are you? Who are you, anyhow?"

"My dear Montague," said Stranleigh, "please do not boast. I dislike a bragging man. Pajamas? You know very well you don't own pajamas. You know that every stockbroker has put his pajamas in the pawnshop long ago. What's the matter with you? Why don't you have American radiators in your hall, as I have all through my house. They diffuse a mild, semi-tropical influence that would counterbalance even such a frost as you've been having on the Stock Exchange. If you pretend you possess pajamas you'll be swaggering, by and by, about owning a dressing-gown or a pair of slippers. If those things are out of pawn please put them on, because I'm going to talk with you for some time."

"Who are you? Who are you?"

"I am Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, and I am telephoning you from the righteous precincts of the Corinthian Club, which is not accustomed to such language as you've used."

"Oh, Lord Stranleigh, I beg your pardon. I had no idea, of course ——"

"Have you got that dressing-gown on?"

"Yes, yes; I'm all right. You see, this bell's been ringing for about half an hour; seems to me, in fact, it's been ringing all night, and I'd just got into a sleep when your call came."

"Enough said, Montague. Don't apologize. I forgive you, but it does seem to me that if I'm willing to serve my country by playing billiards here till after midnight, you, in a comfortable residence, ought not to object to do something on your part. Now, don't begin swearing again."

"No fear. What can I do for you?"

"Things are pretty bad in the city, aren't they?"

"Rotten."

"So I thought. Do you remember buying for me twenty thousand shares in the Great Southern Railway about two years ago?"

"Oh, yes."

"What price did you pay?"

"I can't say offhand. I could tell you in the morning after I have looked at my books. It was something like thirty-four, I think."

"And what price did the stock close at to-day?"

"Oh, it's away down to eleven and a half. If you are thinking of selling, Lord Stranleigh, I strongly advise you not to. You couldn't sell the Mint itself to-day. You've no idea of the state of business. Why, I sat in my office from nine o'clock till five, and I swear there was not a thing doing. I didn't earn my lunch."

"Oh, you always were a luxurious feeder, Montague, and shouldn't expect to earn a lunch every day in the year. I'll give you a chance to accumulate enough for three full meals to-morrow. Are you listening?"

"Oh, yes, my lord."

"Very well, I want you to buy for me a majority of stock in the Great Southern Railway."

"WHAT?"

"I wish to acquire a majority of stock in the Great Southern Railway, and I mentioned my twenty thousand shares, which I now hold, so that you may take them into your calculation."

"Excuse me, Lord Stranleigh; I'm afraid I haven't quite understood. This telephone is crackling a good deal. It seems that you said you wanted a majority of the Great Southern Railway. Am I right?"

"Quite right."

"Have you any idea what that will cost you?"

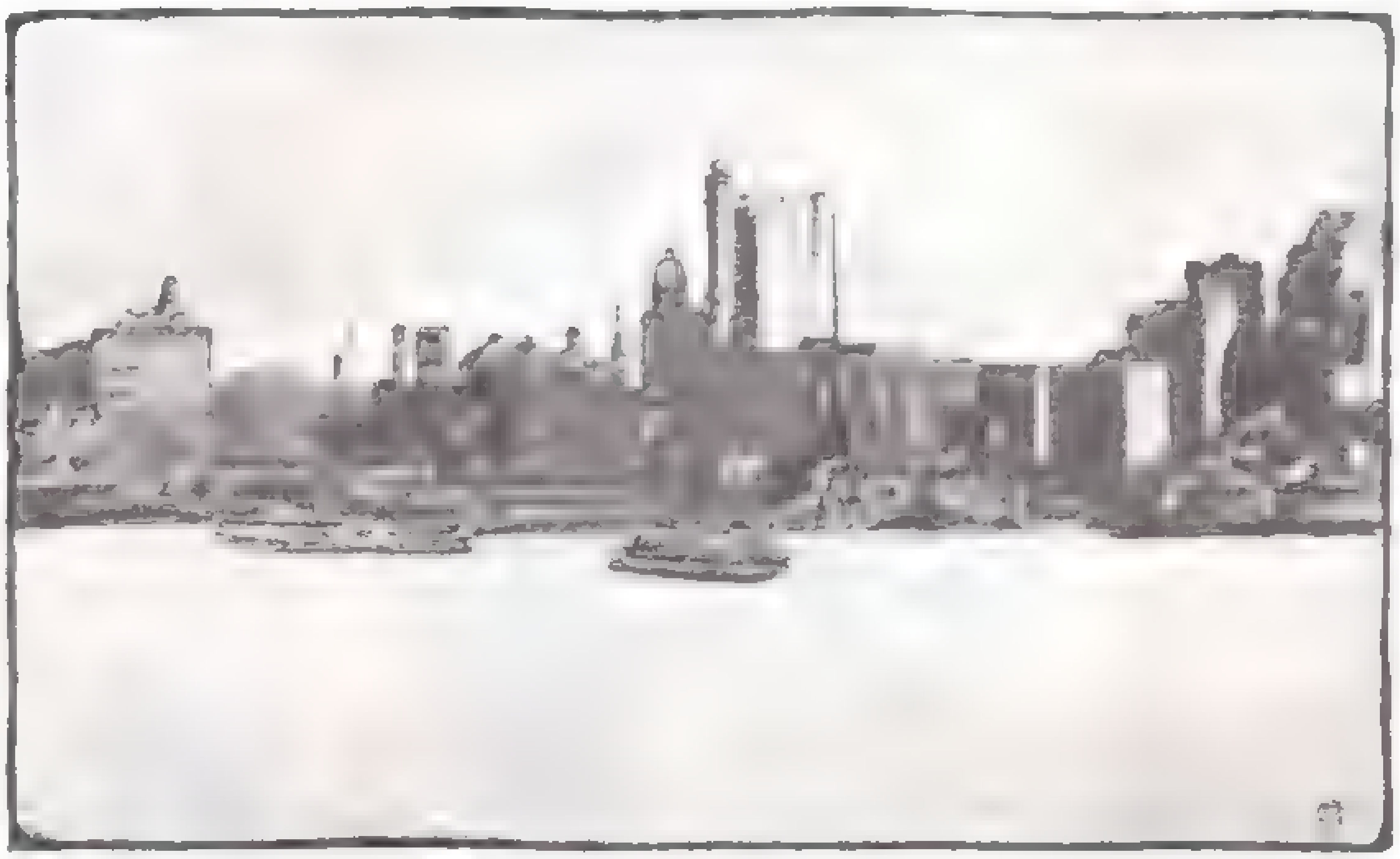
"Not the slightest, Montague. What is the use of my having ideas when I am compelled to pay you for thinking?"

"But, my dear Lord Stranleigh, it will run into millions. It will run into a good bit of money even if you buy on a margin only. Of course, that's what you intend to do. You don't wish me to buy the stock outright, I suppose?"

(Continued on Page 24)

Wall Street Views of Speculation

Some Statements and Defenses by Men Who Trade on 'Change



As the "Curb" Sees It

By J. Thomas Reinhardt

Curb Broker

EVERYTHING is speculation. The discovery of America was a speculation. The American people are a people of speculators. The entire industrial progressiveness and aggressiveness of America are possible only because of the speculative spirit. The exploiting of the resources of this country to the remarkable degree to which they are being exploited is possible only because the American dares to dream, and to put that dream into practice.

A man engages in business, invests his capital, incurs expense, devotes time, thought, effort; his venture may be successful, it may fail. He cannot foretell, nor can any one else. Results cannot be guaranteed. Discretion, forethought, experience, all may be brought into play—there always remain unknown, unknowable factors to make every step that a man takes a speculation. All business is speculation; manufacturing is speculation; commerce is speculation; and the buying and selling of securities is speculation. For what is speculation if not action based on estimate of value, actual or prospective? The estimate may be bad and poor judgment be shown, or the estimate may be correct and good judgment be shown; but, in any event, he who does anything must unquestionably estimate or judge beforehand, and the outcome—who can tell?

Discretion, prudence, reasonable care—these are as eminently necessary in making investments in stocks or bonds as in making investments in commerce or manufacture. Were the same care exercised in the one case as in the other, unreasoning and unreasonable attacks on "stock gambling" would never be made. The man who clamors against speculation in stocks is not the one who scrutinizes the securities that he buys, who investigates the companies, their financial resources, their management and their methods. Rather is it the business man who has been moderately successful, perhaps even very successful, in his own particular line of business, who has amassed a comfortable fortune and who has taken his surplus down to "Wall Street" with the intention of making a "quick turn" by taking a "flyer" on a "tip" from this or that "friend," and who has lost in a few minutes what it has taken him possibly years to accumulate.

This is the man who bitterly assails Wall Street speculation. He forgets that if he had acted in his own particular line as he acted in Wall Street he would have made the same disastrous failure; and on the other hand, had he in Wall Street shown the same conservatism and good sense as in his own business he would probably have had the same success. Blind, senseless, tipster speculation—by all means let it be eliminated!

Speculation is the foundation of American industrial greatness.

No Speculation Would Mean Socialism

By Henry Clews

Member New York Stock Exchange

THE Wall Street view of speculation is no different from any other sane view of speculation, for the simple reason that it regards speculation as a legitimate business. All business undertakings, especially those developed on a large scale, are speculative.

Speculation in stocks, as conducted through Stock Exchange brokers, is no more gambling than speculation in real estate or merchandise. Every branch of trade is more or less speculative, because it involves risks. If it did not involve risks there would not be so many mercantile failures. Yet you never hear trade called gambling. Every time a merchant buys a line of goods he makes a speculative venture. He may lay in a big stock of spring goods and winter may suddenly leap into summer. The value of this spring stock would depreciate and he would have it on his hands. The whole transaction has been a speculation. So with all lines of business.

The merchant also buys on credit just as he gives credit to his customers. What is the difference in principle between this form of credit and the credit that the stock broker gives his customer who pays ten per cent. on the par value of his purchase while the broker provides the balance and holds the stocks as security? This is called margin, which is simply credit. The broker who conforms to the rules of the New York Stock Exchange and does business in this way is doing it as legitimately as the wholesale dealer or the jobber who sells iron, dry-goods, shoes or even real estate on credit. It is credit that keeps alive the whole business world.

Speculation is the basis of all enterprise. A man who has no speculative spirit in his composition will not take risks to enable him to do business in a large way. It is proverbial that the American people are naturally speculative. Hence their "go-ahead-ive-ness." Stop that spirit, which is the propelling one in connection with development, and you will almost stop the whole world of trade from moving.

The critics of speculation condemn "options." The truth of the matter is that they have not been dealt in on the Stock Exchange for years. All purchases and sales of stock are bona-fide transactions, the securities being deliverable and receivable the day following the transaction, except those specifically for "cash," which means to be delivered or received the same day. In cotton, grain and coffee nearly all the transactions are in "futures," but they are a great boon to the growers of these commodities, because it enables them to sell their growing crops and thus make sure of the prices that they will get. This is legitimate speculation, and it is the kind that the farmer and planter has long learned to regard as being absolutely essential to his prosperity.

Because dishonest men steal and embezzle their employers' and other people's funds in order to speculate is no reason why Wall Street should be blamed for the offenses. You do not blame a river because a deluded man has jumped in to end his earthly troubles. Neither should the New York Stock Exchange, which is a great international market, be held responsible because some speculative capitalists have abused it in the manipulation of stocks.

The members of the Exchange are reputable business men. Their own interests and their relations with their fellow-members and their customers demand that they should be so. It is impossible to distinguish investment from speculative transactions on the floor of the Exchange or to tell whether long or short stock is being bought and sold. But it is possible to say that the Stock Exchange, as it stands to-day, is a Gibraltar in time of panic, for then it enables men to realize on securities and be saved from ruin. To close the Stock Exchange would mean to invite commercial disorder and unrest. To restrict its operations and its scope by law would be to lessen its widespread usefulness to investors and to corporations issuing securities, and to destroy a great, free market. All this would deal an overwhelming blow to speculation.

To stop speculation would mean to invite Socialism which is devoid of individualism. And in a great democracy like ours we must have individualism, because it enables the best man to get the best results.

Speculation Necessary for Development

By A. O. Brown

Member New York Stock Exchange

THE "anti-speculation" agitation now attracting so much attention is the natural expression of discontent, resulting from the exposure of abuses of trust in certain financial quarters, and I do not believe it will long endure or seriously affect the legitimate business of the country, of which our exchanges form a necessary part in providing open markets for dealing in securities and commodities.

The economic advantages of such open markets, under modern but normal conditions, would seem to be too obvious to need enumeration. Without Stock Exchanges it would be impossible to keep liquid a great part of the world's wealth, and commercial development would be greatly retarded in consequence. Take, for instance, the chief point of attack of the present agitation, our grain and cotton exchanges. Primarily and finally they afford an immediate and adequate means of distributing the world's great staples—a mart where producer and consumer in the aggregate meet on the nearest approach to equitable terms yet devised for the interchange of the essential commodities. Without these great market-places a condition of comparative commercial anarchy would reign. Conflict of opinion and purely local conditions would result in a zigzag scale of prices, making the world's trade infinitely more intricate and expensive—if not impossible—than it is under the system pursued to-day.

While it is true that speculation is a feature in the operation of our exchanges, it is equally true that speculation always has been and always will be a necessary part of all commercial activities. If this were not true new ventures would never be undertaken; the merchant would not lay in supplies of goods until he had contracted for their sale; railroads would not be built until the tonnage to support them was ready to be transported.

If the markets for our commodities were closed producer and consumer would be at the mercy of combinations of capital that could force the farmers to sell their products at practically any arbitrary figure, and force the consumer to pay arbitrary prices for the necessities of life.

The closing of our Stock Exchanges would make the projection of new enterprises and the development of our greatest industries most difficult, since on one hand it would be impracticable to obtain coöperation of capital to finance such undertakings; and, on the other hand, the possible investor would be loth to buy securities for which there is no ready market in the event that he should later require his money for other purposes.

Before any action is taken that might disturb the established business machinery of not only this country but of the whole world, the subjects involved should be most carefully considered, lest a mistake be made that would take years to rectify.

TO OUR READERS

Having set forth the Wall Street side of speculation, we desire to publish our readers' views of the question. We therefore ask those among them who have speculated in grain, provisions or stocks to send us their personal experiences in the form of an article of not more than five hundred words, with the conclusions that they have drawn from these experiences.

For such articles as we find available for publication we shall be glad to pay at our regular rates. No anonymous letters will be considered; but all communications will be regarded as confidential, and the names of the writers will not be published. Address the Business Editor of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Human Nature in Selling Goods

Is the Salesman a Parasite?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

In Small Country Towns Insurance is Usually Sold by Farmer Agents

THE salesman and drummer, the canvasser, solicitor and promoter, are well-paid men, as a rule. They wear good clothes and live on an ample scale, if only for business reasons. If they have any luggage a boy is hired to carry it. Even when to the outer eye they are working hardest, their work is apt to be only skillful talk.

The most notable achievements in salesmanship run toward promotion, and mysteries like "high finance," so that the rewards of the best men seem out of all proportion to the actual service rendered.

Because these things are so, the world is disposed to ask itself, every little while, whether it really needs the salesman

One of the demands embodied in every scheme for reorganizing Society on sound economic lines is, "Abolish the Salesman!" Idealists like Bellamy denounce selling as wasted energy, with much of the domestic service. Even political economy, while more tolerant, is inclined to assume that we should need none of this selling and promotion work if the world's affairs were properly systematized.

Now, whether the salesman is a parasite or not is rather an important matter. If he is, then there are nearly one hundred thousand drummers in this country to-day who ought to be shifted into the ranks of the "producers." Our last census also enumerated over six hundred thousand salesmen and saleswomen, chiefly at work in shops and stores, but including many canvassers and solicitors. Then there are the tens of thousands of life insurance agents and solicitors. Doubt has gone further than theorizing in their case, for figures of selling cost brought out in the recent insurance inquiry made a deep impression on the public, and were responsible in part for reductions that followed in writing new insurance. Selling and collection costs on small industrial policies have led the State of Massachusetts to empower savings-banks to insure depositors, so that these expenses may be reduced. One of the life insurance companies widely commended as a model is a London concern that pays no selling commissions.

The Knight of the Steel Industry

REFORM has been severe with the promoter, too. So long as the world understood him only generally, as a "captain of industry," and a man who was "doing big things," it admired. But when it came out later that promotion is chiefly salesmanship—bringing together a lot of interests and selling them at a fat price—it was difficult for the man in the street to discern any genuine value in such service.

There is no doubt whatever but a good deal of salesmanship is the mere artful unloading of gimcracks that nobody really needs. It is the activity of the book-agent with a set of worthless volumes—first he creates the demand, then he supplies it. At the other end, if salesmanship is followed far enough it becomes basic retail distribution, with which nobody has any quarrel. But between these extremes lies a vast selling activity that will bear investigation.

It is the Activity of the Book-Agent with a Set of Worthless Volumes—First He Creates the Demand, Then He Supplies It

How much of it is necessary?

Let us summon as witness an eminent Englishman of another generation—Sir Henry Bessemer, inventor of the steel converter, and Father of the Steel Age.

In America to-day we should probably call Sir Henry a "crackerjack salesman." By his process the price of steel was reduced to fifty dollars a ton, where it had been five times as much, and England's production raised from fifty thousand tons yearly to over a million and a half. Bessemer was a manufacturer, and left a great fortune from profits and royalties. But salesmanship unquestionably earned him as much as his process. It was proverbial in England in 1856, when the converter was first exhibited, that inventors who improved steel and iron methods got neglect and ruin for their pains. At that very moment a subscription was being taken for the destitute family of Henry Cort, whose puddling process made England independent of Russian and Swedish ores. Kelly and Mushet were co-discoverers of the converting process. Kelly made a half-million. Bessemer made ten millions, and he pensioned Mushet.

Bessemer never forgot for a moment that an invention had to be pushed.

"I have proposed to manufacturers things which I was convinced were of use, but did not feel disposed to manufacture or patent. I do not know one instance in which my suggestions have been tried. I do not know a single instance of an invention given freely to the world being taken up by any manufacturer at all. The difficulty is to get the first man to move. Had I patented and spent money on an invention, and had no means of recouping myself except by forcing some manufacturer to take it, I should go from one to another, representing its advantages. I should find some one to take it up, and, when he saw his capital returned, other manufacturers would come in like a flock of sheep."

This was his method with every one of his patents that ever came to anything, and of the one hundred and twenty varied inventions made during his life, those that he never pushed were little heard of. Before a pound of commercial steel had been turned out of his converter he had secured a quarter-million dollars in advances from manufacturers. And by salesmanship pure and simple he extended the use of steel industrially Railroads used iron rails then made of low-grade ore which wore out so quickly that they sometimes had to be replaced in six or nine months. Bessemer went to railroad executives in person, taking small trial orders for steel rails. Engineers were afraid of them, and said that to lay steel was equivalent to manslaughter. Bessemer put iron on one track and steel on the other, and the latter outlasted twenty-three iron rails. He laid the matter before experts in the concrete selling form of dollars saved, showing that steel rails meant an economy of fifteen million dollars a year on England's twenty-five thousand miles of track. It was the same in shipbuilding. He urged steel as a material, and found capital for a shipyard that got into financial straits building the first steel ship. He promoted steel for structural work and bridges, for boilers, engine shafts, propellers, for railway wheels, armor and guns. About the only instance in which he failed to "land his prospect" was when he demonstrated that steel shot would penetrate the heaviest ironclad warship. His prospect in that case was the British Government, and his arguments penetrated this highly-resistant institution only after twelve years, when he had converted foreign governments. Sir Henry made allowance for an element of inertia in humanity that is the basis for much sound salesmanship. This inertia is constant. The human race may ultimately reach a point of development where, of its own volition, it will live up to its opportunities. But so long as it is hard to get the first man to move, salesmanship of the right sort would seem to be necessary.

Teaching the Truants the Theory of Trade

A STRIKING illustration of how this inertia must be overcome, even to provide people with what they really need, and know that they need, is found in the conduct of that typically American institution, the correspondence school. Everybody in this country admits the value of education. Correspondence students *know* it. They are learning the theory of trades at which they earn a living, and more knowledge probably means more income. Yet do men and women rush eagerly to take advantage of such a self-evident benefit as this? Not at all. On the contrary, more than half of them are fairly dragged in. A correspondence school finds students among the careless and indifferent—people who, figuratively, play "hookey" from all other educational institutions. One of the largest has nearly thirteen hundred salesmen, covering the United States and Canada, who rouse ambition and get students started. Later in the course comes discouragement. Lessons seem hard, progress slow, study lags. Then the salesman comes round again and again, putting new enthusiasm into the student until he finishes. These periods of discouragement are now so well understood in correspondence instruction and so systematically met with salesmanship, that it might be said that, when a student buys a correspondence course, he buys so many lessons, so many textbooks, so much instruction, and a certain average number of fits of the blues, which the school agrees to dissipate.

Moving the first man isn't always enough, either. It may also be necessary to move his father and mother, his married sister, his brother-in-law, and the family dog.

One of the Western agricultural colleges receives letters from farmer boys who state that they would come for a course in scientific farming to-morrow if their families would only let them. The family looked upon new-fangled college farming as moonshine.

This situation was first met in a practical way when a newspaper publisher became secretary of the institution. He handled it just like a circulation problem, with canvassers. Old graduates were written to and asked to give a little time to helping such boys convert their families. A map was made of the territory from which the college drew students, with each graduate located. Then, when a letter of this sort was received, several graduates nearest the seat of the difficulty were notified, called on the lad's family, told what agricultural training had done for them, and sometimes gave a practical demonstration right on the farm. After that those boys usually came to college.

The Salesman as an Educator

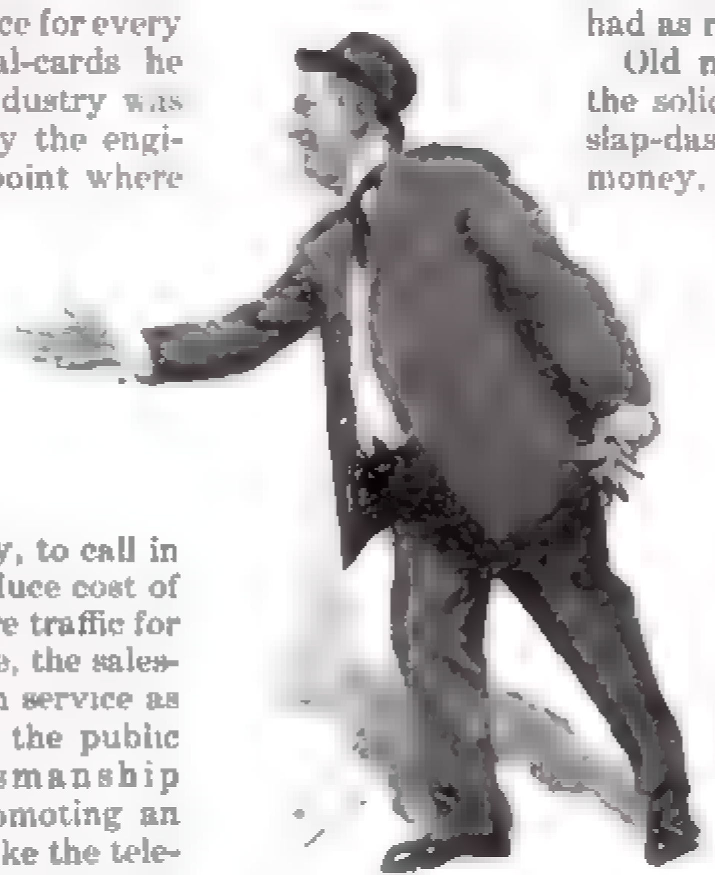
NOW, this is just salesmanship as it is coming to be understood and practiced in many lines of American business. The salesman of a generation ago was often a mere canvasser, and not infrequently a swindler to boot. But the salesman of the present is an educator. A lightning-rod agent of the old school might have been a marvel of smoothness. Yet he could swindle a man only once. The salesman of to-day, however, can't always afford to sell *once*, because the initial sale is sometimes made at a loss. His business is to establish an enduring relation. That pays. It not only pays, but the development of some of our most typically modern industries makes it absolutely necessary.

Take the telephone, for example.

It seems to be a well-established principle that the larger a telephone system' grows the greater will be its cost of operation per subscriber. A small country line with two or three hundred subscribers can be run for a dollar a month per instrument. But, when such a system expands, the cost is increased in ratio by greater capital needed for equipment, the more complex nature of the latter, its deterioration, the necessity for owning real estate in which main office and branches are installed. It is this fact that gives independent telephone companies their best argument when they seek to bring a new system into a city like New York, where the business is at present a monopoly. Starting in on the ground floor, independents offer cheaper service as an inducement, and there is no doubt but that in many instances they have furnished it.

The original basis of charge for a telephone was the fixed monthly rental. But development showed this to be unjust to subscribers—one used his telephone more than another. It was also a false basis for the company, because it gave no opportunity to increase revenue by selling additional service. So the charge per message has come to be the standard basis in this country, as well as in the more progressive countries abroad. In telephone parlance, the right unit is the "minute message mile." Instead of renting instruments, the companies now sell *service*. A subscriber pays for what he uses, and the company can increase revenue through salesmanship. It has solicitors who not only find new subscribers, but show the old ones how to use the telephone in new ways, save steps by branch instruments at moderate cost. The man who throws mirrors out of the window at a fire and carries the feather beds downstairs is comparatively cool-headed beside the man with a telephone at his elbow who ran two blocks to turn in a fire-alarm at a street-box. But people persisted in doing this until the salesman indicated the more logical method, and upon work such as this the telephone has been extended.

There are to-day in the United States ten telephones to every fifteen families. An American uses the telephone six times where a European uses it once, and telephones twice for every three letters and postal-cards he sends by mail. This industry was developed technically by the engineer and inventor to a point where technical development began to be prohibitive—the cost of the plant put too heavy a burden on subscribers. Growth was checked, competition invited. What was the next step? Why, to call in the salesman to help reduce cost of operation by finding more traffic for the lines. And, of course, the salesman could sell only such service as was of genuine value to the public—lightning-rod salesmanship wouldn't go far in promoting an every-day convenience like the telephone. When it comes to a field in which to extend this industry, too, the salesman has much greater leeway than the engineer and inventor. For, while every other family in this country now has its telephone, the average number of messages sent daily per instrument is only about six.


A Veritable Whale of Diplomacy, Good Nature and Tact

Salesmanship has become necessary to the electrical industry in much the same way. The original generating plant was a small station for supplying electric light. This new illuminant had to compete with gas in price and constancy. So the dynamos must be operated day and night. As lights were burned only a few hours each night, however, there were "low peak" periods each day when the dynamos were operated at a loss. Engineers got over this difficulty to a certain extent by adding power to the service sold. But the electrical industry's greatest growth has come since the salesman was enlisted to find new purchasers of current. Engineering and invention could passively develop motors, heaters, electric curling-irons and chafing-dishes. Salesmanship carried them aggressively to people who needed them. Salesmanship could go to work on a whole manufacturing industry and introduce individual motors to run machinery. Salesmanship could bring to a city new factories to consume current during the "low peak" hours of the day when few lights are burning. So it is little wonder that to-day, at every convention of electrical engineers and executives, the subject of salesmanship is considered as important as discussion of new filaments or high-voltage insulation.

The Skilled Engineer with Business Instincts

THE best type of engineer nowadays in some of the technical industries is the man who is also a broadly creative salesman. Engineers formerly stood more or less aloof, in scientific disinterestedness, and, because they paid little attention to selling, the public they were trying to serve often knew little of devices that had been perfected to make work easier and life happier. But a new kind of engineer is coming to the front everywhere—the man with an instinct for promotion and "the business side."

Where machinery, tools, supplies and processes are concerned, the engineer makes an ideal salesman. He has scientific knowledge that enables him to advise in selection and installation, together with a professional disinterestedness that puts selling on a more trustworthy plane. Large manufacturers have engineers in their purchasing departments or can engage experts to supervise installation of new apparatus. Small manufacturers, however, can do neither, and it is to them that the engineer-salesman brings good counsel.

It is said that an engineer who trusts to technical knowledge alone nowadays is likely never to rise above a certain dead-line in salary. To earn more than this few thousand dollars a year he must be a promoter in the liberal sense. The top-notch men have this creative ability. And once he takes up selling problems the engineer likes them. Contact with people brought about in salesmanship makes him a stronger and a broader man, while salary increases because he is worth more. The engineer's entrance into selling, too, has had its effect on the non-technical salesman of machinery, tools, supplies. The latter, of course, has never been strictly a lightning-rod agent in his methods. Yet to-day he is expected to have a better grasp of the technique of his commodity, and the younger salesmen in these lines are often engineering graduates.

Since the great investigation some of the life-insurance companies have wholly remodeled their methods of selling policies. This investigation brought a vast upheaval in that business. For a time it looked as though the popular prejudice aroused could never be overcome. But far-seeing executives perceived that wide, popular interest had been created, too, and set to work to take advantage of it. As a result, some of the changes made in selling tactics have had as radical an effect as new insurance laws.

Old methods of selling policies were based largely on the solicitor's desire to get a commission. Glib talk and slap-dash demonstrations enabled the latter to earn big money. But little thought might be given to the policyholder's side of the bargain. Some forms of policy, like endowment, were invented solely to sell. If a prospect didn't want to "die to win" with straight insurance, then he had his choice of paying more and getting some of his money back in twenty years. One unscrupulous trick was to persuade a man of small means, already insured in a sound company, to borrow money on his policy to take out a second—a highly undesirable form of pyramiding, because his present insurance was reduced by the amount of the loan, and his premium payments swollen by the interest on that loan.

High-Class and High-Pressure Men

ONE of the smaller companies in New England, seeing that more care must be given to policyholders' interests in selling insurance, established an educational course for its agents and solicitors, giving instruction by mail. There are two kinds of solicitors in life-insurance work: one the "high-class man," who really knows something about financial and actuarial principles, and the other a "high-pressure man," whose chief equipment is a smooth tongue. This course was designed to give solicitors the benefit of the high-class men's knowledge, and help them sell policies with the insured's interests in view, and sell them so they would "stay sold."

Regular lesson papers were sent out. Solicitors answered test questions. An instructor at the home office corrected these lesson papers, and dug out any sort of information a student asked for. While the student studied, the company sent him names of prospective purchasers of insurance in his own neighborhood, so that he applied his instruction practically on live people, and also earned a living while he was at school. The actual returns in new business written during the first year of this plan have been very handsome. That, however, was not the chief object. For the company wanted to attract clean, vigorous college graduates into its selling corps. Under old conditions the average applicant for a solicitor's job was likely to be some chap who had in mind the fat income he had heard that "high-pressure" men made by spectacular tactics. This company's old agents and solicitors, too, have been especially eager to take up the course, while in small towns in the country, where insurance is usually sold by farmer agents, if it is sold at all, the lessons have taught the "know how" to men who in other days were often left to evolve their own methods—and didn't always succeed in doing it. Such education in salesmanship transforms them into better producers for the company. At the same time they are doing unmistakable good in their communities by placing life insurance on lines that are both sensible and straightforward.

It Also Took a Month's Work by One of the Best Salesmen to Explain Matters

"The customer's interests first" is the basic axiom of present-day salesmanship, and a good salesman will carry it so far that, when a decision must be made by himself between his customer and his house, he will often take the customer's side of the argument and fight his house. It is known that mere sales are not only easy in many cases, but that caution in selling is often more desirable than energy and pressure. For the real test of a sale is whether the goods are retained

If They Have Any Luggage a Boy is Hired to Carry It

A New York firm had a youth in its employ who had several times asked for an opportunity to become a salesman. He was accordingly sent out into the city trade for a time, and from there to a road-trip. His first trip was in no way phenomenal. Yet he did well for a novice, and the house sent him on another, and a third, until finally he had been traveling a full year. Then his record was examined. It did not compare at all with the year's work of other salesmen. The president called him into the office, showed him what other salesmen had done, and told him, kindly, that the house would have to put him back at office work unless he did something to distinguish himself. Then he was sent away on a long trip.

Two months later this youth came back with a record of sales that was wholly unusual. In every town visited he had sold goods. Nearly every sale, too, represented orders much larger than were ordinarily given by those customers. Superficially, he *had* distinguished himself. But, as a matter of truth, not half of those goods were really *sold*. The novice had simply loaded customers with everything that they could be cajoled into taking. They had accepted his overconfident statements as to demand for certain lines. He had been excessively optimistic on the outlook for spring trade. So what he had really accomplished was to bring about the shipment of a lot of merchandise that was ultimately shipped back to the house. It also took a month's work by one of the best salesmen to go over that territory, explain matters, apologize, dispel antagonism and get customers back on a sane, trustful basis.

Engaging a Salesman as Peacemaker

ANOTHER New York house is headed by a man who for ten years or more, in building up a fine business, built it directly against the grain of the established "trade." Where it was customary in this trade to do one thing he did just the opposite. In a decade, by sheer energy and genius, he became wealthy, and forced his products on the trade everywhere without the intervention of a single salesman. But in doing this he also created a virulent tribe of enemies. Hardly a nook or corner of the trade but held somebody, powerful or weak, who thirsted for his blood. Hundreds of men who had never seen him, or felt contact with him through a representative, had long made resolutions that, if the time came—ah! if it ever did——!

This time did finally come. The day arrived when he wanted to carry his operations still further. Then, at last, he had to conform. There was nothing like an organized opposition. His enemies were not competitors, but people who did business with him. The aggregate of scattered resistance everywhere was so great that wholly new methods had to be devised. Then, upon advice, he engaged one of the highest-salaried salesmen in the trade. The latter was a jolly, fat man, a veritable whale of diplomacy, good nature and tact. And his only occupation for more than a year was to go over the country transforming enemies into friends. He sold not a dollar's worth of goods, but adjusted grievances, healed old wounds, and took the part of the customer against his employer until matters reached a point where the former could see that they all really had the same ideas and aims.

This is salesmanship of to-day.

In the business of selling bonds such methods are now in a fair way to displace the swindler who sells securities. This new sort of salesmanship really seems to be a necessary factor in the world's affairs.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Collins on the human factor in salesmanship.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A° D° 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1908

The Beginning of Justice

THE new Employers' Liability Act is a good step — if the Supreme Court concludes to let it stand when it comes before that tribunal to be tried upon its constitutionality.

The court canceled the former act, it will be recalled, by a vote of five to four, three of the justices making up the majority disagreeing with the reasoning of the other two, and five separate opinions being handed down.

Under the new act a railroad employee, while engaged in handling interstate traffic, may recover damages for a bodily injury even though some other employee, whom he never saw and over whom he had no control, negligently contributed to the accident.

This is a good step, but only one step. To get his damages, the crippled workman must go into court, suffer all the delay that legal ingenuity can devise, resist the wiles of the company's claim agent who will inveigle him into throwing away his rights if possible. If without capital he must employ a "contingent-fee" lawyer who will take a third of whatever amount he recovers, and occasionally sell him out to get a quick return.

The new act declares that the crippled workman has a claim. The next step should be to provide sure, prompt and cheap means of collecting the claim. We hope that Congress will do this also.

A Needed Sporting Reform

IN THE interests of fair sport—but not otherwise—we are glad to say a word for Prince Sally de Raglan.

His Highness, it will be remembered, recently visited America for the purpose of wedding a celebrated heiress. He broke cover gallantly in a two-column interview, embellished with snapshots, and entered the game with all the dash and address that might be expected of the spirited race from which he comes and of his own illustrious descent. Under sportsmanlike conditions he would, we believe, have given a good account of himself.

But, as the Prince bitterly complains from Nice, the conditions are not sportsmanlike. When, at two-thirty P. M., his Highness had fairly winded the set of reporters who took the trail at six-fifteen A. M., he found—not that respite to which he was entitled, but an entirely fresh pack in full cry at his heels. To win under such conditions is not humanly possible. The quarry stands no show.

This is, be it understood, purely a newspaper game. Aside from the Prince and the newspapers, no human being had the slightest interest in knowing that he breakfasted at eight-thirty-seven, or at all. The breakfast, the interviews, the snapshots—all these are simply so many tallies for the press.

Under sportsmanlike conditions, giving the Prince a chance to score now and then, the contest might possibly be mildly exciting to the spectators. In other sporting fields a performance which is so arranged that it can have only one result is properly despised.

We should like to see a congress of sporting editors to lay down fair rules for interviewing.

Honesty the Master-Key

THE Steel Corporation, it is reported, recently closed the most important armor-plate contract of the year. Not for a battleship, however, but for a safe-deposit vault.

Nothing but armor plate, it seems—a foot thick and tempered to resist twelve-inch shells—will now answer for those structures. Foundations must go down to bed-rock and must be built up of *chevaux-de-frise*, of railroad iron embedded in solid concrete. Otherwise the burglar might tunnel in. Ingress to the anteroom is through a massy gate of steel bars, always locked and guarded. The doors to the vault proper weigh tons and are calculated to withstand a siege. The premises are strictly patroled night and day.

In such chilly impenetrability lie hundreds of millions of portable and transferable property. And a conspiracy by half a dozen or a dozen employees, by no means extravagantly paid, would probably defeat all the ponderous devices to insure safety.

The fiscal office invents the cleverest checks and audits it can think of; but its real security still consists of the prevailing honesty of its clerks. All business from all time has really rested upon personal integrity; and no ingenuity can essentially change that base.

The occasional embezzlement attracts notice. But the ineradicable honesty of the vast majority of men is a more wonderful, not to say a more inspiring, phenomenon.

Let Us Say It Over Again

THEY say in sporting circles that there is always hope for a gambler until he develops an infallible "system"; and, in the Street, that a speculator is not utterly abandoned of hope unless he takes to playing "sure things."

This is the best advice we can give to those who think one get-rich-quick plan may be essentially different from another merely because it is differently expressed. All styles change. From time to time, modifications will appear in the shape, size, material and ornamentations of the platter upon which gold dollars are offered you at fifty cents apiece. But the platter will disappear substantially as it did in your grandfather's time.

To "take a chance" appeals to many. Who does take a chance may sometimes win. But whoever lets himself be persuaded in any phraseology that he can take the winning without any chance is simply due to lose his money.

Since, and before, the preacher observed that the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all, many minds have wearied themselves trying to find out a law of chance. But whatever you can find out a law in is not chance at all, but certainty.

You can, if you wish and have the price, find out that "sure things" do not come within the category of chance. They are governed by the law that you lose.

'Twixt the Devil and the Sea

IN PEEVISH moments we may have spoken disrespectfully of the politician. But we shouldn't have done it. Consider what the politician's position is. Would Congress enact that china doorknobs shall not be sold as canned eggs? Then instantly arise representatives of the doorknob industry, of the can factories, of the label printers, of the *union* that solders the cans, and of the Society for the Preservation of Embryo Chickens, all declaring that the bill will sweep away prosperity as with a fiery besom, leaving only a few cinders—which cinders will be what is left of the politicians that voted for the bill.

The other day a distinguished banker visited Washington to speak against the reserve clause of the Aldrich bill. The clause, he asserted, "would produce the greatest panic the country has ever seen," after which "a political revolution that would be a wonder." He added darkly that the people would then know whom to blame.

This awful clause, in fact, would increase the compulsory cash reserves of the national banks by less than two per cent. A few reserve banks might thereby lose a few hundred thousand dollars of deposits and a small fraction of their yearly profits.

So is the unhappy politician beset whenever any proposed legislation would in any way touch the profits of any special interest—which is pretty much all the time. When you consider all the selfish hands that are pulling at him, all those threatening revolution and devastation if their private profits are pared by a hair's breadth, you see that the politician gives a pretty good account of himself, and is a quite admirable figure—in comparison.

With Ear to the Ground

IN THE recondite field of party politics we should, of course, venture an opinion with hesitation. But we can't help wondering if the collective Democratic intelligence—if such there be—has sufficiently pondered the circumstance that the last Democratic candidate won fewer electoral votes than any other contestant for the Presidency since Greeley, in 1872.

The popular vote for Parker in 1904 was greater by eight hundred thousand, or twenty per cent., than the popular vote for Tilden in 1876. The popular vote for Roosevelt was greater by three million, six hundred thousand, or ninety per cent., than the popular vote for Hayes. Once, since the war, the Republicans have lost ground in the matter of popular vote—Harrison, in 1892, getting fewer by two hundred and seventy thousand than he got in 1888. But from 1896 to 1904 the Democrats lost a million and a half.

Happening in Germany, say, we should judge that these symptoms were consonant with a theory of approaching dissolution; that, if this party meant to do anything beyond recording the stereotyped minority vote of the South, a powerful effort were advisable.

If the wandering million and a half could be corralled in Cook County, Roger Sullivan might get them without raising one dust-mote or rippling a leaf. Far scattered as they are, a great issue and a stirring message, it seems to us, are needful to attract them. Perhaps the issue and the message are coming. We are listening anxiously.

Beating the Seventh Year

IT USED to be thought that poor crops, like panics, occurred in cycles. In the forty years during which crops have been systematically reported, an unusually low yield of corn has, in fact, occurred every seventh year — except that once, when the Fates nodded, it fell on a sixth year. According to this mythology 1908 should be a poor crop year.

Apropos of that — perhaps — here is a little item from the corn belt: "Steam plows do half the plowing here now. Some are able to plow, drill and harrow, at the same time, from thirty to fifty-five acres a day. Attempts are being made to run day and night shifts and plow eighty to a hundred acres every twenty-four hours when the ground is in good condition."

We would rather bank on the steam plow than on the seven-year theory. About in proportion as agriculture does bank on the steam plow, and all else that it typifies, the fateful cycle idea will probably fade.

Finance, however, lags behind. It still, to a considerable degree, holds the helpless notion that, once in so often, we must get all tangled up and "bust" and begin over again.

We wish the agricultural colleges, if they have time, would see if they cannot spread some cheering scientific light on the field of banking.

Business Methods Among Farmers

"BUSINESSLIKE methods in handling the affairs of the association and loyal support of the farmers in lean years as well as fat"—these two factors only are deemed necessary to successful farm coöperation by the Orange Judd Farmer, which has investigated and reported many undertakings in that line.

It speaks especially of a Colorado fruit-growers' association with twelve years' satisfactory experience. The association not only markets the fruit at a cost of five per cent. of net returns, but also handles "everything the grower needs in the orchard, such as ladders, tools, fruit-wraps, spraying machines," bought in car lots and sold to members "cheaper than they can buy elsewhere."

There are many other instances of successful coöperation among fruit-growers—pointing the way to greater application of the coöperative method in marketing farm produce. "Hold-your-wheat" spasms, occurring sporadically in low-price years, are not likely to accomplish anything. Nor are denunciations of Boards of Trade much to the point. If the producer will not organize the market himself he must let somebody else do it for him. Most melancholy error of all is the program of assault and arson which is charged against those exceedingly dark tobacco-growers.

The Young Man Out of a Job

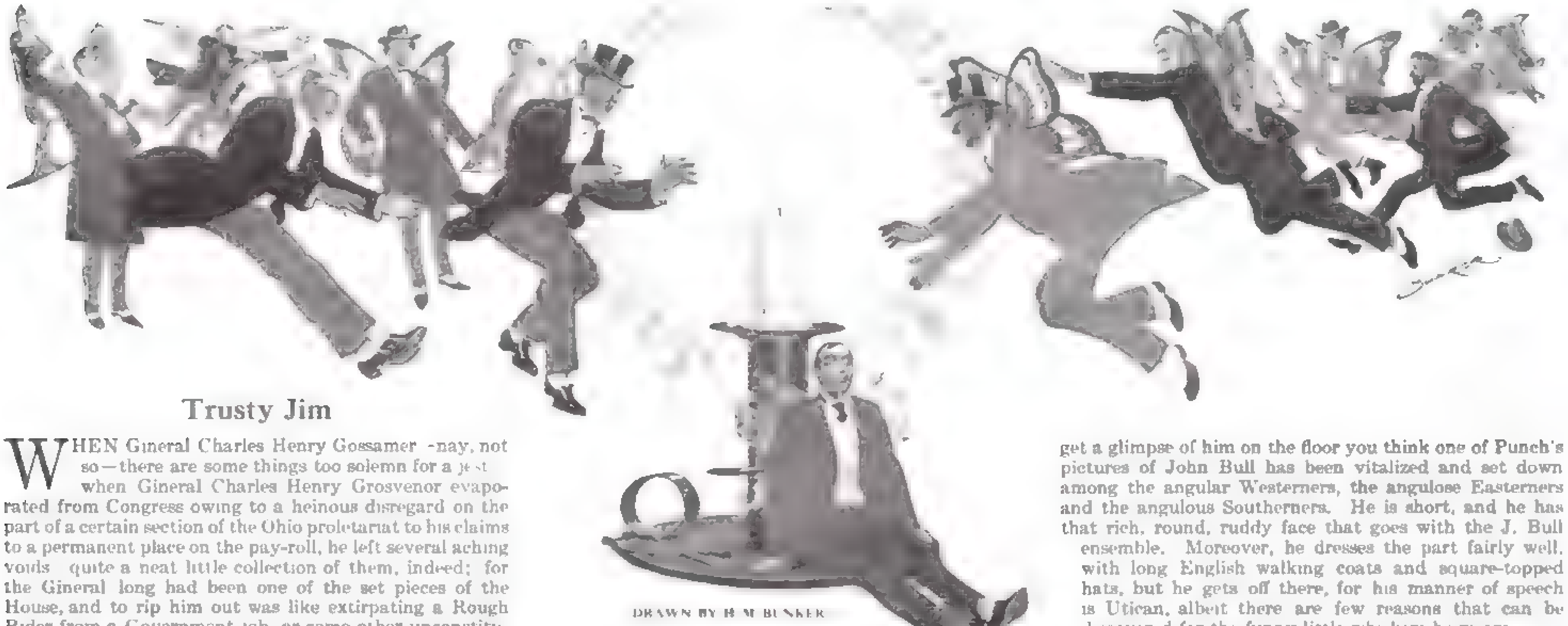
EVERY now and then a young man writes us that he has lost his position because the working-force at his place has been cut down. He is out of a job, and for him hard times are very real. He hears, too, that hard times are to continue, and, as he has tried to get a new place and failed so far, he wants to know what his chances are and what he ought to do

We are sorry for that young man. We are sorry for what he is now undergoing, but we are a good deal more sorry for what is ahead of him if his letter truly represents his state of mind. Allowing that these are hard times, hard times have come and gone before. They will come and go again. But our young man ought to know, if he doesn't, that hard times, so far as he personally is concerned, are setting in for good when he gives himself over to worry and wondering what will happen next. The next thing to happen to him lies with himself. By his own statement he lost his job because of no dissatisfaction with the way he did his work. That being so, there is somewhere work for some one with his ability to do. It is up to him to go after it, and to keep going after it till he gets it. The job he lost he didn't get by worrying and wondering, and the new job just around the corner is going to be filled by whoever hunts it down first.

The man these days who has time to be sorry for himself is very likely to have time for a good many other things that have no visible connection with the pay-roll.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



DRAWN BY H. M. BUNKER

Trusty Jim

WHEN Gineral Charles Henry Gossamer—nay, not so—there are some things too solemn for a jest—when Gineral Charles Henry Grosvenor evaporated from Congress owing to a heinous disregard on the part of a certain section of the Ohio proletariat to his claims to a permanent place on the pay-roll, he left several aching voids—quite a neat little collection of them, indeed; for the Gineral long had been one of the set pieces of the House, and to rip him out was like extirpating a Rough Rider from a Government job, or some other unconstitutional and revolutionary proceeding. However, they canned the Gineral, and the aching voids were the inevitable result.

Some of these never can be filled. The aches must remain always, dull and throbbing, not to be assuaged. Still, the business of the Republic must be done. The Congress must be faithful to its trusts—no; not in the economic sense, of course—how dare you?—and it was necessary to cast about to find plugs for one or two of the principal voids the Gineral left behind. Plugs may not be just the word, for one with a regard for the niceties of the language would not refer to Members of Congress as plugs. Be that as it may, the Gineral left a hole or two, a cavity or so, and the deepest was in the Committee on Rules.

The Committee on Rules is a mild and beneficent machine, an almost benign institution, for making Hamburg steak of the minority. It can take the minority at any time of the day or night, run it through the hopper and bring it out in nicely-hashed little pats, trimmed with parsley and with John Sharp Williams and David Albaugh De Armond *en bordure*. Simple as this operation may seem, it requires steady hands and courageous hearts, to say nothing of indurated consciences, for the screams of agony that arise, from time to time, might unnerve a committeeman of softened sympathies, and, mayhap, induce him to give the minority an even break, which is unparliamentary, impractical and unnecessary.

The hand of Gineral Grosvenor never faltered, nor did his heart ever melt. The minority might protest until it was black in the face and he stood there, sternly, feeding them in. It was a noble trio, Uncle Joseph Cannon, John Dalzell and the Gineral, the Republican members of the committee perpetrating such outrages as they saw fit, while Williams and De Armond were merely excess baggage in the place, they being the two Democratic members of the committee and so used to being gagged they opened their mouths automatically as soon as they entered the room for the tender ministrations with broomsticks and cords by their three loving but determined colleagues.

When this Congress assembled Uncle Joseph Cannon needed a handy man to join with Dalzell and himself in the happy pastime of macerating the Democrats. He cast his eye over the serried ranks of true patriots who had just voted for him for Speaker and it lingered on the sturdy form of James Schoolcraft Sherman, of Utica, New York.

"Jim," said the Speaker, "come hither," using his flossiest language

"Jim," he continued, "what is the basic principle of the Constitution of the United States?"

"The minority has no rights.

"What is the instrument selected by the Fathers to enforce that principle?"

"The Committee on Rules."

"Is the Committee on Rules always right, noble, patriotic and correct?"

"Always

"Why?"

"Because it has the votes."

There were tears in the Speaker's voice, but none in his eyes, when he reached out his hand and said: "Jim, you are worthy of my regard. Your knowledge of the theory of government is profound. You are a credit to my upbringing. Come with me, James; you are now joined with John Dalzell and myself in the high and holy cause of kicking the tar out of those misguided persons who constitute the minority—kicking the tar out of them, James, from morn till dewy eve."

Thus did James Schoolcraft Sherman, after eighteen years or so of standing firmly on the spot, arrive at the highest distinction that comes to a Member of the House, bar one. He got on the Committee on Rules. He is there now, solid and stolid, not doing any of the fancy-work, not contributing to the embroidery, but adding weight and impressiveness. It takes the astute mind of John Dalzell, combined with the bucolic intelligence of Uncle Joseph, to think up the new schemes. Sherman is fresh on the job yet. It is extremely unlikely he would ever suggest a rule that made it necessary for the Democrats to write two weeks in advance to the Speaker before any one could move the previous question, nor would he contrive a paragraph that called on the Democratic leader of the House to take a Civil Service examination in mathematics before he could call for a division.

The Steady Hand at the Wheel

BUT—and here is the point—when Dalzell and Cannon have thought up rules of this kind James Schoolcraft Sherman is the boy who can stand up in the House and orate solemnly as to the surpassing virtues of these restrictions, can compare the great minds who conceived them to the best we have in the way of parliamentarians, either in or out of the books, and can demand, in clarion tones, their immediate adoption. James Schoolcraft Sherman is not an originator. He is no impulsive person to grab a gonfalon and hurl himself against the foe. He does not stand forth and yell: "Rally, boys, rally! Follow me to the death, s'death!" Not James.

He is a navigator, not an executive officer. Let somebody lay out the voyage and give the chart to James, and he will do the steering or blow up the ship. All he needs is orders, and the stiffer and stronger the orders are the better he likes them. Write out on a bit of paper what is necessary to do and hand the paper to James. Then go away and forget it, for James will do what is necessary, as indicated in the bond, no more and no less. Perhaps your Uncle Joseph G. Cannon did not fully sense this trait in the new member of the Committee on Rules; perhaps not, and a few more perhapses that he did. Uncle Joseph rarely casts any bread on the waters. He keeps his in a tin can with a padlock, and there never are any crusts

Sherman got the Congress habit away back in the Fiftieth Congress, and he has been a member of every one since, except the Fifty-second, when many patriots of the Republican party fell outside the breastworks. When you get a glimpse of him on the floor you think one of Punch's pictures of John Bull has been vitalized and set down among the angular Westerners, the angulose Easterners and the angulous Southerners. He is short, and he has that rich, round, ruddy face that goes with the J. Bull ensemble. Moreover, he dresses the part fairly well, with long English walking coats and square-topped hats, but he gets off there, for his manner of speech is Utican, albeit there are few reasons that can be discovered for the funny little whiskers he wears.

Sherman has been chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee and high up on the Interstate Commerce Committee for some years. He has had a lot to do with shaping legislation and has always been in great favor with Speaker Cannon. He is a good debater and an adroit parliamentarian, an excellent lawyer, and is partisan enough to suit the most fastidious. They grab him off, from year to year, to be permanent chairman of the New York State Republican Conventions, because he has that high political faculty of doing what he is told to do, no matter how the opposition may rage.

Passing Along the Gas Bill

WASHINGTON gas bills are printed on paper of a peculiar brownish-salmonish shade. The Washington bureau of the New York Tribune uses copy paper of about the same shade.

A few nights ago George Griswold Hill, of the Tribune, took a night off and went to the theatre. He sat in the third seat from the aisle. Next to him was a gray-mustached old man, of a most severe appearance. Hill left word at the office that he should be notified if anything turned up that needed attention.

Several stories broke that night and the ushers brought him various notes on the office paper. The severe man with the gray mustache was asked to hand the notes to Hill. Finally, a note came that made it necessary for Hill to go to the telephone. The usher handed it to Hill's neighbor, and Hill had to clamber over him to get out.

The old man was testy. His enjoyment of the play had been spoiled by the notes. As Hill climbed over him he said: "Dod gast it, young man, I think this is a shame. Why in thunder don't you pay your gas bill?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ E. H. Harriman wears a gorgeous red silk kimono when he is loafing around his house.

¶ Nearly everybody in the United States Senate calls Senator Scott, of West Virginia, "Scotty."

¶ Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, is an authority on butterflies, bridge whist and Revolutionary history.

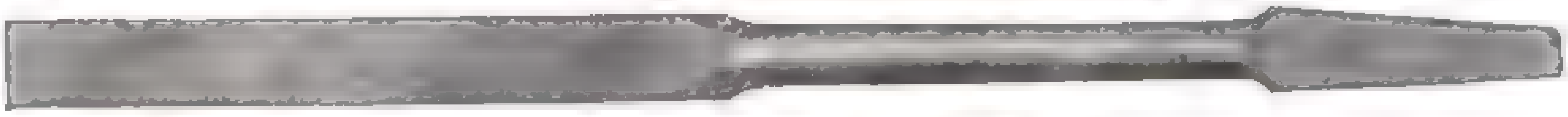
¶ President Roosevelt, who shifted from "De-light-ed" to "So glad, so glad" for a greeting, has gone back to "De-light-ed" again.

¶ Charles P. Taft, who lives in Cincinnati, and who is helping his big brother Bill to get the Republican nomination for President, is a baseball crank of the most ardent type.

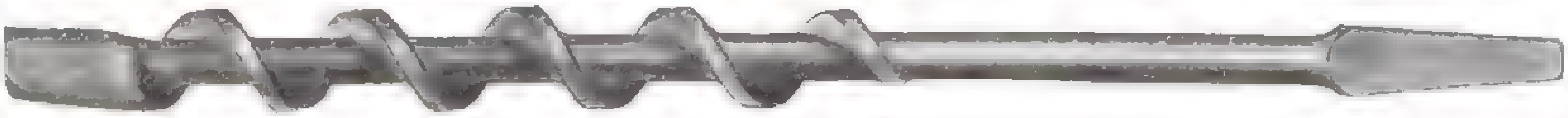
¶ John Milton Culp, second vice-president of the Southern Railway, is a specialist in growing rattlesnake watermelons, and a rattlesnake melon is the apotheosis of all watermelons. They are so thin-skinned that they cannot be shipped to the North.

The "IRWIN" Auger=Bit is the
Style and Size. S
You ABSOLUTE

First Step A piece of flawless, extra high-grade Crucible Auger-Bit Steel.

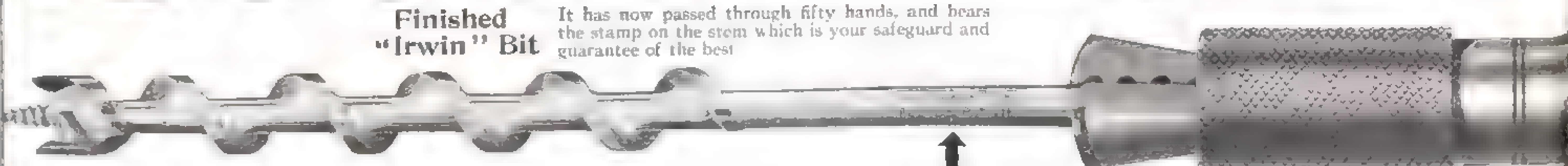


Second Step Powerful trip hammers have formed the shank, and in the



Third Step the crimp has been forged and the cutting end made ready for heading.

Finished "Irwin" Bit It has now passed through fifty hands, and bears the stamp on the stem which is your safeguard and guarantee of the best



When You Go to Buy, Look for the Name "IRWIN." If a Bit is *not Branded* "IRWIN" it is *not the Genuine* "IRWIN" Bit

The "IRWIN" Bit
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

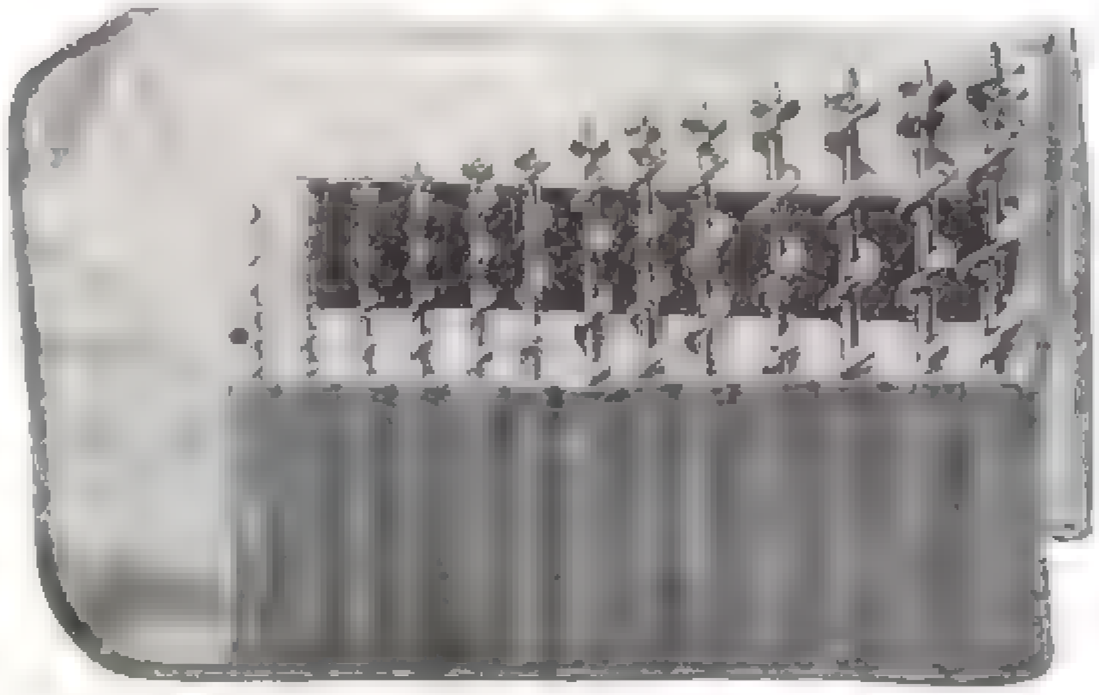
For the Home, Farm, Factory and Shop

THE "IRWIN" Brand guarant[illegible] satisfaction [illegible] the [illegible] complete [illegible] augers and bits, which includes [illegible] solid centre stem, double or single cutter auger bits, double or single cutter car bits, ship auger-bits, with or without screw point, ship auger car bits, with or without screw point, ship augers with special cutters, extra length ship augers, double or single cutter derrick augers, machine bits of all kinds for power boring, double or single cutter boring machine augers [illegible] boring, double or single cutter carpenter's nut augers, double or single cutter ring augers, rafting augers, double or single cutter sugar-tree bits, brace dowel-bits, screw-driver bits, hub augers, hollow chisel bits, etc., etc.

"IRWIN" Bits are recognized everywhere as being the strongest, finest finished, most accurate, the fastest and easiest cutting, and the least liable to choke of any bits now on the market.

They are used in every part of the civilized world.

"IRWIN" Machine Bits are of uniform strength. **All old style bits are weakest where the twist and** the shank unite, and that is where they usually break.



For the Home and Farm

OWING to the heavy demand for a set smaller than the 32¼ Quarters (illustrated in the Model Case at the right) the set shown at the left is made up specially for use in the home and on the farm—in 20¼ Quarters and also in [illegible] Quarters.

Next to the hammer, saw and screw-driver, auger-bits are the most useful of carpentering tools and every man who has a home needs a set of "IRWIN" Auger-Bits.

Each set of [illegible] Screw-Driver Bit [illegible] of 25¼ Quarters contains one each 4, 5, 6, [illegible] 9, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16 sixteenths Auger-Bits.

No Extra Charge for Sets Packed in Cases.

For Factory and Shop

THE picture at the right shows the new "Model" Bit Case, the finest bit case made.

It is built of beautifully grained quarter-sawed hardwood, finely polished—having folding lid and sliding drawer.

This set of bits is needed in every factory and shop where it will prove its usefulness day after day.

Each set of 32¼ Quarters contains one each of 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 sixteenths

All Dealers sell "Irwin" Auger-Bits. If you have the slightest trouble in obtaining them, write us.

For Carpenters and Mechanics

NO MECHANIC'S kit is complete without a set of "IRWIN" Auger-Bits. They mean [illegible] work—more work [illegible] work. They [illegible] better work because they [illegible] true and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The two pictures at the left show the mechanic's [illegible] of "IRWIN" Bits.

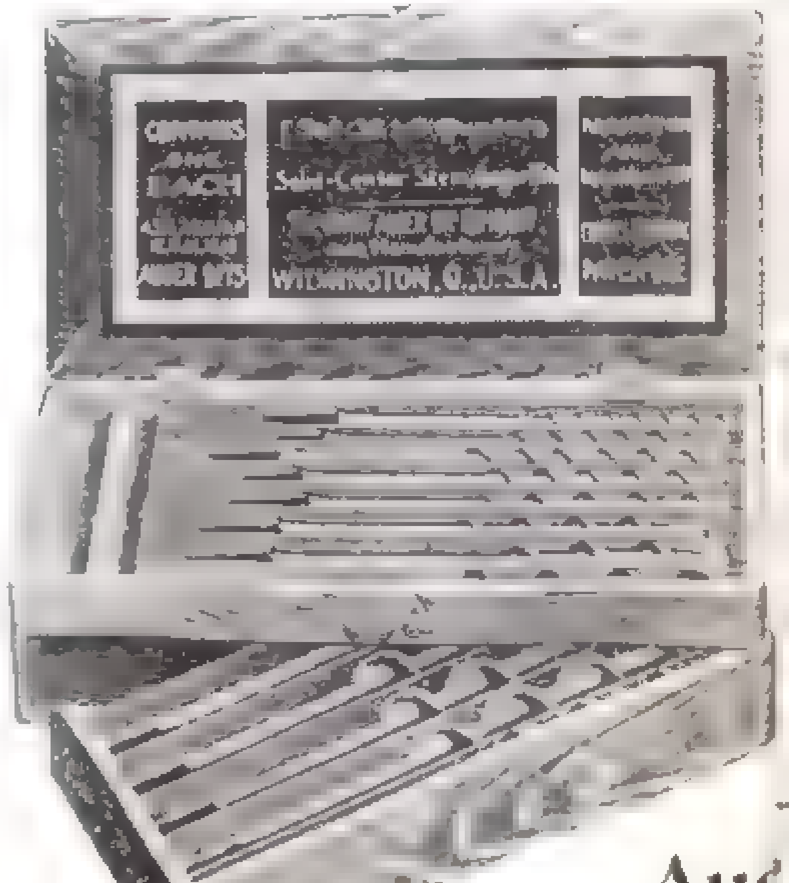
This roll is made of the best canvas, lined with Canton flannel. It is well made and strong enough to last a lifetime.

It keeps the bits in good condition and is easily carried in small space.

Such a set of bits is indispensable to carpenters and mechanics in other lines.

No extra charge for sets packed in rolls.

"IRWIN" Bits are regularly wrapped in oiled paper and packed in red cardboard boxes, under Black and White label, bearing the "IRWIN" Trade Mark.



Aug
F

ONLY SOLID CENTER STEM Auger-Bit Made In Every the "IRWIN" is the ONLY Auger-Bit that CAN and Will Give LY SATISFACTORY SERVICE for EVERY PURPOSE

☛ An Interesting Short Story About the Making of an "IRWIN" Bit

E the pictures at the left. They illustrate several steps in the making of an IRWIN" Bit.

The first step is the selection and extremely careful testing of flawless extra -grade Crucible Auger-Bit Steel.

The special steel to be used for making "IRWIN" Bits is first tested for temper g quality and then tested by specially designed heavy machinery for tensile strength tching or straining and for torsion—turning or twisting. It takes exceptional steel to pass the rigid "IRWIN" test. This is shown by the fact that in one train lot alone as high as eleven tons of steel have been rejected.

The first picture on the left shows a piece of the raw steel ready for the forging department.

The second and third steps show how the "shank" and then the [illegible] of an "IRWIN" Bit is forged out by powerful trip hammers.

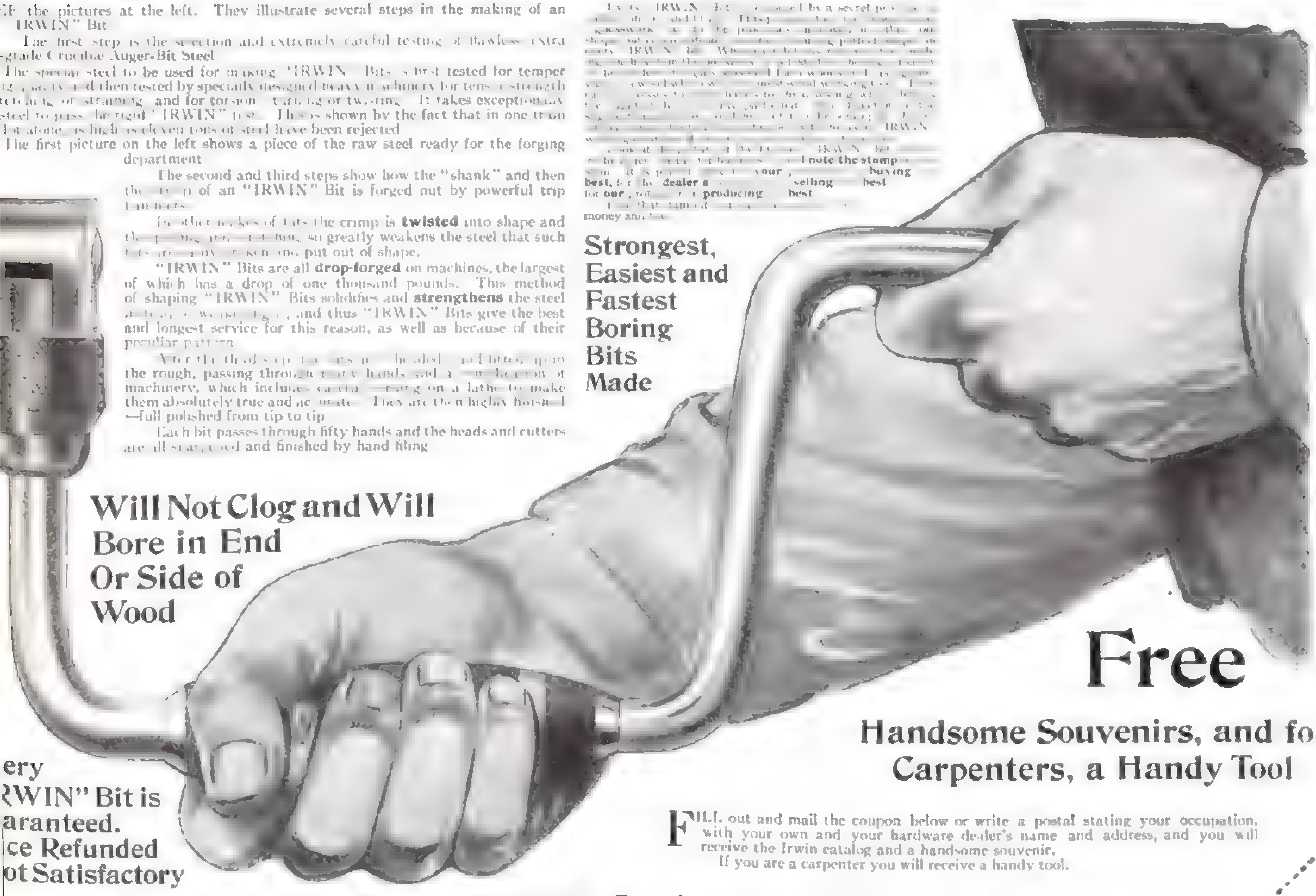
In other makes of bits the crimp is **twisted** into shape and the [illegible] process, [illegible] so greatly weakens the steel that such bits are [illegible] broken and put out of shape.

"IRWIN" Bits are all **drop-forged** on machines, the largest of which has a drop of one thousand pounds. This method of shaping "IRWIN" Bits solidifies and **strengthens** the steel [illegible], and thus "IRWIN" Bits give the best and longest service for this reason, as well as because of their peculiar pattern.

After the third step the bits are headed and fitted up in the rough, passing through many hands and a great deal of machinery, which includes careful turning on a lathe to make them absolutely true and accurate. They are then highly polished—full polished from tip to tip.

Each bit passes through fifty hands and the heads and cutters are all sharpened and finished by hand filing.

Every "IRWIN" Bit [illegible] by a secret process [illegible] "IRWIN" [illegible] note the stamp [illegible] your [illegible] buying best, [illegible] dealer's [illegible] selling [illegible] best [illegible] our [illegible] producing [illegible] best [illegible] money and [illegible]



Strongest, Easiest and Fastest Boring Bits Made

Will Not Clog and Will Bore in End Or Side of Wood

ery RWIN" Bit is aranteed. ce Refunded ot Satisfactory

Free

Handsome Souvenirs, and for Carpenters, a Handy Tool

FILL out and mail the coupon below or write a postal stating your occupation, with your own and your hardware dealer's name and address, and you will receive the Irwin catalog and a handsome souvenir.

If you are a carpenter you will receive a handy tool.

HE IRWIN AUGER-BIT COMPANY, Station E-1, WILMINGTON, OHIO

The argest Bit Factory he World

The Plant that Grew from QUALITY

Just Mail This Coupon or a Postal NOW

Irwin Auger-Bit Company
Sta. E-1, Wilmington, O.

You may send me your catalog and souvenir or handy tool

My occupation is
My hardware dealer's name is

His address is
City .... State
My name is
My address is ....
City .... State

The Man from Rome

By Marie Van Vorst

XVI

FRANCESCO on the shores of the island of Capri saw the sea like a gray wall with blue iridescence lie over the face of the coral beds and spread out toward the shore. Down the steps of an old villa, down its brown mossy steps where one little cypress grew out of the wall and the curious moss flowered in summer and in spring, a girl came carrying a basket; she was a young, good-looking creature, the type of the Capri women, broad-browed, broad-chested, with shining teeth and eyes.

"*Buon giorno,*" Di Torrenti said pleasantly. The peasant returned his greeting with the smile a young, good-looking woman bestows on a young, handsome man.

"Can you tell me the shortest way to the village of Ambidiana?"

"*Ma si, ma si,*" she answered; she was from there herself and she was more or less on her way there; it would be nothing to turn aside.

But no, the *eccellenza* was not at present going to Ambidiana; he only wanted to know the quickest route, which, so it seemed, was to turn and wind, to turn and wind along the shore for upward of half a mile.

"One can get a boat there, no doubt, to do some fishing?"

Oh, but there was only that at Ambidiana, fishing—nothing more easy; indeed, the girl with the basket could direct him to an honest man.

Francesco wrote his name down and looked at the speaker. She had the supple, soft beauty, the ox-eyed beauty that he had once found seductive. In her coarse dress, her brown skin, her brown locks, her big, fine arms, her broad, deep bosom, she was like, dreadfully like . . . And he had himself carried such a basket miles along the beach in the soft wind over the stones! . . .

He understood quite well that he was about a mile's distance from the little village. He ventured to mention now to the peasant that there had been a name already suggested to him, the name of Pesca. Did she chance to know *that?*

Oh, but they were neighbors. Did she know! Well, well. And she threw up her pretty head and burst forth into a voluble flow of words. She leaned her basket on the stone of the wall, and, led on by him, told him—and delighted in the telling—all the little stories of Ambidiana, of the Pescas, of her own family, and, as if he did not know every word of it, she began to tell him in her pretty Italian something of Marina. "Marina," she said, "was the happiest girl on the coast, though why she should have been, Heaven knows, for she was poor and she was not married. The man she was engaged to had gone to America, her brothers were a sullen lot, and the nobleman who came and painted her and stayed for a while on the island sailed away never to return."

"Well," said the listener, "*bene, bene,* and she mourned for him, did she ——"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Marina was not a crying girl," she said; "if she mourned, no one knew it. She used to look, for the most part, like some one who had seen a vision, like some one to whom the Blessed Virgin had appeared."

Francesco hurried his inquiry. "Well," he said again, "*bene, bene,* and what became of her? Where is Marina?"

With a superb gesture the girl threw her brown arms and hands out toward the sea.

"*Ecco, ècco,*" she said. "Marina took her brother's boat one night and rowed out, and they found the boat after, again, bottom side upward. It floated down the bay, but Marina or trace of her was never found. Her mother says that the Blessed Virgin took her from the sea, but that's not likely. The fishermen think her body has been caught and imprisoned among the weeds by the other oar ——"

"And what do they think?—what do they say?"

"*Ma che!*" nodded the peasant. "Marina was a good Catholic; they were all kind at home except Piero. Piero wanted her to marry the man in America and he has always been angry with her for that. But she had little to do with him at best. They say," she continued, "that she was standing up in her boat, as she often did, singing, and that she lost her balance in some way and went down. Of course, it was an accident; Marina was a good Catholic, Signorino."

Di Torrenti had already turned away from her and was again looking out to sea. The pretty fisher-girl picked up her basket and waited, laughed a little to catch his attention, but the Signore did not turn. Timid of a sudden and thinking that, perhaps, she had offended him by some stupidity on her part, she whispered under her breath, "*Scusi, Signore; scusi,*" but the visitor made no sign that he heard.

She finally stole away silently, stopping after a few steps to look back, thinking that he might have stirred, but he had not moved, and she saw him immovably standing there, his face seaward, and at last she turned the skiff toward Ambidiana, and its green cliff, outjutting, hid him from her view.

XVII

HE SCARCELY knew how he got away from Capri. He must have hailed the friendly boat which in the shape of a little puffing launch came briskly up and laid hold of something that went out into the waters in lieu of a pier. When he had sprung on board it seemed to him that he had wandered for days and days in the region of Ambidiana, haunted and troubled.

But the Professor Glëstheim, who indeed had steamed up in his bright, gay little launch, seized Di Torrenti and made him *persona grata* on board. The people with the scientist, a few guests, some foreign ladies and gentlemen, appeared to Di Torrenti to be the most natural and human and delightful people he had ever seen; he could have hugged them all. They were flesh and blood.

No one had ever seen Di Torrenti more charming or more gay; most lovable and sunny always, he gave himself out on this afternoon with peculiar responsiveness, and won everybody by his charm. But it was not alone the worldly company of his friends which turned his mind from his morbid quest. He seemed to be more entirely enfranchised. Even on the little boat, as he stood with the Professor in the prow, he was sensible that a change had passed over him. He began at length to feel something like peace. As if a cord, whose tension was more than his mind and spirit could have borne, had perceptibly snapped; he realized that the tie between himself and the poor dead was sundered.

The beautiful bay over which the little launch skidded was no longer a tomb. He could see its sparkle and lustre, found it beautiful and reflected its brightness. He could breathe without anguish. He could dare to look at Naples as a man released from captivity.

He understood now the meaning of Marina's return. She had been permitted to save his life; she had, indeed, "*helped him in everything*"; she had, indeed, proved her loyalty. In his heart there arose a strong, sincere desire to help her in turn. "If," he thought, "she suffered in ever so little for me, I hope that I may suffer for her in turn"; and as he made the honest wish it was as though its expression set him free, for there was, at the moment, a sundering and severing of the tie between himself and the dead. Marina had liberated him. Perhaps, indeed, the Virgin had taken her up from the deeps! At all events, she did not claim him any more. He would build a chapel to her later, he would give her family a fortune. The idea that he would tell Cissy the story had scarcely entered his mind. There were many, many things that he would tell her, but the story of Marina must lie with the poor thing at the bottom of the bay, he decided; it was no one's affair but his own. The thing that had troubled him above all else, when he had permitted it to do so, was the fact that the fisherman knew his name: something must be done about that, there was no question. The man must be largely paid, if he would take money—it remained to be seen. Georgio would help him; he would see him as soon as he could, and they would arrange some plan together.

"*Cerco il sole,*" he murmured, and, as if in answer to his words, a golden burst of sunset fell over the bay. The vast, ponderous mountains rose from it like peaks of gold, and Naples, like a city of the Golden Age, brought its tapestries down to the bright water.

Cissy was there! He thought of the pure, gentle beauty of the little face, and turning to his friend the Professor as the launch puffed up to the pier, said ardently:

"I am the happiest man in Italy, *Professore mio.*"

The old man smiled benignly, and said keenly: "She must be very beautiful, then."

"You *know?*" asked the other in surprise.

The Professor laughed. "And I'm not even a seer! Only a practical German. But you have not yet told me what you were doing on the shores of Capri. Were you finding her a pearl?"

"No," said the young man, shaking his head; "I had lost a jewel there."

Without speaking the Professor nodded. "Well, don't go back for it again."

XVIII

THE extreme excitement of the night at the palazzo left its imprint on Cissy Porson. She was like an instrument too tightly strung, across which a violent wind had passed. Some of the cords had snapped, some hung loose, and those that remained gave forth music as melancholy as it was sweet. She had grown so pale that her father, with a terrified remembrance of her fainting fit, ordered her to see her mother's doctor. But the old Italian physician had no desire to discover a new disease in the young girl. He was clever enough to see traces of a very old malady. After questioning her, he said:

"Young girls of her age in Europe are either married or fiancées, and Miss Porson will be married soon?"

"Married!" the mother and father exclaimed, "why, we've never thought of it!"

The doctor smiled. "Possibly the young lady has. I think," he added, "that the young lady's heart is engaged. I think she is *amorosa*, as we have it."

If Cissy could have seen her father that selfsame evening after the doctor had left Mrs. Porson's room she might have told him the truth, but her future was not to be thus determined. She avoided Birden, and during the few days of their stay at Naples he did not seem at all anxious to seek his sister's society.

He lounged about the Via Emanuèle, contenting himself with his fisherman, who had turned up on the scene.

That evening, as the girl stood in her own room before her glass, meditatively considering her image, wondering whether it were true that she was really changed, and if Francesco would find her so, Birden came in. She started as though he were an enemy.

"Look here, Cissy," he said, "Francesco is back in Naples."

She made no immediate answer, but to steady herself took hold of the back of her chair between herself and her brother.

"I guess it isn't any news to you, but I saw him on the Via Emanuele with another man an hour ago. Now, you listen to me, Cissy Porson; it's your business, of course, in a measure, as far as it concerns you alone, but, as it happens, you're my sister, and I'm not going to see you ——"

"Hush," she said; "not another word!"

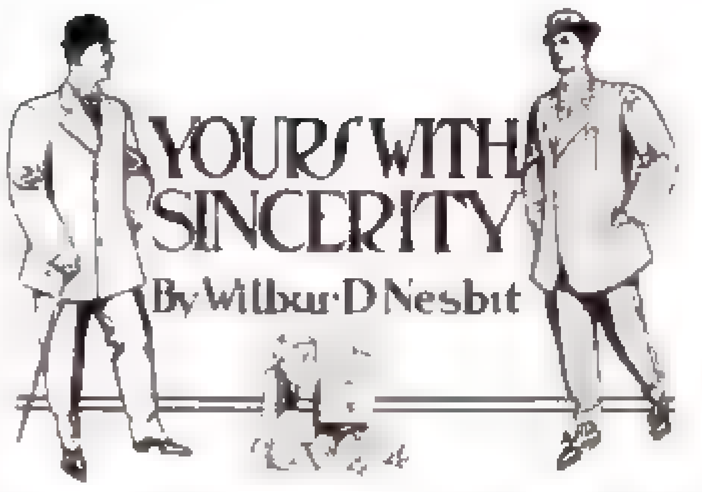
The boy stood over her, and—for she did not draw away from him—took hold of one of her delicate wrists. "You've got to hear me," he said excitedly; "it won't take two minutes. I don't ask you any questions. I don't care what Francesco is, whether he's a courier or a prince, but I know that he's a hound, and he doesn't understand Americans!"

"Father!" cried the girl, "father!"

"I'll tell him so to his face; I'll teach him—I'll thrash him!" said the boy deeply, "if ——"

Again she cried her father's name.

"Why do you call father?" said her brother quietly, standing back from her and letting her hand fall. "Do you want him to know that you were out all night with a man?"



THE OLD-TIME CLOTHING STORE

IN the "good old days" dealers had to argue as much to get people to buy ready-made clothing as nowadays merchant tailors have to argue to induce them not to buy "Sincerity" clothes.

In the "good old days" the dealers sold "ready-made" stuff, and now the "Sincerity" dealer sells ready-to-wear garments.

Which is a vast *difference.*

And the old-time clothing store was different from the modern one.

You remember it usually was dark, and the little stock of suits seemed to want to hide away.

There was a peculiar flavor in the air—sort of a musty-pasty-odor. That was the dye and starch sweating out of the goods.

And anything that would go on you without bursting was a "fit." The early makers of what were rightly called "hand-me-downs" apparently had the idea that by constructing clothes along certain stiff, unchanging lines, they could compel mankind to evolute into a race that would fit the garments.

When you walked out in one of the old-time suits every wrinkle said "This indenture witnesseth," every popping-off button said "Know all men by these presents," the stove-pipey pants legs proclaimed "To whom it may concern"—and the whole cast iron effect shouted to all the world "Ready-made!"

Old Dr. Goose—the hot flatiron—had done what he could for that suit, but the relapse from his treatment was just as quick and just as serious as it is today.

Darwin would have said that that suit didn't evolute from anything; that it was sliding back to primeval blankness.

Eighty per cent. of the clothing made today can't get away from many of the old-time troubles. "Sincerity" clothes belong to the perfect 20 per cent.

They mean for you a prompt and positive escape from old notions, old methods, old fogyism, old styles and old-time disappointments.

Whether it is a business suit, a frock suit, a walking suit, an evening suit or an overcoat for any occasion, it has the proper style, with a vimful snappiness that is hard to find elsewhere. "Sincerity" garments have the style and shape cut in and sewed-in—*actually;* and the perfection is put there by honest expert tailors who are *proud* of their work.

You get your *money's-worth* the day you buy a "Sincerity" garment, and keep on getting it every day you wear it.

Honesty is as old as the hills, and it is the *only* old-time quality in a garment bearing this label:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.

A postal card saying you want it brings our 1908 style-book—lithographed cover; half-tone plates engraved from photos; and plenty of pointers on this season's fashions—by next mail.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

She stared at her brother transfixed.

"Perhaps you're married to him," Birden went on. "I hope you are. Are you? Well, don't answer – I don't want to bully you, Cissy, though it seems like it; and I don't want to threaten you. I'm after him; I'll give him three days to get out of here, and, if you meet him or see him or talk to him, why, let him look out for me, that's all."

Because he threatened her lover she listened, her lips white and drawn, her eyes terrible in fear and dislike. "I hate you!" said the gentle Cissy; "I hate you."

"Oh, that's all right," Birden shrugged. "I can stand it if I get you out all right."

"You're terrible!" she panted, "terrible! And if my father knew—when he knows ——"

"Tell him," said the boy tranquilly and without malice. "Tell him everything."

"I will," said Cissy; "I will tell him to-night."

"I'm sorry for you if you do," said her brother. "He's silly about you, all right, but I know the Governor. He looks at things just one way."

Mr. Porson's hand was on the door, and Birden himself opened it. "Come in," he invited. "Cissy has got something to tell you." And as he spoke the boy went out whistling into the next room.

In Mr. Porson's hand were some letters.

"Here, little girl; there are some letters for you. I got them at Cook's as I came up."

She took the little package out of his hand, and the first letter caught her eye.

"What have you got to say to me, daughter?"

She ran her hand through her father's arm; she tore her letter open, half read it, and then looked up at him.

"Nothing," she faltered; "nothing, father, just now."

He gazed tenderly at her, and the doctor's words, which had not ceased to haunt him, recurred in all their force. But Mr. Porson had the reticence of his race and the delicacy that made him hesitate to demand a confidence of his daughter.

"Nothing," he repeated, "just now? Do you know what that doctor said to me? He thinks you are in love."

Cissy laughed, still tremulous and still clinging to his arm. Mr. Porson had gone over in his mind the different young men who had been devoted to his daughter, without success. The letter which he brought up to her from Cook's in a foreign hand had already attracted his attention. He had thought several times about it and had thought of several things; but a prudery, a timidity even, before this gentle creature who needed in reality his aid, kept the lumber king silent. He put his hand under Cissy's chin and turned her face up and looked down into it. It was like a flower and as pure as the morning.

"Don't get into trouble," he said, "or worry about anything. If money can do any good, why you know where to get it. And as for the rest," he nodded, and he did not need to finish it. A few seconds before and she would have told him everything, but the letter sealed her lips.

Birden's voice broke in from the next room, and Mr. Porson turned back to go to join his wife. And, as Cissy followed into the parlor, her brother saw that she had not said anything to disturb her father's peace.

XIX

THAT night, as he expressed it, Birden "went out with the boys." It was a very harmless and innocent evening, and consisted of a dinner at the Grand Hotel with some schoolboys from a Western college, and a drive across town which brought Birden and his friends home at about one o'clock. But the feast had been of a sufficient brilliance to keep the young man in bed late the following morning. As he strolled into the sitting-room for his breakfast he found his mother there alone. After he had finished his coffee and rolls, for he never spoke when he was hungry, he asked:

"Where's the rest of the folks?"

"Your father," said Mrs. Porson, "has gone to see about a passage home."

"Passage home!"

"I don't suppose you'll care one way or another," said his mother, "but I'm afraid Cissy will be real disappointed."

"What's up?"

The lady sighed. "Why, it's this feeling I have round my heart. It don't seem to get any better, Bird. The doctor said that he didn't see that it got any better, so I told your father I might as well be this way at home as anywhere else. The sea seems calm," she pursued, looking out of the window; "I thought it might stay so all the way over if we go right away. So your father's gone to Cook's."

"When's the next boat?" asked the boy.

"There's a big Cunarder out to-morrow," said Mrs. Porson comfortably, "and it seems as though he ought to get something on that boat, it's so big. I've told Louise."

"Have you told Cissy?"

"No," said his mother slowly. "I'm afraid she'll be real disappointed. She likes Europe. But I'll get your father to tell her when he comes home."

"Where is Cissy?" asked her brother abruptly.

"She's been gone these three hours."

Bird sprang up from the table. Taking his hat, which lay there where he had thrown it the night before, he asked: "Well, where's she gone to?"

"She's gone to Capri for the day."

"To Capri!" he echoed, and quickly followed: "Well, who's she *gone with?*"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Porson mournfully; "she didn't say. I don't know as she's gone with anybody. There are big boats, you know, that run over to those islands; lots of people go on them. It's a pretty excursion."

But her son was at the door.

"Say," he interrupted, "if Pop gets those tickets, you tell Louise not to touch those sea specimens and shells if she packs my things. I'm going out, and I won't be home till dinner."

And Mrs. Porson's second child cruelly deserted her, leaving her alone in the sunshine to consider the palpitations of her heart.

XX

DI TORRENTI folded his father's letter thinking of every word it said, and thrust it into his pocket. He had smoked several cigarettes and finished his coffee, had written a letter to the Villa Maggiore in answer to his father, and now waited impatiently until the hour came round when he should meet Cissy Porson. The old Duca had written just the letter his son had reason to expect, and there was nothing to keep him now from asking Mr. Porson for his daughter. But first he wanted one day with Cissy, with her alone, before the rest of the world should come in, before life and other people should jar the intimacy of their bliss. He wanted to prolong their wonderful solitude, to repeat, as far as was possible, the charm of their wanderings together when he had first shown beauty to her sweet, ignorant eyes, and found herself to be the most dear beauty of it all. But the Duca had another intention, another idea more serious than this. Although indeed Marina had ceased to appear before him in any tangible shape, and he was exorcised from the more painful spell, there was nevertheless some underlying accusation of himself that would not yet leave him. And so intense and deep was the absorption in the feeling that he would do Cissy a wrong not to tell her that, although he had confessed to a priest and been absolved, Francesco began to believe that only Cissy, her hand and love, could really heal his remorse. Before speaking to Mr. Porson he now wanted to tell Cissy the story from beginning to end, and from the second that he took the decision he could not wait until he should accomplish it; and with an obstinacy for which his race is celebrated, and a thoroughness and a completeness which proved how sincere was his wish to blot out the whole affair, he decided to take Cissy to Capri, and on the very place itself tell her Marina's story.

The girl joined her lover at the foot of the town where a little carriage fetched her to the landing place. At the first sight of Francesco, whom she had not seen since the night in the Palazzo di Torrenti, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand or make her way to the little launch where the Duca waited to help her embark. Di Torrenti wore a long, dark overcoat with loose sleeves; tall and distinguished, he towered above the boatmen who waited smiling, as the pretty Signorina came up to the launch and the Duca helped her in.

They had shot far out into the blue clearness of the water before the girl realized where she was or that she must really speak to her friend. But Francesco seemed to need no words.

"Over there is old Pompeii," he said; "we had such a happy time there! Behind it is Naples, where we have known and loved each other."

"And before us," interrupted the girl, "is all our life." She put one of her little hands up with great sweetness and laid it on his shoulder, and lifted her face, full of emotion and tenderness, to Di Torrenti. He arranged a place for her in the cushions at the side of the boat and seated himself beside her. They were very near the water; the green-blue waves curled and lapped and sung about the boat's sides and the bow. On either hand rose the pink and brown shores, and far away in the mist Capri seemed to swim like a great pyramid of asphodels. It was early morning and the air fresh and cool. There were only a few barques afloat with their brown sails.

Francesco told her that he had news from his people and that his father's consent was absolute, and he no longer waited to speak to Mr. Porson.

"When I take you home to-night I'm going to ask him for my bride."

Side by side, his arm about her waist, his hand in hers, they sat tranquilly, enveloped by the beauty around them which seemed part of the perfection of their love.

By the time they had reached the island Francesco had not hinted a word of the mission on which they had come. He had talked to her of nothing but love, and every time he thought to begin the tragic story of his past years, her serious eyes, the trust on her face, forced him, perhaps, from the very first, to think of her and to spare her.

The little launch was ordered to put up at the moorings just below the villa of Tiberius, some miles from the village of Ambidiana; and Francesco, leaving his boat there, guided the girl over the rocks up the hill.

They spent the whole day together on the hills. Francesco found the cabin of a goatherd and he made the man give them a cup of *brôdo*, some cheese and bread, and a little good old wine which the old fellow brought out with great pride. The girl made merry over the breakfast. It was such happiness to be there together in the far-away but in a deserted place and break bread alone with the man she loved.

Cissy's charming bare hands, from which she had taken all her rings, were folded meekly in her lap. She told her lover that she had not dared wear his ruby for fear that her family would remark it.

"That is," she said, "I don't wear it on my hand, but here"—and she touched her heart. She had been wonderfully gay, her face all light and smiles, laughing with him, telling him pretty childlike stories and making him repeat the English words she liked to hear him attempt. He had found her more lovely than ever, and as the day went on did not know how to break the spell. They both lost track of time, finally, and, as the winter day does in the southern country, it began to decline suddenly, and the disappearance of the sun behind the first clouds made Francesco start.

"It has grown late," he said, "and it's against the stream going back. We must leave Capri."

"Oh, no," Cissy cried, "don't let's go, don't. Let's stay here forever, Francesco."

He smiled and shook his head. "Not in Capri, *carissima;* after to-day I want never to see it again. I never want to see it again!"

She exclaimed: "Why, haven't you been happy here to-day? What a cruel thing!"

"Dearest, forgive me!" he pleaded. "I have been happy. I love you so," he cried passionately, "that you could make me happy above a grave."

They had begun slowly to take their way along the rocks down toward the shore. As they did so and stood out alone on the beach, their two figures plainly visible in the light were seen by a man and a boy in another launch, that as fast as the steam could fetch it pressed toward the shore. Looking out across the bay at the darkening waters, the lovers remained so, Francesco's arm around Cissy, and they seemed like one form.

Then they reluctantly stirred and together made their way down along the beach toward their own vessel, where the engineer lay curled up on the seat asleep; the other man, fishing from the end of the jetty, waited until the Signorino should have finished his excursion.

It was just here that Di Torrenti had met the Ambidiana girl a few days before, just here that he had learned the story of Marina. But how could he tell this girl the story of Marina della Pesca? He would tell her father, Mr. Porson—that would do; he would lay all his life bare to the good man, and he would leave it to his wisdom

Give Your BRAINS a holiday

MANAGER'S OFFICE

Modern business men live at a tension such as the world has never before known. How many of your own friends have fallen by the wayside from brain-fag, nervous prostration and the like! No man is truly successful who inveterately takes home his business with him.

When your brain is tired out with the day's work, forget your business and *go home to a quiet half-hour with the Pianola.* It will change your jangling thoughts to those of melody and harmony.

One of the advantages of

The Pianola

as mental recreation is that

You Play It Yourself

Guiding the levers isn't hard work, and yet it demands your attention. This prevents it from being merely mechanical. It means that you make your own music, except for the execution.

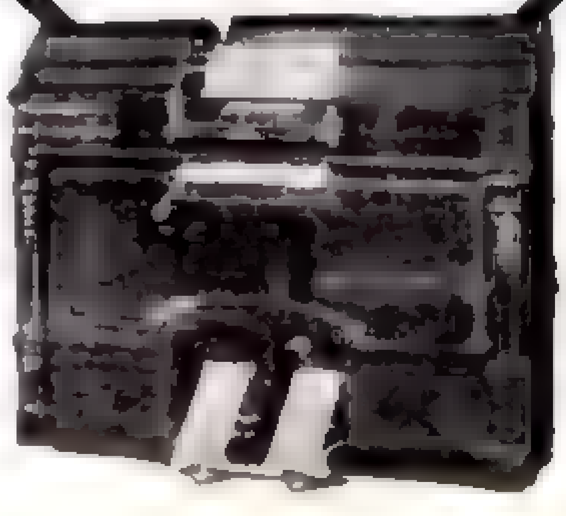
The Pianola has been so successful that imitations are sometimes improperly called "pianolas." But you can't make an imitation a Pianola merely by calling it so. *There is but one Pianola made only by the* [illegible]

Let us send you our Pianola Booklet for business men

The Aeolian Company

362 Fifth Ave.
New York
City

The Aeolian Co., 362 Fifth Ave., New York
I am a little interested in the Pianola. You may send your booklet. [illegible]
Name
Address



The "NATIONAL"
Style Book Free
from the
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

The new styles now worn in New York are [illegible] in this FREE Style Book [illegible] "National" [illegible] means economy for you.

Why not see for yourself what New York is wearing? [illegible] at the "National"? Why not send for our FREE Style Book TODAY?

Style No 2132.
"Mayfair" WAIST of Batiste.
[illegible]

SIZES 32 to 44 [illegible]

PRICE $2.49
We pay [illegible]

PRICE $2.49
We Pay Postage

Ready-Made Apparel. [illegible] complete assortment of Ready-Made Apparel for women and children—the [illegible], the best and most complete line [illegible]

THE "NATIONAL" POLICY.
We pay all Postage or Expressage on our Goods to any part of the United States. Your Money Back if you Ask for it.

Write TODAY for your copy of our Free Style Book of New York Fashions and if you wish a Tailor Made Suit or Skirt ask for samples of materials and state colors you wear.

National Cloak & Suit Co.
214 West 24th St., New York City [illegible]

CHEESE
Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and Chafing Dish Cooking.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
Beware of Imitations.
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.

GENUINE NAVAJO Ruby FREE
To introduce our Beautiful Genuine Gems, sold direct from the mines at one half to one fourth regular jewelers' prices, we will send FREE a Genuine Navajo Ruby [illegible] showing Opals, Turquoise, Sapphires and other gems in actual colors and sizes for [illegible]. WRITE TODAY
The Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. 238, Mesilla Park, N. M.

to tell the girl whatever he thought she should know. But Cissy was speaking.

"They have their stories, haven't they, these old, old stones?" she said. "What if they could speak!"

Torrenti said quickly: "They might tell us things of sadness and tragedy—even of death, Cissy."

"You always speak of it," she said, "most of the time."

"I won't," he assured her, "ever again. I will never cloud your sun if I can help it." He held her back a second. "But, just here, just now, tell me, if these old stones should tell you of a lonely woman who, perhaps, walked them in loneliness, waiting for the man she loved ——"

But, at sight of the girl's face, Francesco paused in his story. In spite of his own gravity it remained so serene and untroubled. Cissy shook her pretty head.

"But they must have many other stories," she said gently, "of happy lovers, and I would rather hear of those." She appealed to him, smiling. "I believe, if they started to speak in such a melancholy way, that I'd interrupt them and tell them of happier feet that have passed over them, of happier footsteps," she said charmingly—"steps that were so light, so joyful, that they effaced all the others that ever fell here, Cecco—all the others."

Di Torrenti gazed in rapture at her. She seemed illumined as she looked up at him. Her words rang with a sweetness so profound that they sounded like bells.

"What a pretty thing to say," he breathed. "Why, you are quite a poet."

She shook her head. "No, not a poet! People in love think all sorts of fancies."

He put his arms about her. "Do you believe that, no matter how sad and deep the footsteps were, no matter how sad, mark you, they could be effaced?"

Whether the young girl understood or remotely felt that he had an underlying meaning, or believed him to be only following out her own pretty thought, at all events she said firmly: "I am sure that in your life and in mine there are no other footsteps than our own."

Di Torrenti went on desperately, longing now, since he had come so far, for her complete pardon, yet without daring to confess his soul. "I am not as good as you—oh, I'm not good at all. There have been so many, many ways in my life."

"Perhaps," she accorded; "but all of them have led here, haven't they?"

He exclaimed, "Yes, yes," and drew her close to him. As they stood thus, one figure as it were, as they had been before, round the right curve of the rock Birden Porson came with another man. The boy restrained his friend by the arm. "Be quiet," he said roughly in his awkward Italian; "you let *me* scare 'em! I'll scare 'em good, all right." And he sprang forward.

But scarcely had the two lovers separated and looked about than the other man with a cry rushed forward, and with a curse cried out Di Torrenti's name—and before the arm of Cissy could interpose or the boy interfere, the fisherman had struck once, twice, through the breast of the man to whom the woman still clung.

So the boy, white and terrified, overwhelmed, saw his sister cling, bending over her lover as he lay outstretched on the stones of the beach, calling to him, kissing his eyes, his brow and his hair, holding his hands to her heart, calling her father's name, her mother's name, but, above all, Francesco's, with a wildness that will ring in Birden's ears until age stops them.

So the boy saw her cling as he ran, turned and ran, to summon the people of the launch, the people of the village, to call whom he might find to come, and to do what they could for the man his brutal act had led to death. So clinging to Francesco he saw Cissy kneeling by his side, and as he looked back the two figures seemed to be as one form.

He had sufficient coherence to think: "That was the man from Rome—the man Piero hated. Well, he avenged his sister, all right. I guess I've killed mine."

Birden ran to the launch where one man was asleep and where his comrade sat whistling Santa Lucia. In the young fellow's excitement he failed to make the Italians understand. They only smiled at him. Finally, one of them said, "Di Torrenti, Duca di Torrenti," and pointed. And the name broke upon the boy's aching brain. "Oh, yes," he said, "yes, come—the *Duca è morto.*" And they cursed, as is the fashion of their kind, sprang up and followed him.

He had not thought of pursuing Piero, but even as he returned he saw the little launch in which they had come, deserted, rocking on the bay. Oh, Piero would get away, all right; he was a member of a society stronger than the laws of Italy!

There Birden, branded, cursed, felt himself far worse than the man who had done the crime! He slunk along up to where the group seemed black upon the sands. The men were gesticulating and talking all together, and one of them, the engineer of Di Torrenti's launch, bent with Cissy over the man on the ground.

Birden forced his way into the circle. If Francesco's face and Piero's impressed him, his sister's, as she raised it, looking at one man after the other, will remain in his mind all his life. It was like the face of resurrection, the face of the dead that had been made alive for an hour. Both her hands were over Di Torrenti's heart; he saw that she must have torn some of her own clothing to staunch the wounds.

"Cissy," he said to her, forcing his words out—"Cissy!"

The man nearest him, the boatman who had been whistling Santa Lucia, said a million things about Ischia and Napoli, and *dottori*, and *celebrati*; and the man who was bathing Di Torrenti's brows said many other lightning things. His eyes fascinated by the pale, beautiful face of his sister, Birden eagerly translated for her.

"This man says that it won't be possible to stir him or move him; he says not to lift his hands or stir him. This man says that there are a lot of celebrated doctors in the observatory at Ischia."

The pale, drawn lips of the girl moved. "They must get them—all of the doctors, as fast—as fast——"

The engineer of the little launch had already sprung up and started on a run, motioning to his fellow. The boy in agony drew near her, as thus deserted she knelt alone by Francesco's side, but as he approached she half sprang up.

"Go!" she recoiled—"Go!" Then she bent over the ashen face of the man whose life-blood her hands kept back as they could. She murmured a few distraught words to him.

Still Birden drew near. He would have knelt down.

"Go!" repeated Cissy, "with the men; fetch the doctors, all of them. And, if you bring them in time—if he lives—if they save him—I will try to forgive you. If he dies, let me never see your face again!"

The boy tore away like the wind.

XXI

AND Birden Porson learned a great many lessons in the long, long weeks that lengthened and lengthened, turned into fragrant spring and hot summer, and grew warmer and more splendid as the months passed on the island. From the moment Mr. Porson took his daughter in his arms and learned the truth, neither one of them addressed a word to the boy. But his mother pitied him. He bore his part as well as he could, and something of his savageness and his roughness slipped away.

One marvelous afternoon in late June, when the sea was wide and blue and motionless, when the red sails and the brown sails cast their mellow shadows like the reflection of warm fruits, and the golden shores shone into the bay, when the old steps down to the sea looked like a festival staircase, for they were abloom with flowers, Birden, who had been fishing, drew his boat up to the beach and began to ascend the steps. At the top he saw his sister waiting. And when he reached her side, with a gesture peculiar to Cissy, and one of sweetness, she put out one little hand.

He knew what she meant, and that she had come down to meet him with his pardon. He was a big, rude fellow, made for the lumber camp, for sharp justice, of lawless codes; he was not made for the finer civilizations. He didn't know what to say. But impulsively he put his cheek to hers; it was their first embrace since they had been children. And, following the character of their innocent reconciliation, the brother and sister joined hands and went up the path side by side toward the white stucco house behind the cypress and the velvet cedars, where Di Torrenti, out of danger, lay asleep, his face turned toward the bay, to whose depths and to whose secrets peace had been eternally brought by the spilling of his blood.

(THE END)

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT individuality is put there by the hand of an artistic workman—no machine work can reproduce the noticeable elegance of style which distinguishes Knapp-Felt hats. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for The Hatman.

The Crofut & Knapp Co.
840 Broadway, New York

Prove it Yourself—
There is Oxygen in
CALOX
The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

We will send on request a few tablets of Potassium Permanganate. Dissolve one in a half wineglass of water and you will have a pink colored liquid. Add a little CALOX, stir and the color will disappear. This proves the presence of Oxygen.

The Oxygen in CALOX destroys the germs of dental decay, whitens the teeth and removes all odor from the breath.

Of All Druggists, 25 Cents
[illegible]
McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., New York

8 pairs, $1

Ours is a busy mill, supplying socks to men who want to make every dollar they spend yield the largest possible returns.

It's a question of cutting out the middlemen. If you are with us enclose $1, give size and colors. Brown, blue, black or gray. Medium weight.

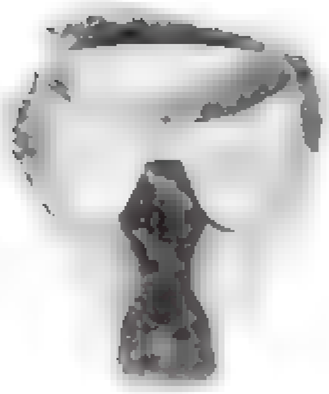
We will deliver the 8 pairs, prepaid. Money back is our guarantee
Reference: Second National Bank, Reading
LERCUM HOSIERY MILLS, Reading, Pa.

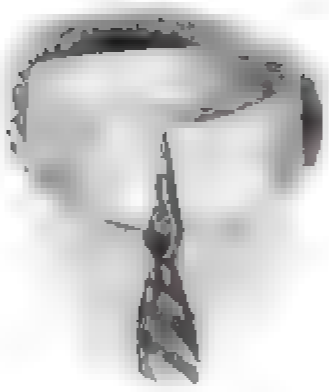
Say "Irish Mail" and Stick to it.

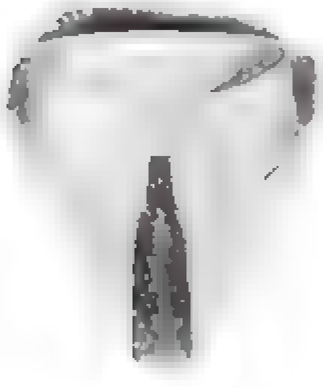
The Boy Knows
the difference between the genuine "Irish Mail" and imitating [illegible] tell it by the name
"Irish Mail"
on the seat. Get the genuine [illegible]

Patented
[illegible]

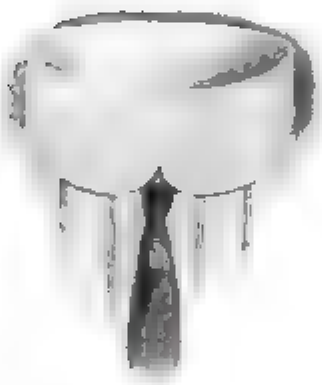
Hill-Standard Mfg. Co. 248 Irish Mail Ave. Anderson, Ind.

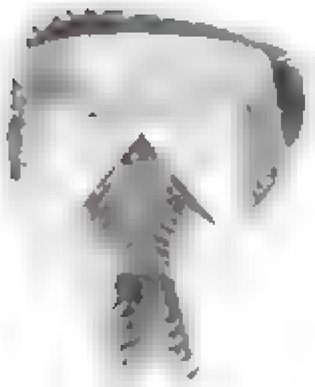

SIGMA
Front 2¼ in.

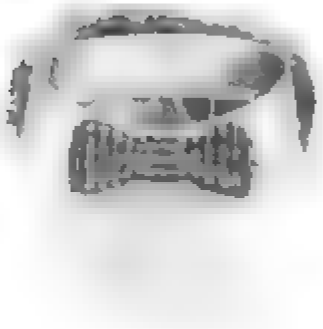

SELKIRK
Front 2 in.

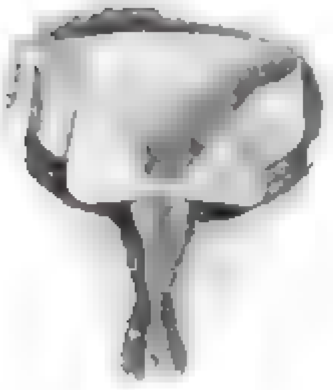

SAMOA
Front 2 in.

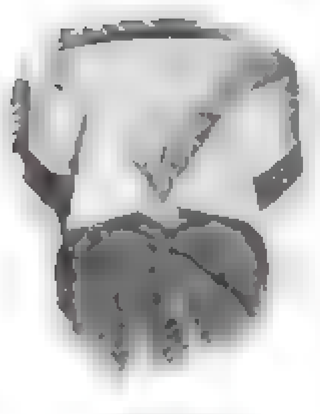
SEVILLE
Front 2 in

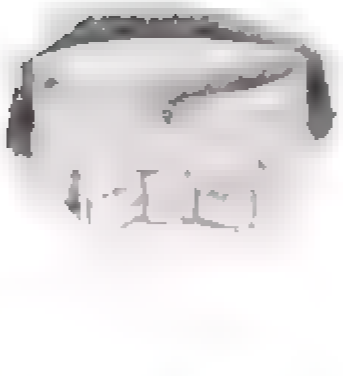

SANFORD
Front 2⅛ in.


SERVIA
Front 2½ in.


SOUDAN
Front 1¾ in.


SIBLEY
Front 2⅜ in.


SHUBERT
Front 2 in.


SACO
Front 2⅛ in.

The Only Guaranteed Collars Made

Heretofore you have been entirely at the mercy of collar manufacturers. They have always refused to give you a *definite guarantee*, and when your collars failed to wear a reasonable length of time, you had nothing to do but throw them away.

Anybody can make claims, and any collar maker can say that his collars won't crack, and that the buttonholes won't tear out. Yet how many collars have you ever worn that really *made good?*

Now it is no longer necessary for you to rely upon these *mere claims.* You need waste no more money on collars that don't wear a specified time, *because you get a definite, positive, iron-clad guarantee with every box of*

SQUARE WEAR COLLARS

The Only Guaranteed Collars Made

They are sold in boxes containing one-half dozen of a style and size at $1.00 per box—and a signed guarantee is in every box.

That guarantee states in these very words:

"*We guarantee that Square Wear Collars will wear free from cracks, saw edges, or torn buttonholes for four months or longer. If they don't we agree to replace them with new collars, provided they are returned to us within four months from date of purchase.*"

This guarantee means more than all the claims that can be made. It absolutely *proves* that Guaranteed "Square Wear" Collars have the quality that *does* wear, and we know they will outwear any other collars on the market.

It relieves you of all risk, because it means *exactly what it says—no cracks, no saw edges, no torn buttonholes within four months, or we replace them with new collars* FREE OF ALL EXPENSE TO YOU.

The wide range of styles offers you a choice of shapes, heights, etc., to meet your most critical preference—a correct style for every occasion.

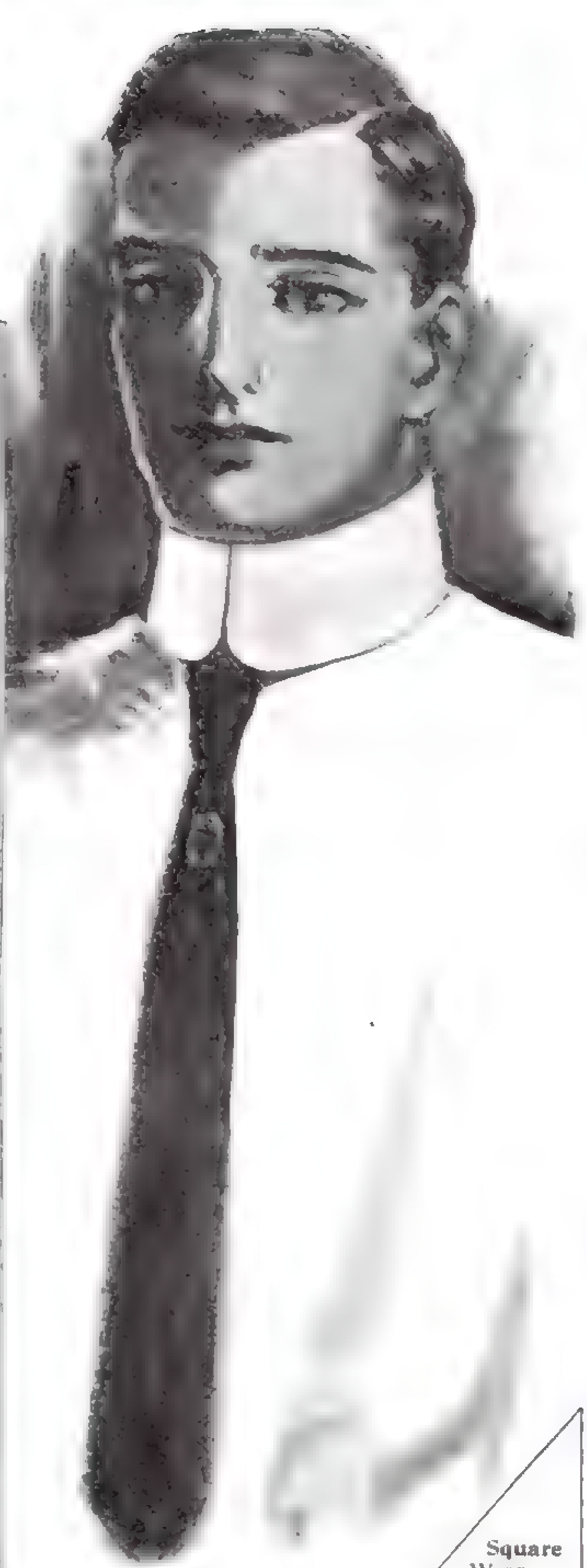
And as for fit—the first-quality material in Guaranteed "Square Wear" Collars is thoroughly shrunken, so the shape and fit will be perfect as long as you wear them.

Try "Square Wear" Collars under our iron-clad four months guarantee. They're sold only in boxes containing one-half dozen *of a style and size* at $1.00 per box—with a signed guarantee in every box.

If your dealer doesn't have them, send us his name on attached coupon, with $1.00 and we will send you a box prepaid. Choose your style from those shown in this advertisement, or write today for illustrated style booklet that tells all about Guaranteed "Square Wear" Collars.

Square Wear Collar Company
21 Rensselaer Street, Troy, New York

To Haberdashers: We [illegible] an extremely attractive propos[illegible] to the BEST FURNISHER [illegible] the 5,000 towns and cities in the United States. Write at [illegible] for full [illegible]



Square
Wear
Collar
Company
21 Rensselaer St.,
Troy, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me, charges prepaid, one box (half dozen) of Square Wear Collars guaranteed four months or longer.

Style ______ *Size* ______

Name ______

Address ______

My dealer's name is ______

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

IT HAS been said the Sultan of Turkey is the hardest man in the world to see, but if he has anything on Frank H. Hitchcock, manager of the Taft boom in Washington, they must keep the Sublime Porte locked in a steel vault, with the mechanism in the door run down and nobody about who knows how to start it.

No sooner had Old Sleuth Hitchcock secured his suite of rooms in the Union Trust Building than he showed to the whole world what a piker in the way of secretiveness, mystery and general, all-around old-sleuthness Cortelyou is. He set up a wall around himself that made him as unreachable as the inner chamber in the most inaccessible monastery in Tibet. You want to understand it is a privilege to see Hitchcock, not to be gained lightly. Here is a man bowed with the weight of a great campaign, and that is something, is it not? Indeed, it may be said to be much. This scheme of rushing in and shouting: "Hello, Hitch, old boy! How's she coming?" may do for ordinary campaign managers and mere politicians. Hitchcock is more than that. He is the scientific promoter of the interests of William Howard Taft.

There are seven or eight or ten, or some such number, of rooms in the Hitchcock layout. It is impossible to tell the real number, for no one has ever gone the limit. Hitchcock's room, where he makes his card indexes and studies his plans, is among the last in the row, but there may be two or three rooms behind that. It is quite likely. Besides the sanctum sanctorum there may be a sanctissimum sanctissimorum, or whatever the ancient Romans would have called it. There is a door out of the Hitchcock room, showing mysteriously behind his desk. Still, it may conceal nothing but a private passage to the rear elevator. Hitchcock generally goes down by the rear elevator, normally used for freight. There are some who say he drops out of the window and sags gently to the ground, holding to a parachute, but that is not confirmed.

The elevator boys in the Union Trust Building, who were having a nice, easy time of it before Hitchcock moved his paraphernalia in, are testy when you ask them to take you up to the Taft headquarters. They know it is no use. They land you before the door of the outer room. You enter. A cross-eyed gentleman greets you.

"What is it you desire?"

"I would like to see Mr. Hitchcock."

"Ah, yes; name, please."

You give him a card, and he motions you to a chair. Then he disappears through a door. The door closes behind him, and you look about. Half a dozen others are sitting around on chairs. The cross-eyed man returns.

"Mr. Hitchcock will see you presently," he says, if you have made a big enough dent. If not, you are told Mr. Hitchcock is very busy and begs to be excused at this time. "However, here is a pamphlet explaining Mr. Taft's labor decisions, which you might like to take home and read. Good-afternoon."

If you have passed the inside examination you stay where you are. "Mr. Hitchcock will see you presently." The cross-eyed man has said that so much it sounds like a phonograph record of a part of a Capital guide's speech.

The door opens from time to time. Another man comes out of the room beyond and summons one of your neighbors. "Ha!" you think, "Hitchcock is in the next room." One by one those who were there before you go through that door, and others arrive from the outside to take their places. When you are senior on the list the man comes out of the next room and beckons to you. You go in. Hitchcock is not there. Instead, all but one of the people who were sitting around in the outside room when you got in are sitting around in the second room. One, apparently, has passed on to the third room, which must be Hitchcock's.

Your companions fade away through that door, that is opened softly and closed more softly. Then it comes your turn.

You are led into the third room, and you look hastily for Hitchcock. He is not there. Instead, there are all but one of the originals you encountered in the first room, all gazing intently at the door to the fourth room.

"Mr. Hitchcock will see you presently," says the man in this room, who is at a desk.

"In the next room," you think, "I shall find Hitchcock. Then I can tell my story and get out of here."

The door opens. Another man slides in and beckons to one of your companions on the journey. He leaves. Your old friends ooze into that next room and, from the door leading to the room you have just left, new ones come softly in and are waved to chairs.

It gets to be your turn. You are beckoned. You walk over to the door, which closes behind you softly, start for a desk at the end of the room, come up to it, begin to talk, saying: "Mr. Hitchcock, I ——"

A cold, rasping voice interrupts you. "I am not Mr. Hitchcock," says the man at the desk. "Mr. Hitchcock will see you presently."

You grab a chair, dazed. Here are all the old friends who have been preceding you along the toilsome journey and gradually they slip through the next door, the door leading into the fifth room.

It is up to you. "Come," says the man from the fifth room, and you go. This room is a replica of the others. There are the old, familiar friends. They grin at you, and you grin at them. It is like taking an ocean voyage. You get so familiar with the passengers.

"Mr. Hitchcock will see you presently," the man at the desk announces, with a rhythmical cadence, emitting it every so often, when a new one is shoved in from the room you have left behind.

Your old friends depart silently. They go into the sixth room, which, of course, must contain Hitchcock. You follow when the messenger gives you the nod, get through the door somehow, and land plump in the middle of the companions started with on the journey some time ago. You cannot remember when it was, exactly. It might have been yesterday or last week, for your brain is numbed.

Hitchcock isn't there. Instead, Jimmie Williams is smiling at you across a desk. Such a beautiful smiler, Jimmie is. "Mr. Hitch ——" he begins.

"I know," you say to Jimmie; "Mr. Hitchcock will see me presently. I've heard it before."

The company disintegrates in regular order. You can tell just how they will be selected. The chap with the high hat and the carnation in his buttonhole is number one, and the colored brother from Georgia is number two. The two Lily Whites from Louisiana are coupled for number three, and the man from Ohio is fifth, and so on. It comes your turn. You scramble through the door that has swung open for you.

"Don't bother to say it," you tell the man who meets you. "I am aware Mr. Hitchcock will see me presently. I have nothing but time. I have been here several days now and might just as well stay the rest of the week. Don't bother, please."

"But," says the man, "it will not be long now."

You lean against the wall and scan the old, familiar faces. You watch these long-time friends, and check them off as they get through the next door. You feel, in a vague way, the Presence is behind that door. The voices of the messengers are lower. It seems like the reading-room of the Congressional Library, where every time you look up you see a big sign: "Silence!" until you get afraid to breathe.

Your companions are leaving. It comes your turn. You are taken to the next room, and there, at a big, flat-topped desk, sits Hitchcock. Ah-h-h-h!

The journey is over. You tell your story. Hitchcock gazes at his inkwell.

"Very hot, isn't it?" he inquires, when you have finished, still gazing at his inkwell, and they lead you out into the corridor, through a glass door on the other side of the room, tell you where the elevators are and allow you to stumble through the hall. "Ring once," says the attendant, in a bored way. "Ring once to go down."

There have been many discussions as to the shortest time it takes to get in to see Old Sleuth, the Man of Mystery. Of late it has become a good betting proposition. People with an excuse and plenty of time lay wagers as to which can get through the maze in shortest time. The record is now held by Gus J. Karger, one of Mr. Taft's personal representatives and the cleverest man on the job. Karger got through one day in two hours and ten minutes. He had a communication from Taft to Hitchcock, so that can hardly count. Even with his well-known astuteness, if Karger had not used that message-from-Taft bait, it is not likely he could have trickled through in less than three hours.

Chief Watchdog Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, and sub-calibre Watchdog Walter Smith, of the same committee—both, by virtue of their positions, acting as watchdogs for the Treasury also—have dug up what they say is a system of espionage that is enough to give any public official or private citizen the shivers. The House was a bit hazy about what "espionage" meant when Tawney fired it at the statesmen and scholars there assembled. Some pronounced it "espe-onage," and thought it was a new kind of cheese, and some called it "es-pie-onage," and were of the opinion it had something to do with the bugs that eat the San José scale.

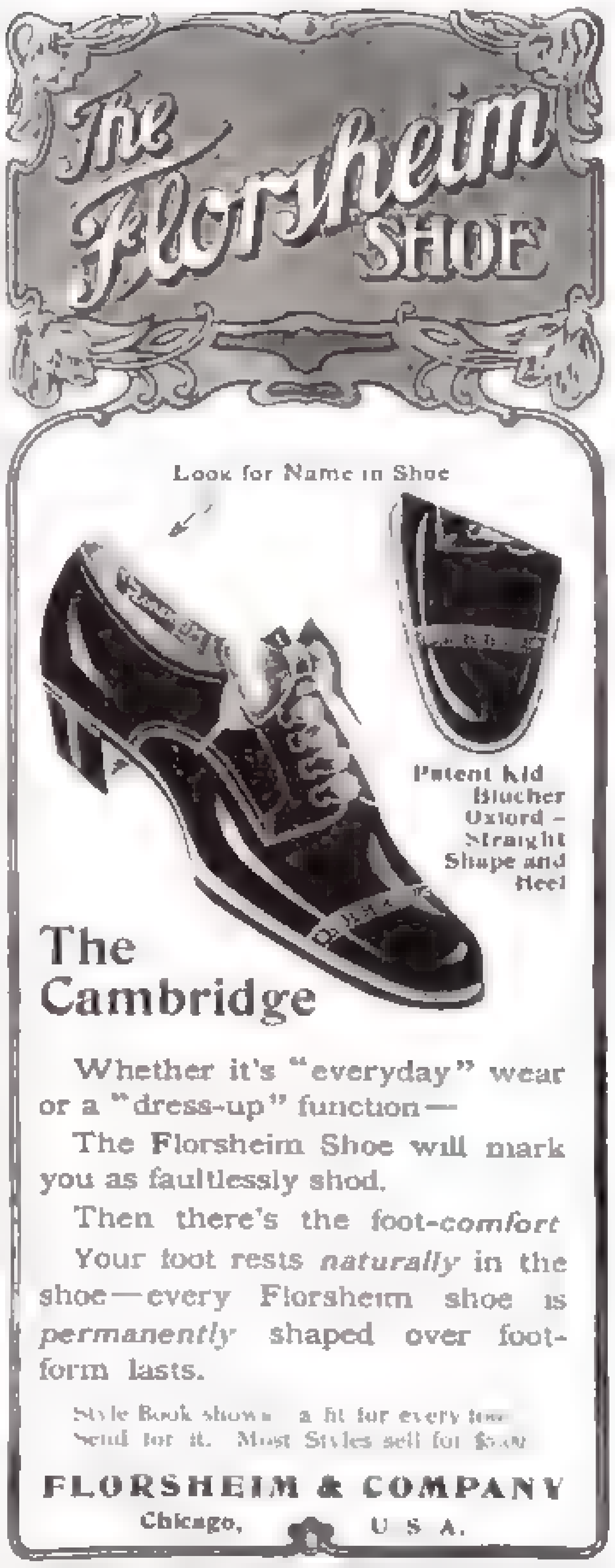
However, Tawney and Smith soon straightened them out. They declared there exists in this country a black cabinet, a spy system and a system of espionage—they knew what it meant then—that resembles that of Russia. They said they had proved that secret-service operatives had been taken from their lawful employment of chasing counterfeiters and set to work in divorce cases and in spying on officials and all that sort of thing, and the House rose to it like a trout to a fly. The House wants no spying on itself, or on any of its component parts.

There were loud cries. It was un-American and unlawful and awful and must be stopped. You'd think some sleuth was dogging the footsteps of every statesman, just why no one could say, but that was the impression. What has happened is that departments other than the Treasury, which is where the secret-service folks belong, have called on the Treasury, from time to time, for men to investigate certain official matters. This has been the practice for thirty years. All secret-service men are *per diem* employees, which means they get their pay only when they work. When they are assigned to other departments they are taken off the secret-service roll and put on the rolls of whatever department they are assigned to. It is specifically against the law for any department of the Government to employ private detectives.

The whole row came over the discovery that, in this manner, secret-service men were working for other departments, when the law says the secret service shall be exclusively for the "suppressing of counterfeiting." The House yelled that this Government was establishing a "secret police," imitating the methods of Fouché, and doing sundry other reprehensible things. Investigation showed that about all the secret service had accomplished was to save a lot of money to the Government, which isn't so reprehensible as may be imagined. They got the lottery syndicates by going over tons and tons of records of express companies and railroad companies, and the aggregate fines the Government collected on this evidence were more than three hundred thousand dollars.

The espionage story made those familiar with the bureau and its work laugh, as did the nervousness of the House when it thought it was being watched. The only secret secret-service operatives in Washington are those detailed with the President. The rest of them are scattered through the country.

If we could have developed a gang of conspirators in the secret service espionaging folks and spying around, if we could have established there was a black cabinet, it would have been fine. The truth of it is, however, that the secret-service sleuths spend most of their time in most commonplace affairs, such as digging out evidence in land frauds and things of that kind, when they are not on counterfeiting cases, and that rather lets the black-cabinet part of it out.


The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe

Patent Kid Blucher Oxford – Straight Shape and Heel

The Cambridge

Whether it's "everyday" wear or a "dress-up" function—

The Florsheim Shoe will mark you as faultlessly shod.

Then there's the foot-*comfort*

Your foot rests *naturally* in the shoe—every Florsheim shoe is *permanently* shaped over foot-form lasts.

Style Book shows a fit for every foot. Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

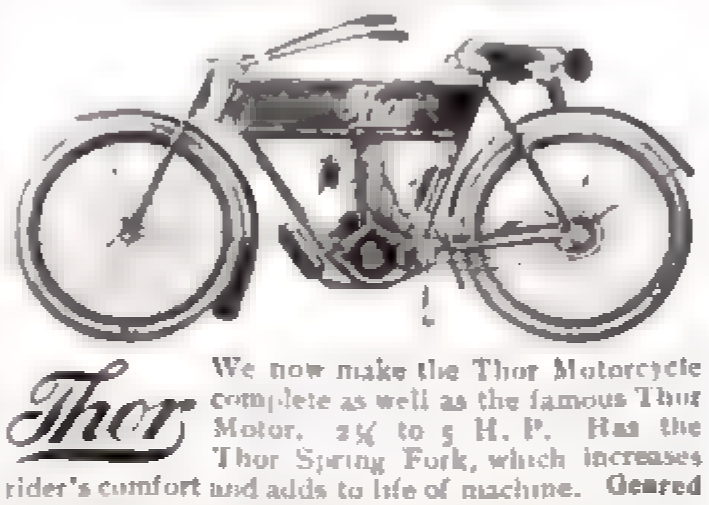
Ward Safety Razor

The construction of the Ward is different from any other Safety Razor. It is very simple—having [illegible] parts [illegible]dle and blade. Note the natural sliding stroke which insures a smooth clean shave [illegible] the irritating scrape of the ordinary hoe-shaped razor. Ask your dealer for one to try for thirty days at our expense. No strings to this offer. If he does not carry the Ward send direct to

30 Day Free Trial

2/3 ACTUAL SIZE

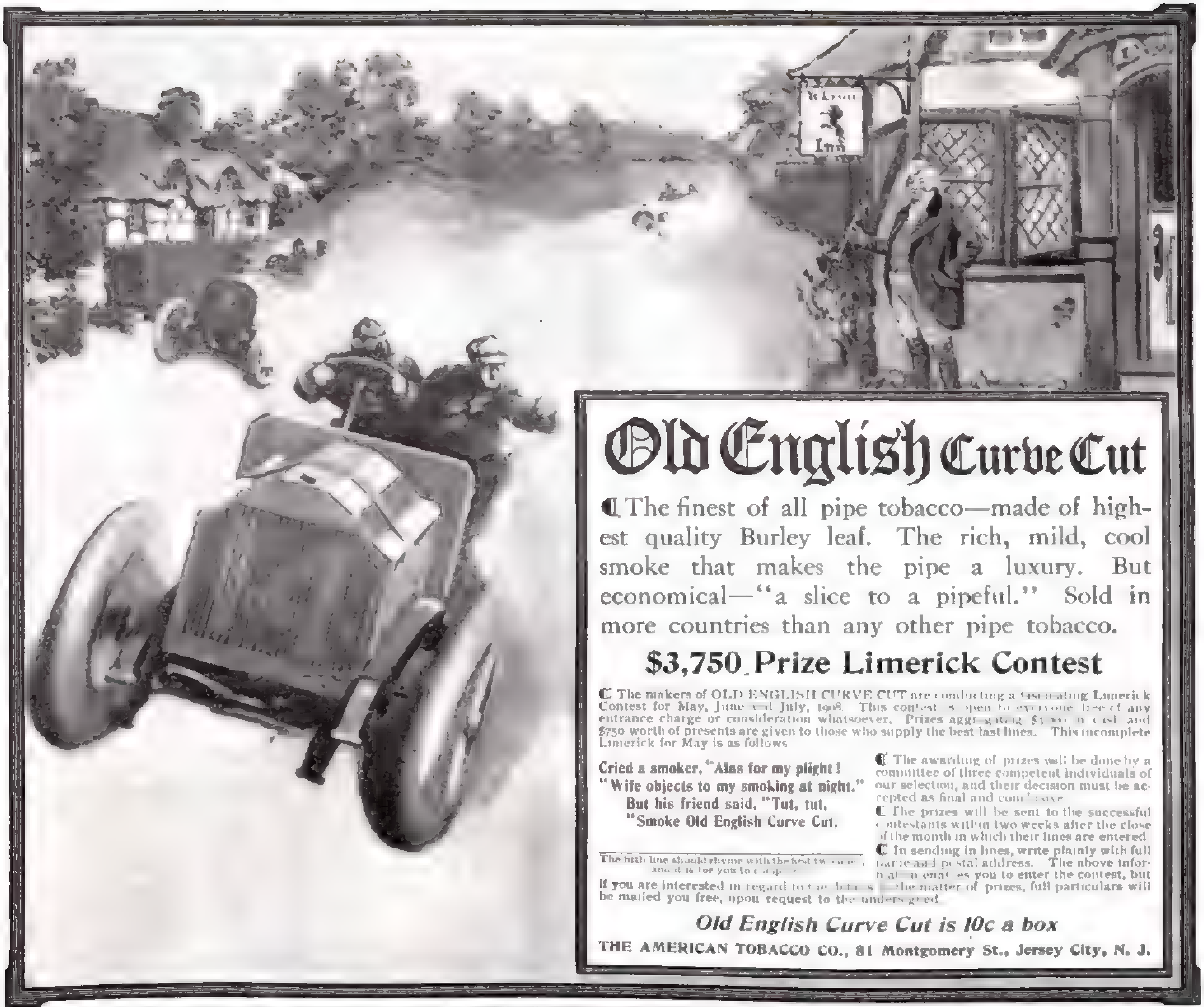
Ward Safety Razor Co.
1228 Star Building, Chicago.


Thor

We now make the Thor Motorcycle complete as well as the famous Thor Motor. 2½ to 5 H. P. Has the Thor Spring Fork, which increases rider's comfort and adds to life of machine. **Geared Transmission.** Reduces friction 70%. Drive positive and noiseless. Far in advance of all others. Great proposition for agents. Write for Free Catalog.

Aurora Automatic Machinery Co., 320 State Street, Aurora, Ill.

PATENTS **Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence.** Box C, Washington, D. C. Est. 47 years. Best references. Careful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.



Old English Curve Cut

The finest of all pipe tobacco—made of highest quality Burley leaf. The rich, mild, cool smoke that makes the pipe a luxury. But economical—"a slice to a pipeful." Sold in more countries than any other pipe tobacco.

$3,750 Prize Limerick Contest

The makers of OLD ENGLISH CURVE CUT are conducting a fascinating Limerick Contest for May, June and July, 1908. This contest is open to everyone free of any entrance charge or consideration whatsoever. Prizes aggregating $[illegible] in cash and $750 worth of presents are given to those who supply the best last lines. This incomplete Limerick for May is as follows

Cried a smoker, "Alas for my plight!
"Wife objects to my smoking at night."
But his friend said, "Tut, tut,
"Smoke Old English Curve Cut,

The fifth line should rhyme with the first two lines, and it is for you to complete.

The awarding of prizes will be done by a committee of three competent individuals of our selection, and their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

The prizes will be sent to the successful contestants within two weeks after the close of the month in which their lines are entered.

In sending in lines, write plainly with full name and postal address. The above information enables you to enter the contest, but if you are interested in regard to the details in the matter of prizes, full particulars will be mailed you free, upon request to the undersigned.

Old English Curve Cut is 10c a box

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., 81 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

LEARN TO SWIM

BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvad's Water-Wings

Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

[illegible]

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY Hoboken N J

[illegible]

Bright Young Men wanted to act as **Agents**. Liberal [illegible] ments offered. Send for particulars.

INCENSO

THE HYGIENIC DEODORIZING INCENSE

Should be burned in every home in America every day in the year. Its pungent, spicy fumes will reach the most remote corners and destroy every germ and odor, purify the air and leave a pleasing perfume in the room for several hours after burning.

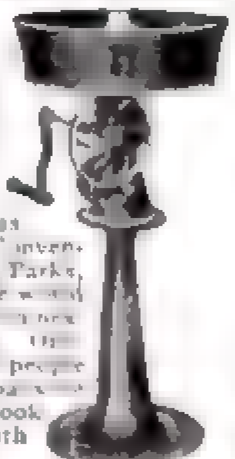
This Burner FREE

Incenso destroys the odors of cooking and tobacco smoke, sick-room and toilet-room odors, and takes the place of moth balls in the closets. **Introductory Offer.** If you have never used Incenso, we will send you this beautiful bronze burner and a generous free sample for your druggist's name. Send 10c for packing and postage. **The INCENSO CO., 415 Fifth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.**

Get this Free Book

Telling How One Operator Made

$1400.00 IN ONE MONTH Profit



Find out how for 4 years others have made splendid success making **"Candy Floss"** at Conventions, [illegible] Parks, [illegible] and Resorts all over the world with Empire Candy Floss Machines. [illegible] Write today for book showing what others are doing with

Empire Candy Floss Machines

Start at once. Work only part of time. Quickly makes a little ordinary grocery sugar into Candy Floss, [illegible] packages of [illegible] sweetness. Sells on sight. Profits very large. Will pay you to write today for Book 13.

Empire Candy Floss Machine Co.
Fisher Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

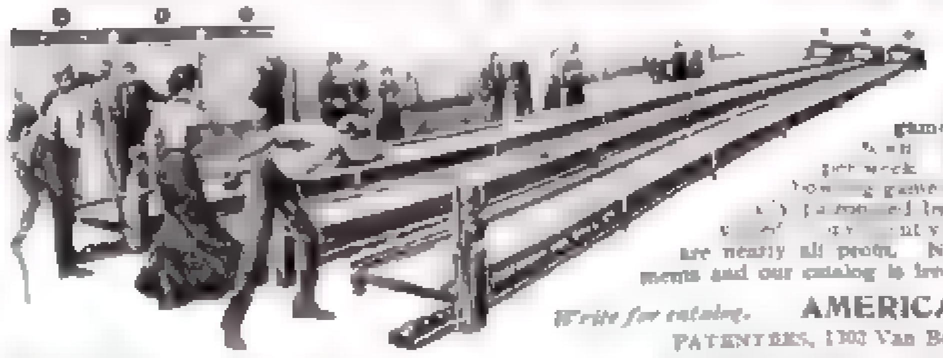
PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 for one invention, another $8,500. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys,
951 F. Street Washington, D. C.

$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150



Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley [illegible] It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. [illegible] These alleys pay from $[illegible] per week. [illegible] bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. [illegible] are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. **AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,**
PATENTEES, 1302 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.

FOX MOTORS

HIGH SPEED—HEAVY DUTY

COMPLETE
1 TO 4 CYL

[illegible] Write for [illegible]

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO
203 Front Street, South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky

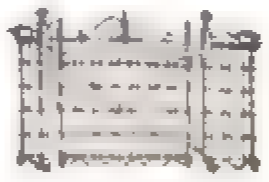
Incorporate Your Business! SOUTH DAKOTA

[illegible] and at less expense [illegible]

S D CORPORATION CHARTER CO 10 Main St Pierre S D

ROSSMAN LAWN FENCE

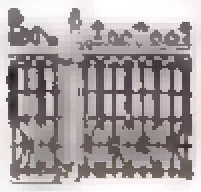
STEEL and IRON



[illegible]

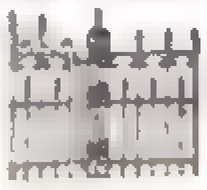
Sleeth-Brook & Seaman Co.
253 Broadway, New York City

Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence



Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for Free Catalog. Address

The Ward Fence Co.
Box 738 Decatur, Ind.



Bright Men and Women

Safely choose profitable investment of small capital [illegible] H. Hedford, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois, for [illegible] It's Free

---

STAMPS: Boys make **money** during **vacation** trading in stamps. We help you—start with our **Surprise** pkt. 1000 asstd., **Ams**, many odd, incl. Malay, Newfoundland, [illegible] **Special** [illegible] **unused** [illegible] 24c [illegible] free. [illegible] free! Agents wtd. [illegible] per ct. **E. J. Schuster Co., Dept. 13, St. Louis Mo.**

We're Going to Raise Your Salary

Such scenes as this are actually taking place every day. Invariably the man who gets the raise is the ***trained*** man—the expert—while the ***untrained*** man plods along at the same old wage.

If ***you're*** poorly paid and ***have ambition*** you're too good a man to be kept down; and you ***wouldn't*** stay down if you only knew how easily you can acquire the training that will put you in the lead. It doesn't cost you anything to find out how you can accomplish this—***how you can have your salary raised.*** The only requirement is the ability to read and write. Simply mark the attached coupon and mail it now to the International Correspondence Schools.

During February **676** students voluntarily reported salary increases and promotions received as a direct result of I. C. S. training.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171 Scranton Pa

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect'l Draftsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name ______
Street and No. ______
City ______ State ______

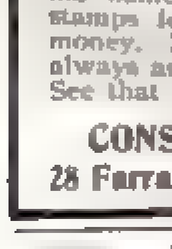
Saving a cent on a paper of pins and buying three papers, is poor economy; when *one* paper of

STEWART'S
DUPLEX
SAFETY PINS

will outlast three of any other kind. They are the best because the stiffer wire doesn't bend, and they stay fastened. The sharp points and the guarded spring prevent tearing the cloth. Fasten from either side, but can't slip through. The only pin that guarantees safety and comfort.

If your dealer does not keep them, send us his name and address with four cents in stamps for samples, retailing for twice the money. Examine them carefully, and you'll always ask for Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins. See that all cards bear the name of

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
28 Farrand Street Bloomfield, N. J.



"DAEMO" DRAWER-SUPPORTERS
Size ½ x ½ in. Snap on or off instantly. Can't unfasten, **can't rust.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded [illegible] nickel plated 10c., [illegible] 30c. At dealers, or, postpaid, on receipt of price. Agents wanted.
D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City.

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 10)

"Oh, yes. No margins for me. I don't understand margins, and they keep me awake at night with anxiety; so we'll make a clean job of this. Buy outright, and pay cash down."

"Lord Stranleigh, permit me to say that, although the stock is lower than ever it has been since the beginning of the road, this will require an amount of money that will probably exceed your expectations. You would need to give the banks reasonable notice if you propose withdrawing from them so very considerable a sum."

"I'll give you ample time. Let's see; it's just ten minutes to midnight. You were exaggerating a while ago when you said I'd rung you up after midnight."

"Oh, I apologized for that."

"So you did. Well, it's not midnight yet, and we can talk about to-morrow. I wish to be in possession of that stock by four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. That will give you time enough, won't it?"

"Impossible!" came in a gasp over the telephone wires.

"Can't you do it in that time?"

"Do it? Why, Lord Stranleigh, if you attempt to pull such a sum out of the banks between ten and four to-morrow, some of them will close their doors. You'll precipitate such a crisis in financial circles as will make the Baring panic seem like a summer vapor."

"Why, hang it all, Montague, what are you growling about? Here you've been saying there's nothing doing, and when a man comes along and wants to do something, you throw all sorts of obstacles in his way. I'm not going to draw anything from the banks."

"Then how are you going to get the money?"

"I've got some shillings up my sleeve; in other words, I hoard a little gold in a safe-deposit vault. I'm going to draw on that."

"Gold! How much?"

"Oh, botheration, Montague! I'm not going to brag, as you did about your pajamas. How much do you want?"

"How much have you got?"

"Anywhere from ten to fifteen millions."

"In gold?"

"Yes."

"Locked up in a safe-deposit vault, and all London and all America clamoring for it! Great Heavens!"

"Well, I did think of sending some of it across to New York, but I changed my mind. Investment begins at home, and I don't understand American finance well enough to meddle with it. Don't understand English finance either, for that matter, but would fifteen millions be enough for what I want?"

"Enough? Enough? Why, my dear Lord Stranleigh, you could buy the earth for fifteen million pounds to-morrow, let alone the Great Southern Railway. Enough!"

"That cheers me up, Montague. You rather frightened me with your pessimism. What time do you reach your office in the city?"

"Nine o'clock. I'll be down there at seven to-morrow, though."

"What an impetuous person you are! Very well; I can't get into my safe-deposit vault until ten o'clock, so I'll call at your office at half-past ten. Of course, I want this thing done with the utmost secrecy."

"Nothing will leak out from my office, Lord Stranleigh."

"By the way, do you happen to know, Montague, when the next annual meeting of the Great Southern Railway takes place?"

"The last day of the year, my lord."

"Will my ownership of this stock allow me to change the management of the road if I wish?"

"Of course. It may be possible that you must give a month's notice, or something of that kind, if you intend to put forward a new board of directors, but I'll learn all that to-morrow and let you know. We're a little far on in the year now, and perhaps you may have to wait till the end of 1908. In case that should be so, will you go on with the purchase?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very good. I shall have everything ready for you by half-past ten to-morrow."

"Right you are, Montague. Excuse my ringing you up at this untimely hour, won't you?"

"Oh, go to thunder! You've made me the happiest man in London, for, if such a purchase as this becomes known within the next few days, you will not only stop the panic, but you'll make millions on the rise of the stock, even if you wish to sell out after the annual meeting."

"Good-night, Montague."

"Good-night, my lord."

GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE,
Great Southern Railway,
November 20, 1907.

The general manager of the Great Southern Railway presents his compliments to Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, and will be pleased to meet his lordship, Sir Philip Sanderson and Mr. Mackeller at this office on Friday, November 22, at 9:30.

"H-mm!" ejaculated Lord Stranleigh, when he read this note. "Curt, but courteous. What a beastly hour he's set! That's what comes of mixing with business men whose time is money. Nine-thirty: how can I manage it? Ah, well, it's first blood to me, anyhow. I must send a chortling telegram to Mackeller, and let him know he was wrong in supposing Preston wouldn't see us. Nine-thirty! Bah! I must walk there in my sleep."

The first impression Lord Stranleigh formed of Mr. Preston was that he was glacial, rather than adamantine. His thin, tightly-compressed lips wore a frost-bitten look. His keen eyes were icy, glittering forth under heavy eyebrows that gave the appearance of a perpetual frown to the forehead. He seldom spoke, but when he did his voice was cold and unsympathetic. A graven image sat at a small table beside Mr. Preston's desk, with a writing pad before him, a fountain pen in his hand ready to take shorthand notes when any one spoke. He was young in years, but his frozen face would never look older than it did now.

"I introduce myself as Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, Mr. Preston. I believe an introduction is not necessary so far as my friends, Sir Philip Sanderson and Mr. Peter Mackeller, are concerned. I may, perhaps, be permitted to apologize for my intrusion here by stating that I come as a friend of both parties, as I told Mr. Mackeller. I own twenty thousand shares of Southern Railway stock, and, though not financially interested in the railway or town of Gorham-on-Sea, belonging to Mr. Mackeller and Sir Philip Sanderson, yet Mr. Mackeller has long been a friend and colleague of mine, and I have advised him, if possible, to come to some amicable arrangement with you."

Mr. Preston frigidly inclined his head. When Lord Stranleigh mentioned his holding of shares in the Great Southern the glittering eyes lit up and seemed to say with great plainness:

"Sir, if you think that twenty thousand shares entitle you to interfere with my decision you will be disillusioned."

Throughout the interview he ignored Sir Philip Sanderson, a portly gentleman with a red face that grew redder, and bushy hair of the purest white. Lord Stranleigh estimated him as a man who most of his life had been in supreme command, and therefore was impatient of restraint. He adjudged him to be of irascible temper, and an excellent critic of wine: nevertheless, a hale, genial old fellow if his toes were not trampled upon.

Peter himself, now that his opportunity had come, seemed almost to be tongue-tied when confronted by this boreal human iceberg. Very lamely he presented his plea. Lord Stranleigh watched this play of cold-storage emotion with amused indifference. He had never met a man just like Preston before. When Mackeller haltingly came to a conclusion, Preston spoke for the first time, and his tones reminded Stranleigh of chilled steel.

"Do I understand you to state, Mr. Mackeller, that I ever promised any traffic arrangements with the so-called Gorham branch?"

"You have never done so to me, Mr. Preston," admitted Peter, "but your agent certainly intimated that, if we ——"

Mr. Preston interrupted: "If our agent made any promise on behalf of the Great Southern Railway I think you should have had it in writing, countersigned by myself."

Mackeller sat dumb. This was exactly what Lord Stranleigh had told him.

There's The Tobacco Worth While

You've never enjoyed a "genuine worth while" smoke unless you have tried Orchid Tobacco. It's the newest and most exquisite blend of pipe tobacco obtainable to-day. Not a grain in a pound could be classed as faulty from improper curing, blending, aging or packing.

Orchid SMOKING TOBACCO

is for the discriminating smoker.

We have been manufacturing smoking tobaccos for a solid century and in all that time have produced nothing to surpass Orchid Tobacco.

We will send prepaid 1 lb. for $3.00, ½ lb. $1.50; ¼ lb. 75c *if your dealer can't supply it.*

To Dealers [illegible] way a demand is being created [illegible]

Orchid
TOBACCO

FRISHMUTH BRO. & CO.,
17th St. and Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
The Oldest Independent Tobacco Manufacturers in the Country.

Fine Leather Neckwear

is very popular, made of alligator grained leather, richly colored in grey, blue, brown, red and other fashionable shades

The illustration, engraved direct from the tie, gives a suggestion of the beauty of this article.

Fine Leather Neckwear is very popular and is selling everywhere because it is neat and correct and it will wear well and tie very easily.

Order a sample in the shade you like best, you will surely feel highly pleased with it and will want other colors also. A stylish novelty that must be seen to be appreciated. Every shade is as richly colored as any cloth or silk.

For sale by dealers, but if your dealer cannot supply you, we will send them to you postpaid for 50 cents each.

S. R. & I. C. McCONNELL CO.
BURLINGTON, IOWA

"The Garter With The Holes"

Crown Make
Perforated
Leather Garter
(Patented April 23, '07)

It's made of one continuous piece of leather. [illegible]

The perforations let your skin breathe. [illegible] Either garter fits either leg.

No bothersome "Rights" and "Lefts."

[illegible] perspiration and odor proof fabric [illegible] garter clean in the most grilling weather.

Made in three adjustable sizes—small, medium and large—to retail at 50 Cents and $1.00 a Pair. At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

CROWN SUSPENDER CO., 836-838 Broadway, Dept. G, N.Y.

Makers of the [illegible] to be worn under the overshirt [illegible] over the undershirt." [illegible]

Stranleigh spoke very quietly:

"May I ask, Mr. Preston, if you disclaim the agent referred to? Is he, or is he not, in the employment of the Great Southern Railway Company?"

"He is in the employment of our company, Lord Stranleigh, but he has no power to bind us to any particular course of action. Whatever he does must be sent to this office for confirmation. You may, perhaps, appreciate that one of the difficulties of those in authority is to repress undue zeal on the part of the less important servants of the company."

"Why, I should think a visit to your office, Mr. Preston, would very effectually accomplish that," said Stranleigh, with his gentlest smile, but there was no answering smile on the lips of the general manager. He went on as icily as before:

"It is, therefore, our rule that all proposals must be sent to me, and, if approved by the board of directors, my signature then makes it binding on the company. We should have chaos otherwise."

"I quite realize the position, Mr. Preston, and I think your method is most admirable. It has been said that a corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned, yet it must possess an intellect that may be appealed to upon occasion. We are here not to demand any right, not to stand upon any technicality, but to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement that will be fair to both parties."

"I can come to no arrangement in this matter," said Preston with a snap of the jaws that at least was human, if decisive.

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Preston," pleaded Lord Stranleigh in his most silken voice. "Look what an example has been set to us within the past fortnight. All the railway managers of the kingdom said they would not do this and that. All the boards of directors were perfectly firm. On the other hand, there were their employees equally determined to bring on a strike. Now there comes along a moderate, sane man; Mr. Lloyd George, President of the Board of Trade, gets the heads of both parties together, and instead of rapping them against one another, as an impatient person like myself might be inclined to do, he talks soothingly, smoothes away difficulties, and, presto! here's the whole question settled. No strike; directors, shareholders, employees, all satisfied. Now, can't we, on a very, very small scale, do something like that, I enacting, as well as my inefficiency will allow, the part of Mr. Lloyd George, whose cloak, of course, is ludicrously too large for me?"

"Lord Stranleigh, out of courtesy to yourself I shall not declare this conference ended, and will take the trouble to make some explanation to you that may put this matter in a clearer light in your mind. A great railway company cannot be troubled by branches that do not belong to itself, that are not under its own control. Branch lines rarely pay their cost of working, even under the most advantageous conditions. They are merely feeders to the main lines. But when a branch railway is under no control from the central office an intolerable state of things ensues. If we sell tickets over Mr. Mackeller's line from any of our own stations we lay ourselves liable to vexatious actions at law, should a passenger be injured on that small line over which we have no jurisdiction."

"Could not the owners of that small line give you a deed of indemnity, or something of that sort, which would relieve you from responsibility?"

"Not in a case of this kind, Lord Stranleigh, where the owners of the line are practically bankrupt."

Sir Philip Sanderson jerked back his head and blurted out:

"That is a lie. Neither Mr. Mackeller nor myself are practically bankrupt."

Mr. Preston rose to his feet.

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, Lord Stranleigh, and I am compelled to ask you to consider this interview at an end." He glanced at his watch. "There is another deputation waiting."

"Just one moment, Mr. Preston. Would it make any difference to you if you knew you could not become possessed of the Gorham line?"

"Not the slightest. I don't care a straw whether I own it or not."

"Because," said Lord Stranleigh, taking the check from his waistcoat pocket, "I have promised Mr. Mackeller the twenty-six thousand pounds to release his stock."

"That has nothing to do with me, Lord Stranleigh."

Cheerful Country Lighting

By John E. Kennedy

OF ALL good things, that cost little, good *Light* is the best and cheapest.

Because, good Light, strangely enough, goes far toward producing cheerfulness, kindliness and a contented state of mind.

It is wholesome almost as fresh air.

Close up a room for thirty days, darken the windows and lock the doors—

Then see how mustiness will set in, how moths, mould, and unwelcome odors will accumulate.

But, let the *Sunlight* stream in again and note what a difference even a few *hours* of that will make.

Because, Sunlight is a subtle germicide and a mental tonic as well.

Now, there is only *one* artificial Light which has the *same* chemical quality, color-balance, and origin, as Sunlight.

Its name is *"Acetylene Gaslight."*

This Acetylene Light is derived from the self-same source as natural Sunlight, viz., Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen, in combustion.

It has the self-same *color-balance* as Sunlight.

This means that while it has in it *all* the red, yellow, violet and other colors they are so perfectly *balanced* that no one overpowers the others to discolor objects which it falls on.

That's *why* Acetylene Light is *white*—like Sunlight. That's *why* you can distinguish pale yellow, pale pink, or pale blue, as clearly by Acetylene Light *at night* as by Sunlight during the day.

That's *why* Plants grow as fast, and as *naturally*, under Acetylene Gaslight *at night* as they do under true Sunlight by day.

Moreover, that's *why* Acetylene Light has the same *cheering*, strengthening, antiseptic *tonic*, quality as Sunlight, and the same wholesome effect upon Eyesight.

Plants die under continued exposure to the red and yellow rays of Kerosene, Gasolene, or City Gaslight, when denied Sunlight. And they grow into *distorted* monstrosities under the bluish or violet rays of the Electric (Mercury) Light.

But, they thrive freely under Acetylene *because* it is the same true Sunlight under which the Human Race has developed, and to which it has adapted itself for centuries.

It is the clearest, purest, coolest, *safest*, most brilliant, beautiful and *diffusive* of all Home-Lights.

When once installed it will give you as much candle-power, as you now secure from regular Kerosene Lamps, Wicks and Chimneys, for a *third less cost*.

Moreover,—it can be completely installed from cellar to garret, of the average country home, in about two days' time without the slightest damage to walls, ceilings, or floors.

Then, there will be no *more* dirty lamp-cleaning, filling, wick-snuffing, nor chimney-wiping.

No more disagreeable smell of stale Kerosene, no more soot on lace curtains, draperies, or walls,—no more danger from the carrying around of lighted hand-lamps.

With Acetylene Gaslight you merely turn a tap on a handsome brass wall bracket, or on a hanging chandelier, and thus light up *brilliantly* or *softly*, according to how *much* you turn it.

Once a month you must fill the Generator with Carbide. That takes about 15 to 30 *minutes* work *per month* (as against 15 to 30 *hours* per month with Lamps). Then, you have true Sunlight-at-night, cool, soft, odorless, eye-saving, wide-spreading, and brilliant as burning Diamonds.

ACETYLENE

This Acetylene Light sheds a divine white glory over everything it falls on, brightening up a home like the putting of varnish over a faded picture.

Shall we tell you how *little* it need cost to equip a home, hotel, store, or church, with that *glorifying* Acetylene Gaslight?

Then write us *today* how many rooms you've got or how large an interior to light.

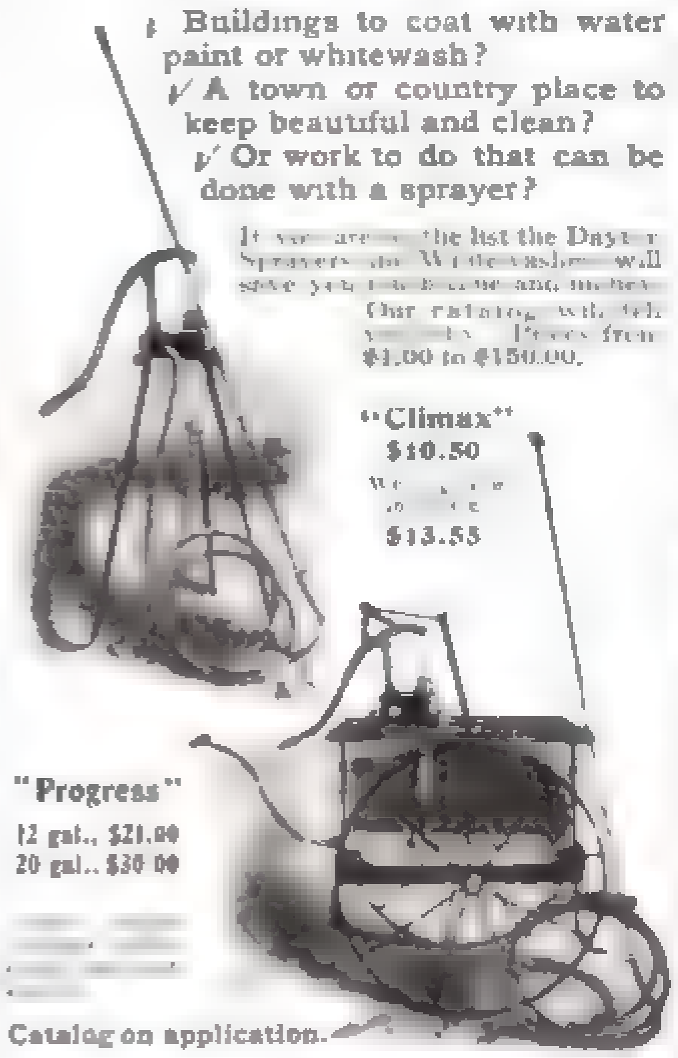
Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. D, 155 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Check Your Position
In This List

- Fruit Grower?
- Farmer?
- Dairyman?
- Breeder of Stock?
- Poultry Raiser?
- Florist?
- Gardener or Park Superintendent?
- Nurseryman?
- Tobacco Planter or Packer?
- Cigar Manufacturer?

Or Have You

- Buildings to coat with water paint or whitewash?
- A town or country place to keep beautiful and clean?
- Or work to do that can be done with a sprayer?



If you are in the list the Dayton Sprayers [illegible] Write [illegible] will save you [illegible] time and money. Our catalog [illegible] Prices from $1.00 to $150.00.

Catalog on application.

Dayton Supply Co.
Dept. L, Dayton, Ohio

Write for FREE BOOK Showing Fountains from $150 up

Decatur Fountain Draws Trade

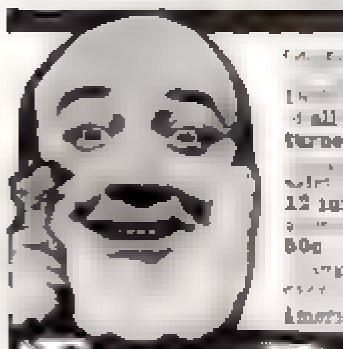
Put in a big handsome Decatur Soda Fountain and people will flock to your store. Think what the effect [illegible] Decatur Fountain [illegible] large [illegible] be on your [illegible]. Now is the time to reap a harvest in the soft drink business. Be ready to get the trade of your community with a Decatur Fountain. You can use it for summer drinks 26 weeks of the year and then put in hot drinks for the other 26 weeks.

A DECATUR FOUNTAIN
Pays You All the Year Round

Why lose money with a poor, cheap looking outfit when you can have a beautiful Decatur Fountain at the same price? We are talking to the man that has $150 and up to invest. By our direct selling plan we can save you 50 per cent [illegible] price [illegible] strong money-back guarantee! Write for book illustrating and [illegible] lowest prices you ever heard of on the [illegible] you need.

WRITE TODAY

Decatur Fountain Co., Lock Box 10, Decatur, Ill.



[illegible] best [illegible] Ever-Ready Safety Razor [illegible] of all [illegible] or your money returned [illegible] 12 intensely sharp Ever Ready blades [illegible] 10 for 50c [illegible] Ever Ready [illegible] Mail orders prepaid $1. American Safety Razor Co., 320 B'way, N.Y.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1 Complete

"You still refuse even to discuss an equitable arrangement?"

"Lord Stranleigh, I *have* discussed it for a longer time than I had intended. I am already encroaching on the hour set for another delegation."

"Very well. Mackeller, here is your check," said Stranleigh, handing it to him. "Sir Philip Sanderson, will you do me the honor of breakfasting with me at twelve? I think I can count on Peter, and I shall be delighted if both of you come."

"With great pleasure," said Sir Philip gruffly, still fuming under the treatment he had received from the general manager. To the latter Lord Stranleigh turned with a smile.

"I suppose even a general manager must eat upon occasion, Mr. Preston. Will you not oblige me by thinking this matter over for an hour or two? At half-past eleven I shall send my automobile here for you, if you will allow me, and I beg you to join our table at twelve. I am happy in possessing a *chef* who is really a treasure."

"Thank you. I never transact business at lunch, Lord Stranleigh."

"Neither do I, Mr. Preston, but arrive at twelve, and we will discuss the cook."

"Quite impossible, Lord Stranleigh. Thank you all the same."

"Oh, well, if between now and then you change your mind, I'll expect to see you."

He laid a card on the general manager's desk, took a pen, and wrote the address of his house on it.

"Thank you very much for your courtesy in receiving us. I always feel like an interloper in a business office, and therefore my gratitude goes out to those who bear with me in such an unaccustomed place. Good-morning, Mr. Preston."

"Good-morning, Lord Stranleigh."

As the old and the young man very dejectedly descended the stairs of the Great Southern Railway offices, Lord Stranleigh hurried up behind them and flung an arm over each shoulder.

"Cheer up!" he cried.

"He's a hard man," growled Mackeller.

"He is an outrageous beast," exploded Sir Philip Sanderson, apparently glad to find expression at last. "An overbearing, browbeating beast, who knows he's got us under his heel, and I do think that, when an Englishman is a beast, he's the worst beast in creation."

"Tut-tut-tut!" cried Stranleigh. "Don't libel your countrymen, Sir Philip. A beast is a beast wherever you find him, and, if you ask me, I don't think there's much to choose between them. Everything is all right, so let's put on cheerful countenances, and I'll promise you something good to eat."

"You don't seem afraid to join us, then, Lord Stranleigh?" said Sir Philip.

"Afraid? Why, hang it, no. I've just been amusing myself this morning. The general manager looks on our conference as waste of time. So it is. I knew that from the first. I was merely giving the man his chance. He didn't take it. He'll try to recover lost ground when he breakfasts with us at twelve."

"But he said he wasn't coming."

"Oh, he *said* that, but *he* doesn't know. He thinks he's general manager of the Great Southern, instead of which he's Kuropatkin at Mukden. He's looking after his front defenses, and we made a frontal attack, therefore we are repelled; but he hasn't looked out for his flanks, always a fatal mistake in war. Ah, here's the automobile."

But there were two automobiles. From one of them an eager young man sprang forward and cried:

"Oh, Lord Stranleigh, does it go?"

Stranleigh flung out his arms.

"It goes!" he cried.

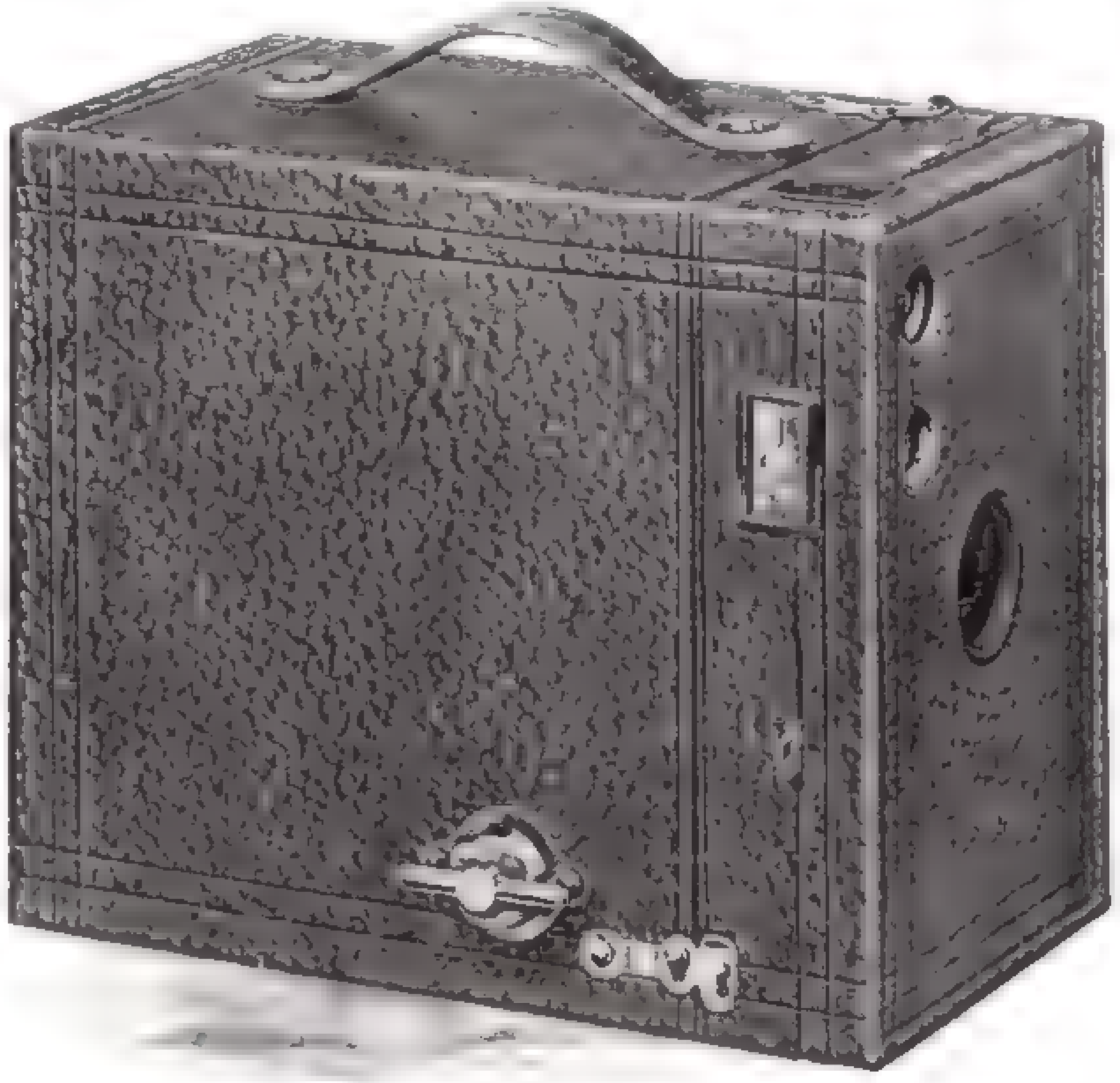
"Lord Stranleigh, how can I ever thank you for this?"

"Well, don't try to do it. Spring on your machine, away, and get this news on the wires red-hot within ten minutes. I want to see it ticking on the tape when I reach the Corinthian Club."

The eager young man sprang on his machine and fled at a rate of speed that defied the legal limit.

"Now, there goes what they call a hustler, out West: a splendid, upright young fellow, fighting his way in the world. He's done me one or two good turns in my life. He belongs to the Press Corporation Limited, and is up to snuff. I have placed in his hands a piece of news that will send a thrill up the congealed backbone of old Preston."

ANYBODY CAN KODAK.



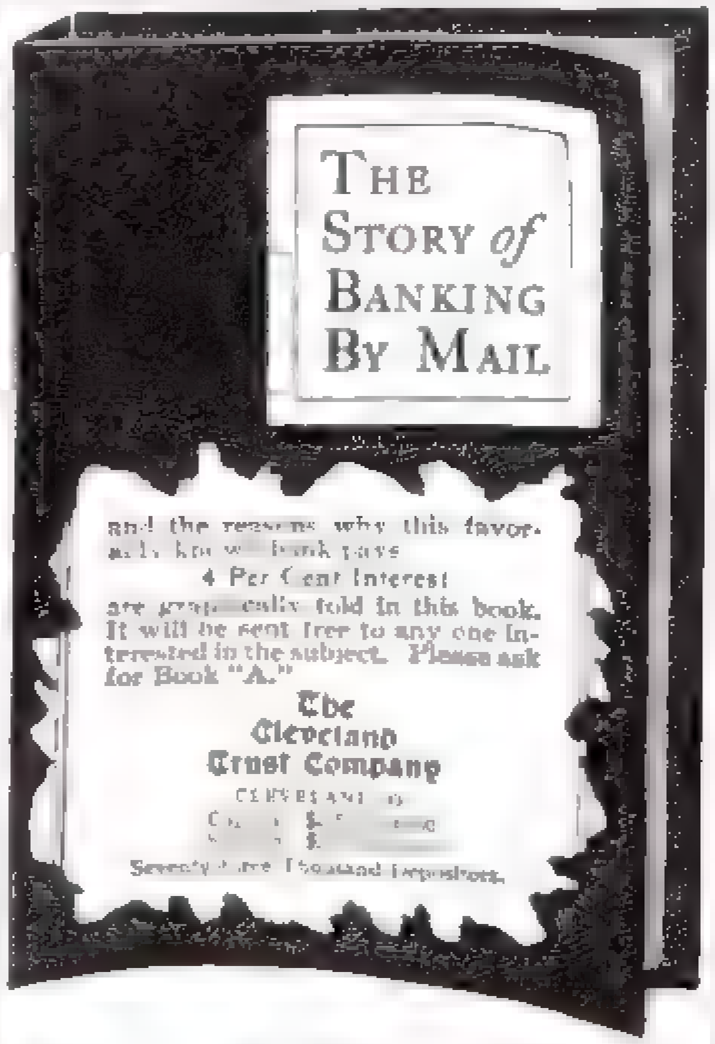
The No. 2A Brownie

Pictures, 2½x4¼. Price, $3.00.

Built on the Kodak plan—uses Kodak film cartridges and may be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight. No dark-room for any part of the work. A perfectly practical little camera for snapshots or time exposures.

THE 1908 KODAK CATALOGUE fully describes and illustrates our six styles of *Brownies* and fifteen styles of *Kodaks*, ranging in price from $1.00 to over $100.00, and fully explains the daylight development methods which have done away with the dark-room. Free at any Kodak dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*



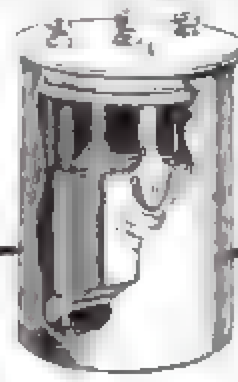
THE STORY *of* BANKING BY MAIL

and the reasons why this favorably known bank pays

4 Per Cent Interest

are graphically told in this book. It will be sent free to any one interested in the subject. Please ask for Book "A."

The Cleveland Trust Company
CLEVELAND, O.
Capital $[illegible]
Surplus $[illegible]
Seventy-three Thousand Depositors.



EDISON IGNITION

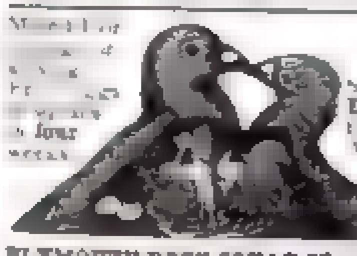
for gas or gasoline engines will interest all who know all about all other kinds. It's infallible. Booklet on request.

EDISON MANUFACTURING CO.
21 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Make Your Own CONCRETE BLOCKS

[illegible] cement [illegible] $33.25 [illegible]

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 600 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.



SQUAB BOOK FREE

[illegible] in four weeks [illegible] Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book [illegible] Market [illegible] We were first [illegible]

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO. 423 Howard St. Melrose, Mass.

FLAMING POCKET LIGHTER

[illegible] lighter [illegible] matches [illegible] 50c.

Live agents and dealers wanted everywhere.

Walton & Co., Dept. 5, 1135 Broadway, N. Y.

PAGE FENCE LASTS LONGEST

Page Fence is woven from heavy galvanized high [illegible] wire [illegible] rough treatment. Lasts a lifetime. Write for Catalog.

Page Woven Wire Fence Co. Box 8921, Adrian, Mich.

Stamps Given [illegible] different U. S. stamps for the [illegible] postage — 1 lb. mixed foreign [illegible] — 10 different foreign coins 15c — 40 Japan on colored sheet 19c.

Toledo Stamp Company, Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Needraw

BOSTON GARTER

Designed to be Worn With Knee Drawers

NON-ELASTIC TUBULAR KNIT LEG BAND

ELASTIC ADJUSTABLE PENDANT

No Metal Touches The Leg

Made With The Celebrated

Velvet Grip

Cushion Rubber Button

CLASP

[illegible] your haberdasher [illegible]

[illegible]

25 Cents

Geo. Frost Co.

Sole Makers Boston

GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Easy Money

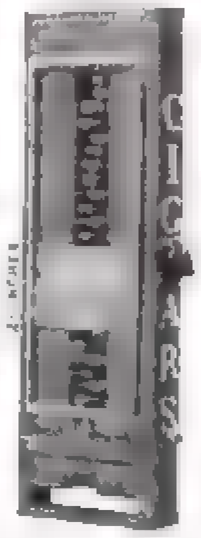
This machine makes it for you while you eat, sleep or attend to other business.

The Only Practical Cigar Seller

[illegible]

Some owners make $50 per week

Get in quick and secure [illegible] territory. Going fast. Write [illegible]



Automatic Vending Machine Company

2-12 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis

WALTHAM FRICTION DRIVE RUNABOUTS

Model 16

Model 16 4 H P $400

[illegible] miles per gallon of gasolene

Model 26

Model 26—8 H. P. $600.

Wheel steer 2 cylinder Air cooled.
Speed 40 miles per hr Fine hill climber

Why not secure a gen- [illegible]

Doctors and Reliable Business Men!

For the next 30 days [illegible] The Waltham [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] and durability to any car costing $1,000. Write at once for special agency offer in your territory.

WALTHAM MANUFACTURING CO.
Waltham, Mass.

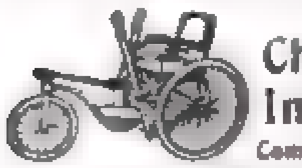
FIX YOUR ROOF

5c Per Square — We will guarantee to [illegible] leaky, worn-out, rusty, [illegible] steel, paper, felt, gravel or shingle roof in perfect [illegible] and keep it in perfect condition for 5c per square per year

Roof-Fix The Perfect Roof Preserver, makes old worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our free roofing book tells all about it. Write for it today.

The Anderson Manufacturing Co., Dept. 68, Elyria, Ohio

Tricycles for Cripples



and

Chairs for Invalids

Complete catalog sent on request. Write for it today.

WORTHINGTON CO., 119 Cedar St., Elyria, Ohio

6% AND SAFE!

Interest paid on deposits compounded half yearly. Write for free booklet A.

EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO.
GEO. A. SMITH Pres. MACON, GA.

CEMENT The wo[illegible] building material [illegible] Be informed. Send 10 cents for sample copy and premium offer on our great monthly magazine only $1 per year

CEMENT ERA, 841 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS THAT PAY [illegible] Protect Your Idea [illegible] Book. Free report as to Patentability

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1156 F, Wash., D. C.

"What have you done?" demanded Mackeller.

"That young man in the swift runabout is a fuse. Didn't you see me light him up with the words 'It goes'? Now let us get under cover before the explosion."

It was too early in the day for many members to be about in the Corinthian Club, so there was no sign of the explosion, although the tape machines of various kinds were chattering away like mad. Lord Stranleigh conducted his two guests to a private room, where they refreshed themselves while he related what he had done.

Shortly after the recital was finished the steward of the club, a solemn-faced man, came into the private room.

"Lord Stranleigh," he asked, "do you wish it known that you are in the club?"

"I'd rather not have it known, if you don't mind."

"There have been a great many telephone calls for you, and a number of pressmen are in the lobby, increasing every minute."

"Say that I have had typewritten full particulars of the affair, how it was done, and all the information they can require, and this document is in the hands of Mr. Jasper Dent, at the offices of the Press Corporation Limited. He has instructions to give them access to the document, only part of which he has himself used in his first messages over the wires."

At half-past eleven the trio walked from the club to Lord Stranleigh's residence. The newspaper boys were flying through the streets with flaring contents bills put out by the evening press.

"STOCK EXCHANGE THUNDERBOLT!" appeared on one in huge black type. "LORD STRANLEIGH BUYS THE GREAT SOUTHERN. UNPRECEDENTED JUMP OF SIXTEEN POINTS IN THE STOCK!"

Another had it

"LORD STRANLEIGH AND THE GREAT SOUTHERN! CLEAN SWEEP OF THE MANAGEMENT! Determination to make the Southern equal to the Midland."

Yet another sheet announced:

"Lord Stranleigh makes twenty-five millions between two games of billiards. Buys Southern at eleven, and can sell it now for twenty-seven.'

Once Stranleigh was inside the hall of his own house Ponderby whispered:

"The general manager of the Great Southern has been waiting here for half an hour, my lord."

"All right. Show him into the breakfast-room."

"I have come to talk business," said Mr Preston, declining the proffered chair.

"No, you haven't," denied Lord Stranleigh. "Truth is, my dear Preston, you don't know what you're doing to-day. The fog has got into your head."

"Are you going to make a clean sweep of the management, as the papers say?"

"It all depends on yourself, Mr. Preston. I never shove a man against the wall if I can help it. But, on the other hand, I don't enjoy being pushed into a corner myself. Will you join our metals to the rails of your main line?"

"Yes."

"Will you rebuild the station at the Junction?"

"Yes."

"It is easily given out that this rebuilding was intended from the first, because I surmise that you are a reticent man, Mr. Preston, and take no one into your confidence. May we have a nice corridor train running without a stop from London to Gorham-on-Sea, labeled in lovely gilt letters 'THE GORHAM EXPRESS'?"

"It will never pay, Lord Stranleigh."

"Give it time and it will."

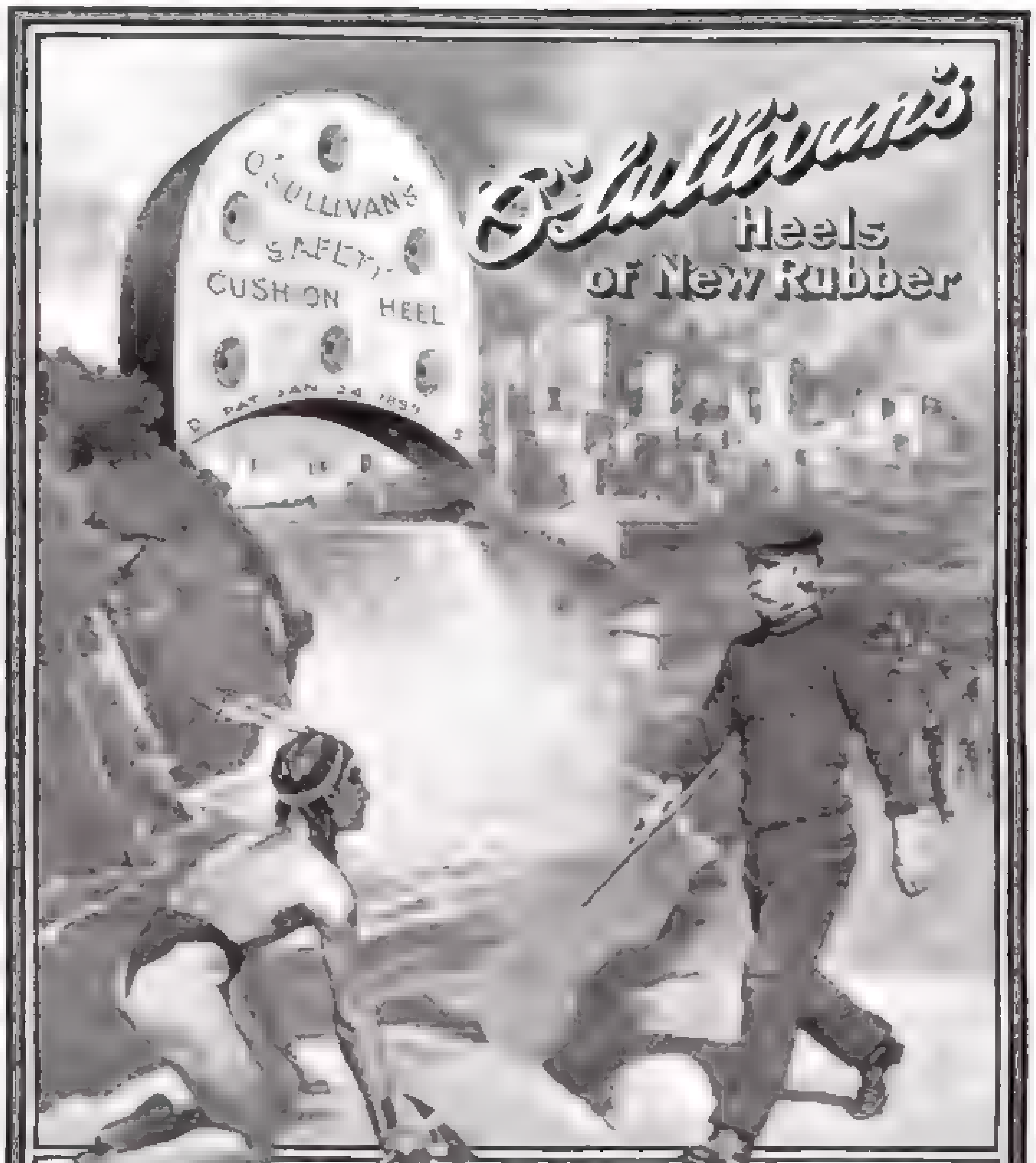
"Very well."

Lord Stranleigh turned to the dignified Ponderby, who stood like the Sphinx in the background.

"Ponderby, just ring up Jasper Dent, Press Corporation Limited. Tell him from me that the rumor about a change in management on the Great Southern is not true. Say that Mr. Preston will remain the general manager, and will inaugurate many beneficial changes that he has long contemplated.

And now, Preston, draw up to the table, for this royal turbot, like the tide it comes from, waits for no man."

Editor's Note — This is the last of a new series of stories of the adventures of Young Lord Stranleigh, by Mr. Barr.



O'Sullivan's Heels of New Rubber bridge the chasm between the barefooted savage and civilized man. The savage walked gracefully because he used his foot muscles and his toes, and had the earth for a cushion. The disuse of the foot muscles and the impact of hard leather heels cause improper attitude in walking, which in turn causes flat foot and kindred deformities. Walking is man's natural means of locomotion and is universally conceded to be the healthiest and best exercise.

Heels of new rubber fitted to your walking shoes enable you to walk naturally, gracefully, and faster, with the same effort. The new rubber absorbs the impact at each step, saves nervous and physical strain, and restores the natural cushion to the human foot. Price, 50c. All dealers. Specify "O'Sullivan's" for new rubber. By mail send [illegible] and diagram of heel to the makers

Valuable Booklet on Walking, Walking Shoes and Foot-fitting for a postal

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Safe Investment paying 5¾%

THE individual having $1000 or more to invest, need not accept 4% interest or less in order to obtain a thoroughly safe investment.

We are selling and fully recommend a long time bond secured by mortgage on one of the largest [illegible] to sell at a higher price.

[illegible] will be forwarded upon application.

Adams & Company INVESTMENT BANKERS
18 Congress Street, BOSTON

Preferred R. R. Stocks
Are netting from 4 to 6%
Preferred Industrials
Are netting from 6 to 9%

Selected lists embracing interesting statistics furnished on application.
GREAT OPPORTUNITY for appreciation in principal invested at this time

LARGE or SMALL
Investments outlined

SCHMIDT & GALLATIN
Members of New York Stock Exchange
111 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Financing An Enterprise

A practical book by Francis Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectus writing, methods of presenting, etc., discussed fully. The only successful work on promotion. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pages. Buckram binding, prepaid $4. Send for pamphlet and list of business books.

The Ronald Press, Rooms 29-31, 229 Broadway, N.Y.

Timber Investments

THERE IS NO LUMBER TRUST Pacific Coast timber [illegible]

[illegible] merchantable timber averaging from 20 M [illegible]

California Redwood, Sugar and White Pine;
Oregon Pine (Yellow Fir);
Washington Red Cedar and Spruce.
Write me for [illegible]

JOHN F SOULE 112 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif

6% Land Secured Bonds

at par in sums of $100, $500 and $1,000. Interest paid every six months at American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, issued by the

Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.

Mortgages on lands lying close to Denver are deposited with the above named Bank as collateral security to the bonds in the ratio of 125 to 100. Also all the property of the Company, estimated worth

SECURITY UNDER THE BONDS

Two to Three Million Dollars

Consisting of Canals, Reservoirs, Sites, Water Rights, etc

Trowbridge & Niver Co.
Municipal Bonds
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
Cut out and return [illegible] today

Trowbridge & Niver Co. 1
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send illustrated description of 6% Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. Bonds.

Name

City State

SALES MANAGER

Salesmanship

is the best paid profession

Because Salesmen produce

Because Salesmen are money-makers

The orders they secure are the motive power that keeps the wheels of business turning

The man who is a producer of business is never in danger of being without a good position. Hard times or no hard times, he is sure of a place because he pays his own way—and a good deal more

Be a Producer!

Learn to be a star salesman—the kind of man who is always sure of a good job and a big income.

Salesmanship pays better than any other profession—better than law, or medicine, or engineering—better than nearly any kind of technical work you could take up. And it pays quicker! Capable salesmen earn good money from the start. A salesman's work is pleasant and he is practically his own boss

The Sheldon School helps make salesmen.

Studying the Sheldon Science of Salesmanship by correspondence will fit any man to enter the production side of business, and to be successful there

If you are already a salesman Sheldon can help you to become a better salesman. He has helped 30,000 others, representing every line of business.

Send coupon today for new free booklet outlining the course in Salesmanship. Don't Wait. Investigate this success building plan at once.

Every day you delay adopting some definite plan for increasing your efficiency you become less needed in the business world. You [illegible] making [illegible] start long enough. Now make it

The Sheldon School

1015 Republic Building Chicago

The Sheldon School,
1015 Republic Building, Chicago.

Please send me your new free book on Salesmanship. I am interested in the subjects I have checked below

Salesmanship
Advertising
Business Psychology
Self Education
Promotion
Self Development
Business Logic
System and Costs
Science of Retail Merchandising

Name

Address

Town.............................. State

Position .... Business

All instructions by correspondence.

Every Catholic

question is answered in The

Manual of Prayers

—the official Catholic prayer-book of the Church in America the remarkable book which Cardinal Gibbons "urges all Catholics to use."

It is more than a prayer-book—it is a concise Catholic cyclopedia. Comprises every practice, rite, ritual, precept, faith, hymn and psalm, together with the Stations of the Cross, Introits, Collects, Epistles and Gospels, and Post Communions for all Sundays and principal feasts of the year. Every phase of human life covered—from Baptism to the Last Sacrament. **The Mass is printed in plain type** for those with poor eyesight.

Very convenient in size [illegible] Turkey Morocco, limp back, gold title, blind bands on back, round corners, red under gold edges. Sold by all booksellers, or sent by us for 5 days' examination. (See coupon.)

JOHN MURPHY CO. Dept. B, Baltimore, Md. Please send me the "**Manual of Prayers**," [illegible] within 5 days at your expense.

Name

Address

With name stamped on cover $2.50

THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 5)

"He's met his Circe," cut in Malcourt leaning over the rail; "she's wearing a scarlet handkerchief this season ——"

Portlaw, laughing flatly, nodded. "Louis discovered your Circe through the glasses climbing into your boat ——"

"What a busy little beast you are, Malcourt," observed Hamil, annoyed, glancing down at the small boat alongside

"'Beast' is good! You mean the mere sight of her transformed Louis into the classic shoat," added Portlaw, laughing louder as Hamil, still smiling through his annoyance, went over the side. And a moment later the gig shot away into the star-set darkness

From the bridge Wayward wearily watched it through his night glasses; Malcourt, slim and graceful, sat on the rail and looked out into the Southern dusk, an unlighted cigarette between his full, red lips.

"That kills our four at Bridge," grumbled Portlaw, leaning heavily beside him "We'll have to play Klondike and Preference now, or call in the ship's cat. . . . Hello, is that you, Jim?" as Wayward came aft, limping a trifle as he did at certain times.

"That girl had a good figure—through the glasses. I couldn't make out her face; it was probably the limit; combinations are rare," mused Malcourt. "And then—the fog came! It was like one of those low-down classical tricks of Jupiter when caught philandering."

Portlaw laughed till his bulky body shook. "The Olympian fog was wasted," he said; "John Garret Hamil, 3d, still preserves his nursery illusions."

"He's lucky," remarked Wayward, staring into the gloom.

"But not fortunate," added Malcourt, "there's a difference between luck and fortune. Read the French classics."

Wayward growled. Malcourt, who always took a malicious amusement in stirring him up, grinned at him sideways.

"No man is fit for decent society until he's lost all his illusions," he said, "particularly concerning women."

"Some of us have been fools enough to lose our illusions," retorted Wayward sharply; "but you never had any, Malcourt, and that's no compliment from me to you."

Portlaw chuckled. "We never lose illusions; we mislay 'em," he suggested; "and then we are pretty careful to mislay only that particular illusion which inconveniences us." He jerked his heavy head in Malcourt's direction. "Nobody clings more frantically to illusions than your unbaked cynic; Louis, you're not nearly such a devil of a fellow as you imagine you are."

Malcourt smiled easily and looked out over the waves.

"Cynicism is old-fashioned," he said; "dogma is up to date. *Credo!* I believe in a personal devil, virtuous maidens in bowers, and rosewood furniture. As for illusions, I cherish as many as you do!" He turned with subtle impudence to Wayward. "And the world is littered with the shattered fragments."

"It's littered with pups, too," observed Wayward, turning on his heel. And he walked away, slowly, limping, his white mess jacket a pale spot in the gloom.

Malcourt looked after him, an edge of teeth glimmering beneath his full, red upper lip.

"It might be more logical if he'd cut out his alcohol before he starts in as a gouty marine missionary," he observed. "Last night he sat there looking like a superannuated cavalry colonel in spectacles, neuritis twitching his entire left side, unable to light his own cigar; and there he sat and rambled on and on about innate purity and American womanhood."

He turned abruptly as a steward stepped up bearing a decanter and tray of glasses.

Portlaw helped himself, grumbling under his breath that he meant to cut out this sort of thing and set Wayward an example.

Malcourt lifted his glass gayly:

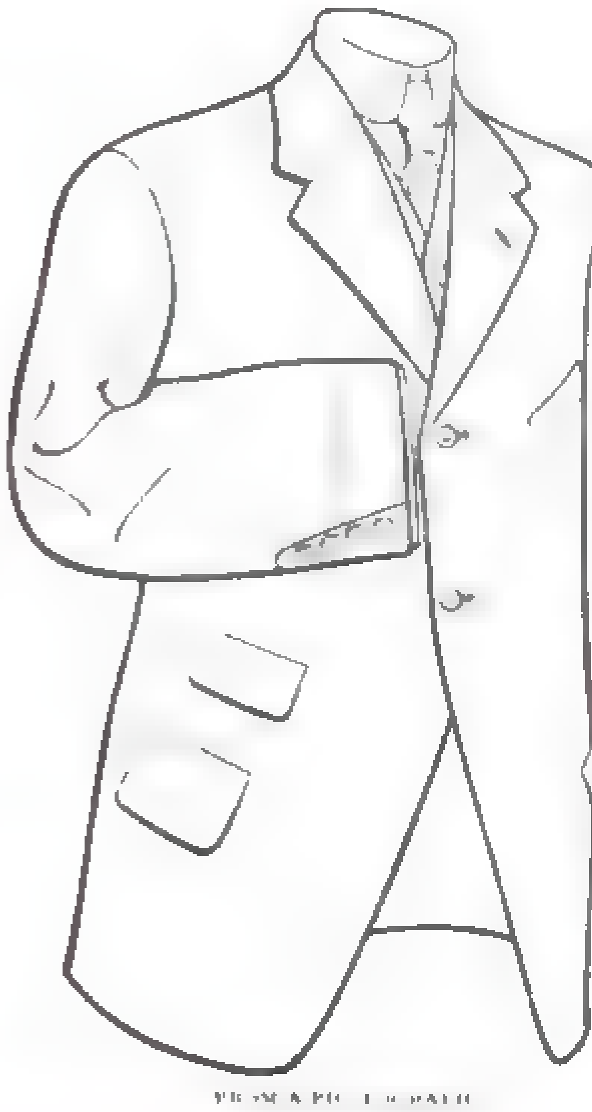
"Our wives and sweethearts: may they never meet!"

They set back their empty glasses; Portlaw started to move away, still muttering about the folly of self-indulgence, but the other detained him.

"Wayward took it out of me in 'Preference' this morning while Garry was out courting. I'd better liquidate to-night, hadn't I, Billy?"

"Certainly," said Portlaw.

Tailors in a Big Sense



STEIN-BLOCH are tailors for men—2,500 tailors in one big shop. Their methods are time-honored tailoring methods, expanded beyond the point that any one-man tailoring establishment can afford.

The process is so systematized and perfect that instead of fitting one man and producing the best result, they fit many men and produce the best results—and do it at an economical cost to you.

They are the foremost practical tailors in the world, and they have your suit and your overcoat ready for you at your best clothier's, so you can put them on and wear them immediately.

Write for "Smartness," the style book for men, illustrated with photographs of the new Spring and Summer models

The Stein-Bloch Co
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888.

STEIN-BLOCH
Smart Clothes

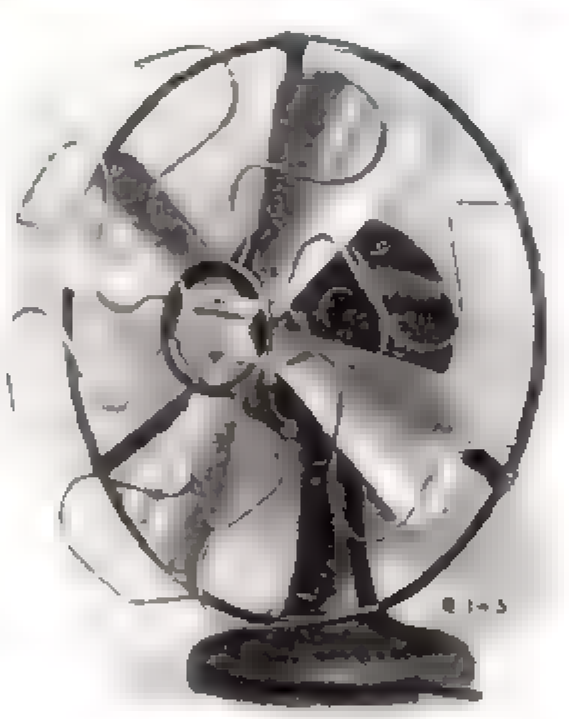
SINCE 1854

Offices and Shops:
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

NEW YORK
130-132 Fifth Ave.

Special New Household Model Price $9.00

Direct or Alternating Current



The "STANDARD" ELECTRIC FANS

Give a maximum of efficiency and comfort at a trifling cost—our special new household model requires only about one-half the amount of current consumed by the ordinary 16 c. p. lamp.

It is an ideal fan for every home purpose—small, light and easily moved about, yet performing most satisfactorily the work of the ordinary more cumbersome type of desk fan. It very speedily becomes indispensable in hot weather and is particularly appreciated in the sick-room

"The Standard" line includes fans for all popular requirements, in either **Direct or Alternating current,** and every model carries our guarantee of perfection in both material and workmanship.

Stocks of Fans are carried by dealers in all principal cities. If your local dealer has not these Fans on hand, send your orders to our factory or nearest branch below and prompt shipment will be made. Our Fan Booklet awaits your request.

New York, 145 Chambers St. Philadelphia, 1109 Arch St. Chicago, 48 West Jackson Boulv'd. Cleveland, W. S. Horning, 337 Frankfort Ave., N.W. New Orleans, S. J. Stewart, 214 Bourbon St. Dallas, 264 Live Oak St.

The Robbins & Myers Co. Main Office and Factory SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 $3.50

I make and sell more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the WORLD

BECAUSE

My world wide reputation for the past 32 years, as the maker and retailer of the best shoes for the money, is [illegible] of every pair.

BECAUSE

W. L. Douglas [illegible] equal for [illegible] wear.

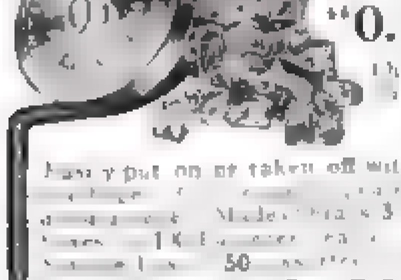
Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

[illegible]

CAUTION [illegible] Take No Substitute [illegible]

W. L. DOUGLAS 163 Spark St. Brockton Mass.



MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

[illegible]

"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS

[illegible]

Perfect Security

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb [illegible] 10c [illegible] 50 [illegible] Booklet free

NO 18

THE O. K. MFG. CO. Dept. F Syracuse N. Y.

5 Acres, $5 Down

$5 MONTHLY PRICE $100

[illegible]

DANIEL FRAZIER COMPANY

682 Bailey Building Philadelphia, Pa.

6%

Deposits with this bank on our Certificate plan draw interest at the rate of six per cent

Capital $100,000.00

Please write for booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes An ideal resort for rest or recreation

[illegible] close to great South Park [illegible]

51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago

NEW GREAT INDUSTRY

Manufacture Concrete Building Blocks

Practically unlimited [illegible] investment [illegible] Write for FREE catalog.

Hercules Mfg. Company, Dept. 220, Centerville, Iowa

HOUSE PLANS Take the National Builder [illegible]

— Full of interesting practical building information [illegible] architect's plan at quarter scale in supplement [illegible]

[illegible] a year. Send 10c for sample [illegible]

THE NATIONAL BUILDER, 1308 Pontiac Building, Chicago

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates [illegible] goods [illegible] to and from all points on the Pacific [illegible]

[illegible] Los Angeles

Expert Photo. Finishing Promptly by Mail

Highest Grade Work. Reasonable Prices. Enlargements and Copies a specialty. Splendid Agency Proposition for [illegible] Gentlemen, [illegible] for particulars.

Robt. F. Johnston, 12 North Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The other shook his head. "I'll get it all back at Miami, of course. In the mean time—if you don't mind letting me have enough to square things ——"

Portlaw hesitated, balancing his bulk uneasily first on one foot, then the other.

"I don't mind; no; only ——"

"Only what?" asked Malcourt. "I told you I couldn't afford to play cards on this trip, but you insisted."

"Certainly, certainly! I expected to consider you as—as ——"

"I'm your general manager and I'm ready at all times to earn my salary. If you think it best to take me away from the estate for a junketing trip and make me play cards you can do it, of course; but if you think I'm here to throw my money overboard I'm going back to-morrow!"

"Nonsense," said Portlaw; "you're not going back. There's nothing doing in winter up there that requires your personal attention ——"

"It's a bad winter for the deer—I ought to be there now ——"

"Well, can't Blake and O'Connor attend to that?"

"Yes, I suppose they can. But I'm not going to waste the winter and my salary in the semi-tropics just because you want me to ——"

"Oh slush!" said Portlaw, "what are you kicking about? Have I ever ——"

"You force me to be plain-spoken; you never seem to understand that if you insist on my playing the wealthy do-nothing, you've got to keep me going. And I tell you frankly, Billy, I'm tired of it."

"Oh, don't flatten your ears and show your teeth," protested Portlaw amiably. "I only supposed you had enough—with such a salary—to give yourself a little rope on a trip like this, considering you've nobody but yourself to look out for, and that *I* do that and pay you heavily for the privilege"—his voice had become a mumble—"and all you do is to take vacations in New York or sit on a horse and watch an army of men plant trout and pheasants, and cut out ripe timber. Oh, what's the use of squabbling? Come on down to my stateroom and let us figure it up before Jim Wayward begins to turn restless and limp toward the card-room."

As they turned and strolled forward, Malcourt nudged him:

"Look at the fireworks over Lake Worth," he said; "probably Palm Beach's welcome to her new and beardless prophet."

"It's one of their bum Venetian fêtes," muttered Portlaw. "I know 'em; they're rather amusing. If we weren't sailing in an hour we'd go. No doubt Hamil's in it already, probably Cardross put him next to a bunch of dreams and he's right in it at this very moment."

"With the girl in the red handkerchief," added Malcourt. "I wish we had time."

"I believe I've seen that girl somewhere," mused Portlaw.

"Perhaps you have; there are all kinds at Palm Beach, even yours, and," Malcourt added with his easy impudence, "I expect to preserve my notions concerning every one of them. Look at that sheaf of sky-rockets! Zip! Whir-r! Bang! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!—bless her heart!"

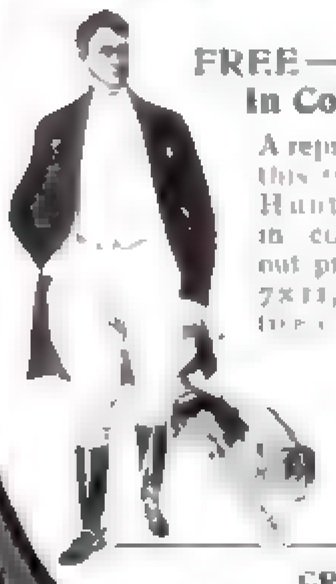
"Going up like Garret Hamil's illusions," said Portlaw sentimentally. "I wonder if he sees 'em and considers the moral they are writing across the stars. Oh, slush! Life is like a stomach, if you fill it too full it hurts you. What about *that* epigram, Louis? What about it?"

The other's dark, graceful head was turned toward the fiery fête on shore, and his busy thoughts were with that lithe, dripping figure he had seen through the sea-glasses, climbing into a distant boat. For it reminded him of a girl he had known well when the world was younger; and the memory was not wholly agreeable.

CHAPTER III

HAMIL stood under the cocoanut palms at the lake's edge and watched the lagoon where thousands of colored lanterns moved on crafts that were invisible except when revealed in the glare of the rushing rockets.

Lamps glittered everywhere; electric lights were doubly festooned along the sea-wall, drooping creeper-like from palm to palmetto, from flowering hibiscus to sprawling banyan, from dainty china-berry to grotesque screw-pine tree, shedding strange witch-lights over masses of blossoms, tropical and semi-tropical. Through which the fine-spun spray of fountains drifted, and the great mousy dusk-moths


Crawford Shoes

FOR MEN $3.50—$4.00—$5.00

Naturally I boom my own business, because I am justified in telling you that I believe Crawford Shoes are the best investment a man can make for his money. *I know the shoes will back up my statements!*

Crawford Shoes are a combination of superior materials properly put together. For weeks past I have been telling *Post* readers of the thoroughness and care used in their construction.

Take my advice—buy a pair of Crawfords from your dealer.

Charles A. Eaton

"That Custom Look"

No. 2524 — SKIDDOO — Price $4.00

[illegible]

FREE— In Colors

A reproduction of this "Crawford Hunting Man" in colors, without printing, size 7×11, will be sent free on request.

CHAS. A. EATON CO. Brockton, Mass.

CRAWFORD FEATURES

"Tredstrate" lasts. "Stay-up" box toe. "Hugtite" [illegible] patterns. Oak-tanned sole leather [illegible] only from the "bend."

Chas. A. Eaton Co. Brockton, Mass.

Please send free Hunting Man Poster, also booklet showing correct shoe styles for spring and summer.

Name

Address

GORDON SUSPENDERS

THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

The sliding back takes the place of rubber.

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE:

If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE.

10 reasons why we can guarantee Gordon Suspenders for one year:

1—Buttonholes in the back ends are **not** cut in—they are **woven** in the webbing, which makes buttonholes that cannot tear.

2—Plenty of stretch in back ends for bending.

3—Ends double stitched and clasped [illegible] separate.

4—**The sliding back takes the place of rubber in the shoulder parts.**

5—Substantial **no-rubber** webbing. Light in weight and the **strongest** suspender webbing.

6—Once fitted the buckles need never be raised. On elastic suspenders buckles need frequent raising.

7—Ends [illegible] neat, simple, strong.

8—The box through which the [illegible] ends ride without hitch. [illegible] allow free action.

9—White [illegible] the **strongest** of all suspender ends. **Proof — our one year guarantee.**

10—Pliable [illegible] tear. Buttonholes [illegible] rather do widen and tear.

Gordon
50¢
GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR
SLIDING BACK
5
6
7
9
10

Gordons are the ONLY suspenders guaranteed for one year.

Our Guarantee tells you exactly what we will do, so that you may know exactly what to expect.

We also allow retailers to exchange Gordons for other suspenders or refund your money if you are not fully satisfied with Gordon Suspenders after wearing them a week. If your dealer hasn't Gordons and will not get them for you—buy of us by mail.

Gordon Suspenders are made in sizes to fit short, medium and tall men.

4 SIZES, 33, 35, 37 and 40 inches. Size is on every pair. When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

Gordons are now sold in a large number of cities. Being NEW they are not yet on sale everywhere. Any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail. 50 CENTS A PAIR, POSTPAID. After one week's wear if you don't like Gordons send them back, and we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

Gordon Suspenders are made in plain Black, White and Plain Colors, also in Stripes.

GORDON MFG. CO., 267 Main Street, New Rochelle, N.Y.

Frishmuth's
CUBE MIXTURE

A Mighty Fine Tobacco

at a medium price, in the handiest shaped box (pocket box)—a combination irresistible to the lover of the pipe. That's the new

FRISHMUTH'S
Cube Mixture

selected and cut from the best tobacco grown. Properly cured, aged and blended. Will not bite the tongue backed by one hundred years' tobacco experience. It's worth a trial

Ten Cents a Box Everywhere

FRISHMUTH BRO. & CO.,
17th St. and Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
[illegible]
Manufacturers in the Country

You Can Learn to be An Illustrator Or a Cartoonist

We teach Illustrating and Cartooning by mail. Our students sell their work and hold positions. [illegible] Money in Drawing, [illegible]

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind

Foreign Hotel and Steamer Labels

The kind that are pasted on [illegible]
Foreign Guide Co St. Louis Mo.

Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2193 pages—1497 vital business secrets. In them is the best of all that they know about

[illegible]

A booklet has been published describing [illegible] how you may get a complete set—bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

I am just like any other live-minded, red-blooded man of business. I keep my eyes and ears and brain open all the year around [illegible]

Name

Address

Business

Position

darted through the bars of light with the glimmering bullet-flight of summer meteors.

Hamil passed on to the left through crowded gardens, pressing his way slowly where all around him lantern-lit faces appeared from the scented dusk and vanished again into it; where the rustle of summer gowns sweeping the shaven lawns of Bermuda grass sounded like a breeze in the leaves.

Out along the shell road he sauntered, Whitehall rising from tropic gardens on his right; on his left endless gardens again, and white villas stretching away into the starlight; on, under the leaning cocoa-palms along quays and low walls of coquina where the lagoon lay under the silvery Southern planets.

He halted, unquiet in the strangeness of it all, restless under its exotic beauty, conscious of the languor stealing over him—the premonition of a physical relaxation that he had never before known—that he instinctively mistrusted.

People in groups passed and repassed along the lagoon wall where, already curiously tired, he had halted beside an old bronze cannon—some ancient Spanish piece, if he could judge by the arms and arabesques covering the breech, dimly visible in the rays of a Chinese lantern.

Beyond was a private dock where two rakish power-boats lay, receiving their cargo of young men and girls—all very animated and gay under the gaudy electric lanterns strung fore and aft, rainbow fashion.

He seated himself on the cannon, lingering until both boats cleared for the carnival, rushing out into the darkness like streaks of multi-colored flame; then, his lassitude increasing, he arose and sauntered toward the hotel, which loomed like a white mountain afire above the dark masses of tropic trees. And again the press of the throng hemmed him in among the palms and fountains and hedges of crimson hibiscus; again the dusk grew gay with voices and the singing overture of violin; again the suffocating scent of blossoms, too sweet and penetrating for the unacclimated, filtered through and through him, till his breath came unevenly, and the thick odors stirred in him strange senses of expectation, quickening with his pulses to a sudden prophecy.

And at the same instant he saw the girl of whom he had been thinking.

She was on the edge of a group of half a dozen or more men in evening dress, and women in filmy white—already close to him—so near that the frail stuff of her skirt brushed him, and the subtle, fresh aroma of her seemed to touch his cheek like a breath as she passed.

"Calypso," he whispered, scarcely conscious that he spoke aloud.

A swift turn of her head, eyes that looked blankly into his, and she had passed.

A sudden realization of his bad manners left his ears tingling. What on earth had prompted him to speak? What momentary relaxation had permitted him an affront to a young girl whose attitude toward him that morning had been so admirable?

Chagrined, he turned back to seek some circling path through the dense crowd ahead, and was aware, in the darkness, of a shadowy figure entering the jasmine arbor. And though his eyes were still confused by the lantern light he knew her instantly in the dusk.

As they passed she said under her breath: "That was ill-bred. I am disappointed."

He wheeled in his tracks; she turned to confront him for an instant.

"I'm just a plain beast," he said. "You won't forgive me, of course."

"You had no right to say what you did. You said 'Calypso'—and I ought not to have heard you. . . . But I did. . . . Tell me; if I am too generous to suspect you of intentional impertinence, you are now too chastened to suspect that I came back to give you this chance. That is quite true, isn't it?"

"Of course. You *are* generous and—it's simply fine of you to overlook it."

"I don't know whether I intend to overlook it; I was surprised and disappointed; but I *did* desire to give you another chance. And I was so afraid you'd be rude enough to take it that—I spoke first. That was logical. Oh, I know what I'm doing—and it's particularly common of me—being who I am ——"

She paused, meeting his gaze deliberately.

CONGO
ROOFING

Congo on Baxter & Co.'s Saw Mill, Fargo, Ga.

Send for Free Sample—To-day!

DOES your roof leak? Then get Congo.

Congo is the best ready roofing ever offered to the man who is looking for something *good, reliable* and *not too expensive.*

It is called "never-leak" Roofing. This sounds like a big claim to make, but *we know* Congo.

Try it. Cover that old roof, which you have repaired for years, with Congo, and you'll find it the most durable, *proof-against-everything* kind of roofing made.

Economical? Yes, for your bills for repairs on other kinds of roofs in a few years would pay for Congo. It's not affected by heat, cold, rain or snow. It is soft and pliable,—like rubber—but infinitely superior because it will not crack, buckle or shrink. Congo will give maximum service at minimum cost. *Cheaper than shingles and will outlast them.*

Isn't Congo worth investigating?

Write for a Free Sample. *Test it.* Soak it in water as long as you like. Water can't hurt Congo. To heat, cold and acid fumes it is also impervious

Congo is the roof you want. Let us hear from you.

UNITED ROOFING AND M'F'G. CO.
Successors to Buchanan Foster Co.
572 West End Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

50¢ The Garment

"Poroskmit"—the coolest—best Summer Underwear for Men

Open knit so that the breezes of fresh air can cool the skin and also allow the heat and odors of perspiration to escape. Feels good next to the body—soft, easy-fitting and well made. A most durable texture of the finest, long staple yarn—knitted to give long wear.

Made in all styles at 50c the garment

"*Poroskmit*" Underwear comes in long sleeves, short sleeves, and athletic shirts and ankle length and knee length drawers. Remember that all open knit shirts are **not** "*Poroskmit.*" There's a decided difference. We sew the "*Poroskmit*" label on every genuine "*Poroskmit*" garment. Insist on it—it's your protection. If you don't find our label find an honest dealer. At all stores where Men's Underwear is sold

If you can't find "Poroskmit" write for our booklet, "Inside Information." "Poroskmit" Union Suits are sold at $1.00

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.

TRADE MARK "Poroskmit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
UNDERWEAR

LOOK FOR THE "DIAMOND"
Trade ◆ Mark
which is slightly raised on the surface of all genuine Fast Color Eyelets if you would have
SHOE EYELETS
That Can't Wear "BRASSY"
Genuine Fast Color Eyelets can always be distinguished by the DIAMOND ◆ Trade-Mark. Made with tops of solid color, they always look new. Ask your shoe dealer about them.
United Fast Color Eyelet Co.
BOSTON MASS.

"ECLIPSE" PANTRY LARDER
Keep Food Sweet and Wholesome
in this all-metal ventilated larder, away from flies, roaches, rodents and resulting *disease germs*. Perfectly ventilated. Rust proof. Made of galvanized sheet steel, enameled with aluminum bronze, handsomely decorated. Fitted with rust-proof screens, no cracks or corners for dust and dirt. Easily cleaned. No odors. A substitute or an auxiliary for the refrigerator. Saves ice bills.

SPECIAL OFFER $8
Special Offer
If dealer or department store will not supply, order direct from factory. Made in five sizes. Size O, 24x16x24 inches, for $8.00. Freight prepaid to Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Specify hanging or standing Larder.
Reference: Commercial National Bank of Syracuse, N.Y.
Write for free Booklet of Nursery Rhymes.
STANDARD GAUGE MFG. CO., Filter Dept. 11, Syracuse, N.Y.

The Perfect Summer Garter
No binding nor slipping — keeps the socks tidy without undue pressure.
A *handsome, clean and durable* dress accessory *for particular men.*
FLEXO and PARIS are on sale by all leading furnishers. If yours is out will send either style for 25c mercerized or 50c silk and if they do not satisfy you will refund purchase price.

PARIS
No Metal Touches the Flesh
No Leather to Absorb Perspiration
A. Stein & Co., Sole Makers, 159 Center Ave., Chicago

Don't Breathe Dust

If you use an auto, live in a dusty climate or work in a dusty place, wear a *Comfort Nasalfilter*, which filters the air through fine linen and prevents dust and other irritating substances from being inhaled. Try one a week; if you keep it, send us $2.50, otherwise return it.
Universal Supply Co.
434 Globe Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

CATNIP BALL (Pat'd) a toy for cats — they can't let it alone; ridiculously amusing; positively beneficial; will last for years. Price 10 Cents, together with package of catnip and other herbs beneficial to cats.
For sale by department, sporting goods, drug and bird stores, and newsstands, or mailed by us on receipt of price.
National Cat Supplies Co.
130 S. Liverpool St.
East Boston, Mass.

10 cents post-paid.
Dealers write for prices.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.
Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

"You don't know who I am. Do you?"

"No," he said. "I don't deserve to. But I'll be miserable until I do."

After a moment: "And you are not going to ask me — because, once, I said that it was nice of you not to?"

The hint of mockery in her voice edged his lips with a smile, but he shook his head. "No, I won't ask you that," he said. "I've been beastly enough for one day."

"Don't you care to know?"

"Of course I care to know."

"Yet, exercising all your marvelous masculine self-control, you nobly refuse to ask?"

"I'm afraid to," he said, laughing; "I'm horribly afraid of you."

She considered him with clear, unsmiling eyes.

"Coward," she said calmly.

He nodded his head, laughing still. "I know it; I almost lost you by saying 'Calypso' a moment ago, and I'm taking no more risks."

"Am I to infer that you expect to recover me after this?" And, as he made no answer: "You dare not admit that you hope to see me again. You *are* horribly afraid of me — even if I have defied convention and your opinions and have graciously overlooked your impertinence. In spite of all this you are still afraid of me, are you?"

"Yes," he said, "as much as I naturally ought to be."

"*That* is nice of you. There's only one kind of a girl that men are really afraid of. . . . And now I don't exactly know what to do about you — being, myself, as guilty and horrid as you have been."

She regarded him contemplatively, her hands joined behind her back.

"Exactly what to do about you I don't know," she repeated, leisurely inspecting him. "Shall I tell you something? I am not afraid to; I am not a bit cowardly about it, either. Shall I?"

"If you dare," he said, smiling and uncertain.

"Very well, then; I rather like you, Mr. Hamil."

"You *are* a trump!" he blurted out, reddening with surprise.

"Are you astonished that I know you?"

"I don't see how you found out ——"

"Found out! What perfectly revolting vanity! Do you suppose that the moment I left you I rushed home and began to make happy and incoherent inquiries? Mr. Hamil, you disappoint me every time you speak — and also every time you don't."

"I seem to be doomed."

"You are. You can't help it. Tell me — as inoffensively as possible — are you here to begin your work?"

"M-my work?"

"Yes, on the Cardross estate ——"

"You have heard of that!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"Y-es" — negligently. "Petty gossip circulates here. A cracker at West Palm Beach built a new chicken coop, and we all heard of it. Tell me, do you still desire to see me again?"

"I do — to pay a revengeful debt or two."

"Oh! I have offended you? Pay me now, if you please, and let us end this indiscretion."

"You will let me see you again, won't you?"

"Why, Mr. Hamil?"

"Because I — I *must!*"

"Oh! You are becoming emphatic. So I am going. . . . And I've half a mind to take you back and present you to my family. . . . Only it wouldn't do for *me;* any other girl perhaps might dare — under the circumstances; but *I* can't — and that's all I'll tell you."

Hamil, standing straight, straw hat tucked under one arm, bent toward her with the formality and engaging deference natural to him.

"You have been very merciful to me. Will you forgive my speaking to you as I did? — when I said 'Calypso!' I have no excuse; and I don't know why I did. I'm even sorrier for myself than for you."

"I was hurt. . . . Then I supposed that you did not mean it. Besides" — she looked up with her rare smile — "I knew you, Mr. Hamil, in the boat this morning. I haven't really been very dreadful."

"You knew even *then?*"

"Yes, I did. The Palm Beach News published your picture a week ago; and I read all about the very remarkable landscape architect who was coming to turn the

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS CONCERNING BANKING BY MAIL
This little book, which is a most complete treatise on the entire subject of Banking by Mail, will be mailed free to any address on receipt of request by letter or postal card. Ask for Booklet "M."
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND OHIO
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS
4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

EMBROIDERY STILETTO
Sterling Silver of Special Design. Length, 5½ inches.
This useful and dainty article sent by mail on receipt of 50c

Our splendid catalogue, 200 pages, 10,000 illustrations of gold and silver articles, and wedding gifts, sent Free upon receipt of 6 cents to pay postage.
THE WARREN MANSFIELD COMPANY
Gold and Silversmiths. Established 1867. Dealers Wanted. 245 Middle Street, Portland, Maine

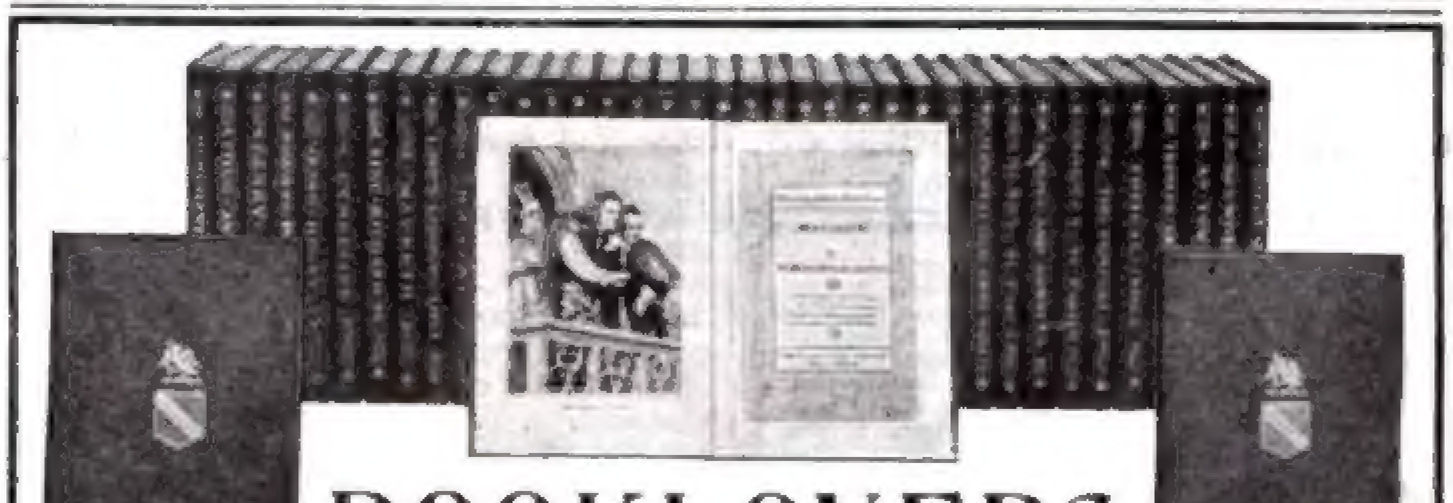
Mullins Steel Boats Can't Sink
— the fastest and safest boats built. Made of pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat, they are absolutely safe. Faster, lighter and more buoyant than wooden boats — practically indestructible — they don't leak, crack, dry out or wear out, and every boat is absolutely guaranteed. The ideal boats for pleasure, summer resorts, boat liveries, etc.
Send for catalog of Motor Boats — Marine Engines — Row Boats — Hunting and Fishing Boats
The W. H. Mullins Company, 120 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio.

Fractious Fractions
Every office man, bookkeeper, business man, student, father, mother — every person who has ever been worried over fractions should send at once for Malone's Short and Simplified method. Written by an expert. Simple as A. B. C. Can be mastered by a child. Contains everything in fractions, saves hours of work and worry. 32 pages, 25 cents by mail. Agents wanted everywhere.
FRANK MALONE, Room 100 Mills Bldg., St. Louis, Mo

WANTED — ONE A1 MAN in each city and county to employ sub-agents to introduce "DIOZO," the best, the most powerful, but yet the cheapest Disinfectant and Deodorizer on earth. Exclusive territory. Large sales. Splendid profits. Parker Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.

CEMENT If interested in this Building Material, read CONCRETE, Standard Monthly on Cement Construction. $1 per year. Sample Copy, 10 cents. Concrete Publishing Co., 235 Newberry Building, Detroit, Mich.

CLASS, COLLEGE AND FRATERNITY PINS AND RINGS
¶ From us direct to you, thus saving you a middleman's profit. High-grade work only, but at very moderate prices. The finest and most complete catalogue in America (showing pins in gold-and-colors) will be forwarded free of charge to any intending buyer.
BUNDE & UPMEYER CO., Mfg. Jewelers, 83 Mack Block, Milwaukee, Wis.


BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE
Special De Luxe Sets at a Great Sacrifice

Of course you've heard of the Booklovers Shakespeare. It has come to be pretty widely accepted as the best Shakespeare for general use. Well, — we've a proposition to make to you. A while ago we bound a special edition in full leather for subscription sale. The binding is the result of a good bit of experiment. At last we got a leather that is attractive, durable, and flexible. It's a dark red, beautifully grained, with side and back stamps in full gold — is an artistic product in every way, and at the same time will stand no end of use.

Now, on taking stock, we find that we have a few of these special sets left on hand. We propose to close them out to mail order buyers through a limited number of announcements. We offer them at $38.00 — something of a cut, when you consider that the subscription price has been placed as high as $50.00. These are similar in every respect, — and they're in absolutely perfect condition, too. It's an opportunity, isn't it?

Complete — Clear — Convenient
The Booklovers is an absolutely unabridged edition of Shakespeare. The notes are the most complete and valuable ever offered in an edition for general use. In extent of information the Booklovers is, in fact, a Shakespearean Encyclopedia. Of the 40 volumes, 37 contain each a play and all the notes that explain that play. The remaining three volumes are devoted to the "Poems and Sonnets," a "Life of Shakespeare," and a "Topical Index." These volumes in full leather are exactly the size of the cloth and half-leather volumes — 7 x 5 inches — just the size for easy handling and for slipping into the pocket. There are in all 7,000 pages, 40 full-page plates in colors, and 400 reproductions of rare woodcuts.

FREE FOR INSPECTION — Yours For $1.00
The entire set will be sent to you, carriage prepaid, for your inspection, if you will fill out and return promptly the coupon in the corner of this advertisement. We ask for no money now. If, after careful examination of this set, you decide that you do not care to retain it, it may be returned at our expense. If you are satisfied — and if you appreciate fine book-making, we know you will be — you retain possession of the set and send us $1.00 only. The balance may be paid at the rate of $2.00 per month. Just a word more — there's sure to be an eager response to this offer on the part of intelligent book-buyers. Don't delay and you won't be disappointed.
The University Society, 78 Fifth Avenue New York

Special Limited De Luxe Coupon
S.E.P. 5-16-8
The University Society, New York:
You may send, prepaid, for my examination, a set of the special de luxe Booklovers Shakespeare in full leather binding at your closing-out price of $38.00. If the books are satisfactory, I shall pay you $1.00 within five days after their receipt, and $2.00 each month thereafter until full amount has been paid. If they are not, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order.
Name ....
Address ....

What's He After?

What they'll all be after—the new 1908

Goodyear Official Base Ball

"The ball that lasts"

It has exactly the same action and playing qualities as the balls used in all of the big League games, but as it represents the only new invention in the manufacture of base balls for 14 years, and which we have patented, it is more **durable** than any other ball you can buy.

We used to hear "it will last as long as the cover"—GOODYEAR OFFICIAL BALLS will **outlast any cover ever made**—many of them. There are boys who have sent back a ball for six or seven re-coverings—no other ball with such a record. The explanation of this is in our booklet, send for it. It explains how with this ball, you can become a better ball player. The **guarantee** back of the ball will save you many a dollar.

The cover of every GOODYEAR BALL is hand punched and hand stitched by experts. With other base balls, the same process that cuts the cover, punches the holes; and the cover is simply laced up by unskilled labor, no allowance being made for stretching of leather. Our expert stitchers punch the holes with an awl where they are needed, so that every GOODYEAR BALL is a perfectly sewed ball, which not only plays and lasts longer, but also feels better to the hands. The cover, though of the finest selected horsehide, will be worn out eventually, but you can get the ball re-covered by sending us 40 cents in stamps, coin, or money order. Return the ball in the original box if possible.

C. Edwin Booth, New Haven, Conn., says:—"I am highly pleased with your ball. It has been used in **five full games.** I feel it has **ten times** as much service in it as any other ball."

Try this ball. It will not get soft or mushy. It will save you money.

GOODYEAR OFFICIAL BALL, $1.25. GOODYEAR LEAGUE, $1.00. U. S. LEAGUE, 75c., all three regulation size and weight. GOODYEAR JUNIOR LEAGUE, 75c.—the boys' favorite.

Each and every ball made is fully guaranteed.

GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Ball Dep't P, AKRON, OHIO

DAVID CUMMINGS (Pres. The Cummings Co.). Maker of Shoes for 55 years.

THIS Men's Worth Oxford is the latest style in low shoes. The Worth Shoe is made on a great variety of lasts to fit all feet and all tastes. The one great feature that distinguishes the Worth from all other shoes is the **Cushion Sole.** Some other shoe might match the Worth in style and possibly in quality, but you can get the Worth Cushion Sole only in

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

Absolutely damp proof and conforms perfectly to the shape of the foot, relieving you from the fatigue and nervous wear and tear incident to the wearing of a hard, stiff sole. You can't appreciate the difference until you **try the Worth.**

MEN'S $4.00, $4.50, $5.00

WOMEN'S $2.00, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.

If your dealer will not supply you we'll sell you direct. Send his name and get our Catalogue.

THE CUMMINGS COMPANY, Dept. "V"
406 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Try It Yourself FIVE DAYS FREE

"On the Work"

This simple, practical, accurate computer costs only a fraction of the price of key machines and does everything they do except print.

The Rapid Computer Adding Machine

works right on the books or on the desk. It's a wonder as a time-saver and result-getter. Capacity, $9,999,999.99. If it doesn't "make good," you're nothing out. May we send it? Postal us for **Free Catalog.**

THE RAPID COMPUTER CO.
1421 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting

Motor Boats and Yachts

sent **Free.** Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 119 Chambers Street, New York

WASHINGTON IRRIGATED LANDS

Valuable information mailed free with beautiful booklet "A Home and Independence."
The Palouse Irrigation & Power Co., Dept. D, Seattle

Cardross jungle into a most wonderful Paradise."

"You knew me all that time?"

"All of it, Mr. Hamil."

"From the moment you climbed into my boat?"

"Practically. Of course I did not look at you very closely at first. . . . Does that annoy you? It seems to, . . . or something does, for even in the dusk I can see your ever-ready blush ——"

"I don't know why you pretend to think me such a fool," he protested, laughing; "you seemed to take that for granted from the very first."

"Why not? You persistently talked to me when you didn't know me—you're doing it now for that matter!—and you began by telling me that I was foolhardy, not really courageous in the decent sense of the word, and that I was a self-conscious stick and a horribly inhuman and unnatural object generally—and all because I wouldn't flirt with you ——"

His quick laughter interrupted her. She ventured to laugh a little, too—a very little; and that was the charm of her to him—the clear-eyed, delicate gravity not lightly transformed. But when her laughter came, it came as such a surprisingly lovely revelation that it left him charmed and silent.

"I wonder," she said, "if you can be amusing—except when you don't mean to be."

"If you'll give me a chance to try ——"

"Perhaps. I was hardly fair to you in that boat."

"If you knew me in the boat this morning why did you not say so?"

"*Could* I admit that I knew you without first pretending I didn't? Hasn't every woman a Heaven-given right to travel in a circle as the shortest distance between two points?"

"Certainly; only ——"

She shook her head slowly. "There's no use in my telling you who I am, now, considering that I can't very well escape exposure in the near future. That might verge on effrontery—and it's horrid enough to be here with you—in spite of several thousand people tramping about within elbow-touch. . . . Which reminds me that my own party is probably hunting for me. . . . Such a crowd, you know, and so easy to become separated. *What* do you suppose they'd think if they suspected the truth? . . . And the worst of it is that *I* cannot afford to do a thing of this sort. . . . You don't understand; but you may some day—partly. And then perhaps you'll think this matter all over and come to a totally different conclusion concerning my overlooking your recent rudeness and—and my consenting to speak to you."

"You don't believe for one moment that I could mistake it ——"

"It depends upon what sort of a man you really are. . . . I don't know. I give you the benefit of all doubts."

She stood silent, looking him candidly in the eyes, then with a gesture and the slightest shrug she turned away toward the white road outside. He was at her elbow in two steps.

"Oh, yes—the irony of formality."

She nodded. "Good-night, then, Mr. Hamil. If circumstances permitted, it would have been delightful—this putting off the cloak of convention and donning motley for a little unconventional misbehavior with you. . . . But, as it is, it worries me—slightly—as much as the episode and your opinion are worth."

"I am wondering," he said, "why this little tincture of bitterness flavors what you say to me?"

"Because I've misbehaved; and so have you. Anyway, now that it has been done, there's scarcely anything I could do to make the situation more flagrant or less flippant ——"

"You don't really think ——"

"Certainly. After all is said and done, we *don't* know each other; here we are, shamelessly sauntering side by side under the jasmine, Paul-and-Virginia-like, exchanging subtleties blindfolded. You are you; I am I; formally, millions of miles apart—temporarily and informally, close together, paralleling each other's course through life for the span of half an hour—here under the Southern stars. . . . Oh, Ulysses, truly that island was inhabited by one, Calypso; but your thrall is to be briefer than your prototype's. See, now, here is the road, and I release you to that not impossible she ——"

"There is none ——"

"There will be. You are very young. Good-by."

"The confusing part of it to me," he said, smiling, "is to *see* you so—so physically youthful—and then to *hear* you as you *are*—witty, experienced, nicely cynical, maturely sure of yourself, and ——"

"You think me experienced?"

"Yes."

"Sure of myself?"

"Of course; with your cool, amused poise, your absolute self-possession—and the half-disdainful sword-play of your wit—at my expense ——"

She halted beside the sea-wall, adorably mocking in her exaggerated gravity.

"At your expense?" she repeated. "Why not? You have cost me something."

"You said ——"

"I know what I said; I said that we might become friends. But, even so, you have already cost me something. Tell me"—he began to listen for this little trick of speech—"how many men do you know who would not misunderstand what I have done this evening? And—*do you* understand it, Mr. Hamil?"

"I think ——"

"If you do you are cleverer than I," she said almost listlessly, moving on again under the royal palms.

"Do you mean that ——"

"Yes; that I myself don't entirely understand it. Here, under this Southern sun, we of the North are in danger of acquiring a sort of insouciant directness almost primitive. There comes, after a while, a certain mental as well as physical luxury in relaxation of rule and precept, permitting us a simplicity which sometimes, I think, becomes something less harmless. There *is* luxury in letting go of that live wire which keeps us all keyed to one conventional monotone in the North. I let go—for a moment—to-night. *You* let go when you said 'Calypso.' You couldn't have said it in New York; I couldn't have heard you there. . . . Alas, Ulysses, *I* should not have heard you anywhere. But I did; and I answered. . . . Say good-night to me, now; won't you? We have not been *very* wicked, I think."

She offered her hand; smooth and cool it lay for a second in his.

"I can't let you return alone," he ventured.

"Don't worry about my home-arrival. That's my lawn—there where that enormous rubber-banyan tree straddles across the stars. . . . Is it not quaint—the tangle of shrubbery all over jasmine?—and those are royal Poincianas, if you please—and there's a great garden beyond and most delectable orange groves where you and I and the family and Alonzo will wander and eat pine-oranges and king-oranges and mandarins and—oh, well! Are you going to call on Mr. Cardross to-morrow?"

"Yes," he said; "I'll have to see Mr. Cardross at once. And, after that, what am I to do to meet you?"

"I will consider the matter," she said; and bending slightly toward him: "Am *I* to be disappointed in you? I don't know, and you can't tell me." Then, impulsively: "Be generous to me. You are right; I am not very old, yet. Be nice to me in your thoughts."

He said gayly: "*Now* you speak as you look—not like a world-worn woman of thirty wearing the soft, fresh mask of nineteen."

"You have not answered me," she said quietly.

"Answered you, Calypso?"

"Yes; I ask you to be very gentle and fastidious with me in your thoughts; not even to call me Calypso—in your thoughts."

"What you ask I had given you the first moment we met."

"Then you may call me Calypso—in your thoughts."

"Calypso," he pleaded, "*won't* you tell me where to find you?"

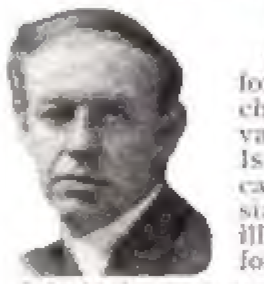
"Yes; in the house of—Mr. Cardross. This is his house."

She turned and stepped on to the lawn. A mass of scarlet hibiscus hid her, then she reappeared, a pale shape in the dusk of the oleander-bordered path.

He listened; the perfume of the oleanders enveloped him; high under the stars the fronds of a royal palm hung motionless. Then, through the stillness, very far away, he heard the southern ocean murmuring in its slumber under a million stars.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT
BUILD YOUR OWN FURNITURE by the
BROOKS SYSTEM

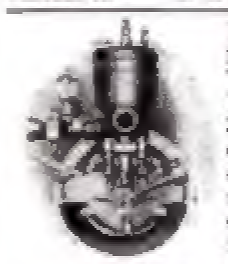


I can sell you boats or furniture for ¼ to ⅓ of what a dealer would charge. 100 cents' worth of actual value and results for 25 to 35 cents. Is it worth considering? Anyone can build a boat by using my exact size printed paper patterns and illustrated instruction sheets. Send for it—right now, today. It's free.

I absolutely guarantee you will be satisfied. I will instantly refund your money if you are not. I stand back of every statement in this advertisement. I have made them as strong and convincing as I know how. The goods warrant it. C. C. BROOKS.

Boat Patterns $1.50 Up.
KNOCK-DOWN BOAT FRAMES

I can in many cases supply knock down frames all ready to put together at a **lower price than you would pay for suitable raw material.** Every piece is accurately shaped and machined ready to put together. All patterns and illustrated instructions needed to finish the boat sent free with knock-down frames.



Brooks Special Type E Motor, 3 h. p., complete elec. and marine equipment.

TWO SPECIAL OFFERS

Length 15½ ft. Beam 4 ft. K. D. frame and patterns **$12.00.** K. D. frame, patterns and 3 h. p. Type E motor **$70.00.** Complete boat with 3 h. p. motor ready to run as illustrated **$125.**

Length 22 ft. Beam 56 in. K. D. frame and patterns **$24.00.** Brooks 6 h. p. Type D motor, complete equipment **$95.00.** Both the above **$108.00.** Complete boat with 6 h. p. motor, ready to run, as illustrated **$230.00.**

Knock-Down Furniture

Our catalog shows 20 pieces of Solid Oak Mission Furniture. We furnish everything ready to put together and finish. You save ⅔. Every result guaranteed satisfactory.

Write me personally for boat, engine or furniture catalog.

C. C. BROOKS, President — **BROOKS MFG. CO.**
(Originators of the pattern system of boat building.)
205 Ship Street — Saginaw, Michigan, U. S. A.

Write Me A Postal for a Price

Say—Quote me prices on your Split Hickory Vehicles. That's all you need to do. I will send you free my big 1908 Split Hickory Vehicle Book. It is bigger and better this year than ever before, and contains photographs of over 125 Split Hickory Vehicles—also photographs of a full line high-grade Harness. I will quote you direct prices from my factory which will save you from 30% to 50% on High-Grade Split Hickory Buggies.

I Sell Direct to You On 30 Days' Free Trial

Split Hickory Vehicles are guaranteed for two years. This is my 1908 Split Hickory Rubber Tired Runabout. Has more exclusive features than any other Runabout on the market—40% more. All Split Hickory Vehicles are made to order, giving you choice of finish and other options. Write me a postal today. **NOW,** while you think about it.

Address me personally.
H. C. Phelps,
Pres. The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.,
Station 108,
Columbus, Ohio

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK

SPAVIN
WHAT IS THIS HORSE WORTH
SOUND
AS IS WORTH $50

Fine Footwear, Trunks, Bags, Etc. Norwalk, Ct.—I have a horse that was very lame. Ankle was swollen to twice its natural size. I blistered him, and when I took him up he was still lame, and the bunch was still there. I used "Save-The-Horse," and he goes ABSOLUTELY SOUND and the bunch on ankle is entirely absorbed. Horse has worked every day. I want no money back and have recommended it to all my friends. W. L. OLSEN.

Gibson, Ill.—My horse Bellado had a bone spavin six years. So lame he could hardly get around; used bottle and half; he is completely cured. Given him hard drives and he never favors it at all. Remedy is all right. GEO. McNABNEY.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. **Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone** (except low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness.** No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. *Dealers or Express Paid.* **Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.**

THE "BEST" LIGHT

A portable, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. 100 candle power. No grease, dirt nor odor. Lighted instantly. Costs 2 cents per week. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

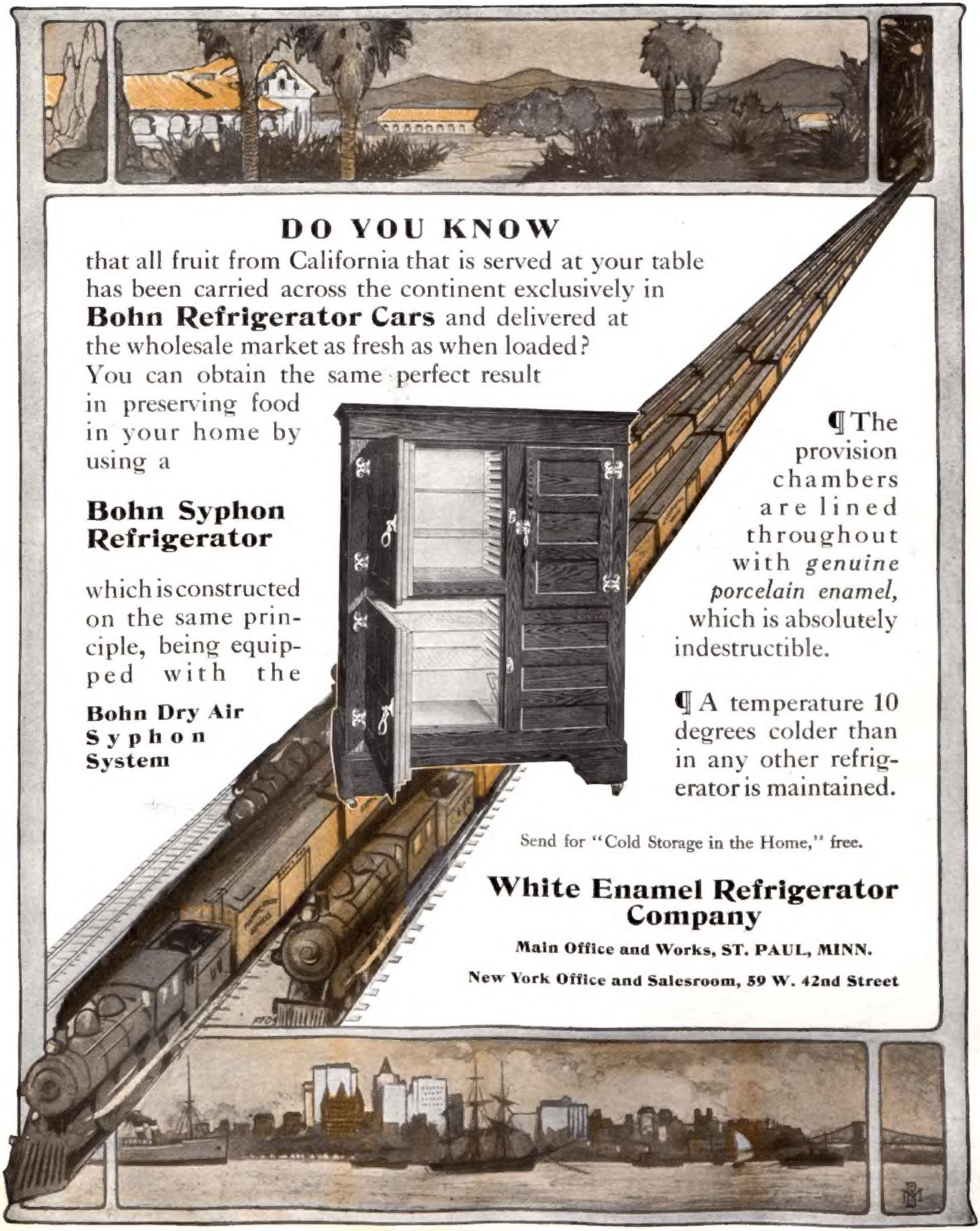
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio

MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

PUMPS WATER WITHOUT COST

Just what is needed on every farm. Gives country residents city conveniences. If there's a stream on your land install a **NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM.** Write for catalogue A D, and estimate. We furnish towers and tanks.

Niagara Hydraulic Engine Company
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester, Pa.



DO YOU KNOW

that all fruit from California that is served at your table has been carried across the continent exclusively in **Bohn Refrigerator Cars** and delivered at the wholesale market as fresh as when loaded? You can obtain the same perfect result in preserving food in your home by using a

Bohn Syphon Refrigerator

which is constructed on the same principle, being equipped with the

Bohn Dry Air Syphon System

¶ The provision chambers are lined throughout with *genuine porcelain enamel,* which is absolutely indestructible.

¶ A temperature 10 degrees colder than in any other refrigerator is maintained.

Send for "Cold Storage in the Home," free.

White Enamel Refrigerator Company

Main Office and Works, ST. PAUL, MINN.
New York Office and Salesroom, 59 W. 42nd Street

again, I say-
Don't Be Odd
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
USE GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

COPYRIGHT · [illegible] WASHBURN - CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

Address all correspondence to Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.